# BROWN'S STANDARD ELOCUTION

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

FOR

SPEAKERS, SCHOOLS AND ENTERTAINMENTS




Class PN 4111

Book B748

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



"THE SOLE AND SUPREME POWER OF ORATORY IS DELIVERY."— Cicero.

# BROWN'S STANDARD ELOCUTION AND SPEAKER

A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL TREATISE
ON THE SCIENCE AND ART OF
HUMAN EXPRESSION

FOR

Schools, Colleges, Universities and Private Pupils.

---

BY

PROFESSOR I. H. BROWN

Late Instructor of Elocution, Oratory, Acting and Original Discourse in the University of Missouri; Superintendent City Schools, Columbia, Mo., and author of "Common School Elocution and Oratory," "Manual of Oratory," etc.

---

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY

CHARLES WALTER BROWN, A. M.

---

*"The Essence of Language lies in the Living Utterance."*

---

CHICAGO

LAIRD AND LEE, PUBLISHERS

PN4111
.B748

Copyright 1911
By WILLIAM H. LEE

Copyright 1896
By CHARLES WALTER BROWN

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

©Cl.A286524

# PREFACE

The purpose of the author in this book has been to present the science of human expression in a manner so simple, so concise and so reasonable that no student with average zeal and ability would experience difficulty in comprehending and applying its principles.

While an effort has been made to render the exposition free from many of the technical and professional theories found in other works, every principle announced and enforced has been drawn from nature by the most scientific researches recognized by the foremost teachers and writers of Europe and America.

The prominence given to the subject of respiration is justified in the recognition of its three-fold relation to elocution. First, energy and ease of expression are largely dependent upon a proper control of the respiratory organs; second, the correct training of these organs in early life and their judicious exercise at all times, conduce to greater vigor of mind and body than is otherwise possible; and third, the natural system of breathing during vocalization, reinforced by the teachings of science, has been found an almost absolute protection against all forms of lung and throat diseases.

The skillful use of Slides, Waves and Pauses, and the intelligent application of emphasis being so essential to intelligible and impressive reading and speaking, much space has been devoted to these subjects.

Recognizing the justice of much that has been said against

the modern tendency of popular reciters and declaimers to run into the *stilted, unnatural and offensively affected,* thus bringing the Study of Elocution into disrepute, the author has insisted upon *reality, intelligence and genuine human sympathy* as the basis of all delivery.

The author hereby acknowledges his sincere thanks to the many writers and publishers who have kindly permitted the use of their excellent selections for this book.

Chicago, February, 1911.

# CONTENTS

## GENERAL OUTLINE.


| | Page | | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elocution | 11 | Requirements of Good Elocution | 12 |
| Its Purpose and Value | 11 | Benefits of Elocution | 12 |
| How Acquired | 11 | Who Should Study Elocution | 13 |


## READING.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Its Importance | 13 | The Reader's Position | 15 |
| The Two Kinds of | 14 | Outline of Reading Work | 15 |
| Requisites for Each Kind | 14 | Test of Results | 16 |


## RESPIRATION.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Definition | 16 | Methods of Breathing | 18 |
| Processes | 16 | Respiratory of Exercises | 20 |
| Importance | 16 | Miscellaneous Exercises | 22 |


## GESTURE.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Definition | 23 | Direction of Movement | 33 |
| Kinds of Gesture | 24 | Mode of Gesture | 35 |
| Requisites of Gesture | 24 | Exercise in Physical Expression | 35 |
| The Walk | 24 | Exercises in Gesture | 42 |
| The Bow | 25 | Facial Expression | 44 |
| Attitudes | 27 | Exercises in Facial Expression | 45 |
| The Four Positions | 27 | General Hints Upon Gesture | 49 |


## PRONUNCIATION.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Definitions and Principles | 51 | General Exercises | 57 |
| Articulation | 52 | Common Errors | 63 |
| The Elementary Sounds | 54 | English Words | 65 |
| Exercises in Articulation | 55 | Foreign Words and Names | 69 |
| Table of Elementary Sounds | 56 | Proper Nouns and Derivatives | 70 |
| Difficult Combinations | 57 | | |


## VOICE AND SPEECH CULTURE.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Definitions and Principles | 71 | Voice Preservation | 73 |

## MODULATION.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Definition | 74 |
| Mode of Utterance | 74 |
| Slides—Classification | 77 |
| Principles and Illustrations | 78 |
| Waves—Classification | 82 |
| Law of Use | 83 |
| Pauses—Their Uses | 87 |
| Principles and Exercises | 89 |
| Quantity | 92 |
| Emphasis | 94 |
| General Laws | 95 |
| Miscellaneous Exercises | 97 |
| Slur—Exercises | 98 |
| Quality of Voice | 100 |
| Pure Tone | 101 |
| Orotund | 111 |
| Plaintive | 118 |
| Pectoral | 120 |
| Guttural | 122 |
| Aspirate | 125 |
| Nasal | 127 |
| Falsetto | 131 |
| Force | 135 |
| Divisions of Force | 136 |
| Subdued Force | 137 |
| Moderate Force | 139 |
| Full Force | 141 |
| Sustained Force | 143 |
| Stress | 145 |
| Division of Stress | 146 |
| Radical Stress | 146 |
| Median Stress | 149 |
| Final Stress | 152 |
| Compound Stress | 154 |
| Thorough Stress | 157 |
| Intermittent Stress | 159 |
| Pitch | 162 |
| Divisions of Pitch | 163 |
| Middle Pitch | 164 |
| High Pitch | 166 |
| Low Pitch | 169 |
| Movement | 171 |
| Definitions and Principles | 171 |
| Classes of Movement | 171 |
| Moderate Movement | 172 |
| Slow Movement | 173 |
| Rapid Movement | 176 |
| Melody | 177 |
| Definitions and Principles | 177 |
| Miscellaneous Vocal Exercises | 179 |
| Sound Words | 179 |
| Personation | 180 |
| Medley Drill | 180 |


## ORIGINAL DISCOURSE.


| | |
|---|---|
| Importance | 184 |
| Extemporaneous Speech | 184 |
| Conversations | 185 |
| Public Speaking | 185 |
| Rules for Public Speaking | 187 |
| General Requisites | 187 |
| Speaking from Notes | 189 |
| Method of Criticism | 190 |

# READINGS AND RECITALS


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Ambition of a Statesman | Henry Clay | 197 |
| An American Exile | Isaac Hinton Brown | 193 |
| An Evangel | François Coppée | 260 |
| Appeal in Behalf of Ireland | S. S. Prentiss | 143 |
| Apostrophe to the English Language | George Bancroft | 158 |
| Apostrophe to the Ocean | Lord Byron | 113 |
| Beautiful Things | Ella P. Allerton | 220 |
| Becalmed | ———— | 226 |
| Bewitched Clock, The | ———— | 128 |
| Brutus, on the Death of Cæsar | William Shakespeare | 265 |
| Catiline's Defiance | George Croly | 152 |
| Country Justice, The | ———— | 132 |
| Custer's Last Charge | Frederick Whittaker | 268 |
| David's Lament for Absalom | N. P. Willis | 121 |
| Deacon Stokes | Thomas Quilp | 243 |
| Deacon's Story, The | N. S. Emerson | 235 |
| Death of Little Paul | Charles Dickens | 108 |
| Death of the Wife | ———— | 174 |
| Der Shtubborn Mool | Isaac Hinton Brown | 249 |
| Don't Be Tazin' Me | Wade Whipple | 259 |
| Dying Boy, The | Mrs. Sigourney | 160 |
| Evening at the Farm | J. T. Trowbridge | 266 |
| Flag of the Rainbow | Thomas Dunn English | 267 |

| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Ghost That Jim Saw, The | Bret Harte | 238 |
| Girl of the Period, A | ———— | 247 |
| Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother | Miss Edwards | 119 |
| God's Beautiful City | B. F. Taylor | 105 |
| Gladiator, The | ———— | 139 |
| Happy Young Girl, A | Eugene J. Hall | 106 |
| Harvest of Rum, The | Paul Denton | 251 |
| How a Frenchman Entertained John Bull | ———— | 261 |
| Impeachment of Warren Hastings | Edmund Burke | 240 |
| Kit Carson's Wife | ———— | 254 |
| Lasca | F. Desprez | 209 |
| Last Charge of Ney, The | J. T. Headley | 233 |
| Legend of St. Christopher | Miss Muloch | 208 |
| Liberty or Death | Patrick Henry | 166 |
| Long Ago, The | B. F. Taylor | 169 |
| Love Triumphant | ———— | 257 |
| Macbeth's Vision | William Shakespeare | 126 |
| Man's a Man for a' That | Charles Mackay | 245 |
| Man Who Apologized | ———— | 218 |
| Marmion and Douglas | Sir Walter Scott | 115 |
| "Maud Muller" (Dialect) | ———— | 214 |
| Medley Drill | ———— | 180 |
| Memory | James A. Garfield | 137 |
| Music of the Human Voice, The | William Russell | 165 |
| Nathan Hale, The Martyr Spy | Isaac Hinton Brown | 270 |
| National Banner, The | Edward Everett | 114 |
| "O, Bairnies, Cuddle Doon" | ———— | 212 |
| Over the Hill from the Poorhouse | Will Carleton | 202 |
| Our Ain Countrie | Ella Guernsey | 250 |
| Pawnbroker's Shop, The | Richard E. White | 253 |
| Piano Music | ———— | 176 |
| Prayer and Potatoes | Rev. J. T. Pettee | 221 |
| Pronunciation Test | ———— | 61 |

PAGE

Railway Matinee, A.....R. J. Burdette.... 215
Revolutionary Rising, The.... ..Thomas Buchanan Read.... 147
Rienzi's Address to the Romans....Mary Russell Mitford.... 141
"Rock of Ages".....———————.... 200
Rum's Devastation and Destiny.....William Sullivan.... 205

Shylock's Reply.....William Shakespeare.... 124
Sockery Kadacut's Kat.....———————.... 257
Soldier Tramp, The.....Don Santiago Carlino.... 223
South During the Revolution, The..Robert Young Hayne.... 263
Spartacus to the Roman Envoys in Etruria..Epes Sargent.... 155
Speech in Vindication.....Robert Emmet.... 230
Stand by the Flag ..... .....Joseph Holt.... 198

Tact and Talent.....———————.... 172
Those Evening Bells.....Thomas Moore.... 178
Three Cherry Stones, The.....———————.... 102
To-Day .....Carpenter.... 107
Two Boot-Blacks, The.....———————.... 60

Worth of Eloquence.....———————.... 98
Which One?.....Isaac Hinton Brown.... 151

# Synopsis of Brown's Elocution

By PROFESSOR I. H. BROWN

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY

- I. Respiration
  - Abdominal
  - Chest
  - Dorsal
  - Costal
  - Waist
  - Effusive
  - Expulsive
  - Explosive
- II. Articulation
  - Vocals
  - Subvocals
  - Aspirates
  - Consonants
  - Diphthongs
  - Orthoepy
- III. Vocal Expression
  - Voice Culture
  - Voice
  - Preservation
- IV. Action
  - Position
  - Movements
  - Gesture
  - Facial Expression
- V. Grouping
  - Emphasis
  - Pauses
  - Sentiments
- VI. Original Discourse
  - The Six Parts
  - Conversation
  - Extemporaneous Speech

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS

- Quality
  - Normal
    - Pure Tone
    - Orotund
  - Abnormal
    - Plaintive
    - Pectoral
    - Guttural
    - Aspirate
    - Nasal
    - Falsetto
- Force
  - Subdued
  - Moderate
  - Full
  - Sustained
- Stress
  - Radical
  - Median
  - Final
  - Compound
  - Thorough
  - Intermittent
- Pitch
  - Concrete
    - Middle
    - High
    - Low
  - Discrete
- Movement
  - Moderate
  - Rapid
  - Slow

ACCIDENTIAL ELEMENTS

- Quality
  - Medium
  - Long
  - Short
- Slides
  - Upward
  - Downward
- Waves
- Melody
- Slur
- Emphasis
  - Absolute
  - Relative
  - Cumulative
    - Quality
    - Force
    - Stress
    - Pitch
    - Movement
- Pauses
  - Moderate
  - Long
  - Short
- Cadence
- Climax
- Anti-Climax

# Reading and Elocution

## GENERAL OUTLINE.

ELOCUTION is the art of conveying thought, sentiment and emotion in the most natural and effective manner.

ITS PURPOSE.—The complete mastery of its principles enables the speaker not only to express his thoughts clearly and easily, but to so vivify and illuminate those thoughts that his hearers see, hear, and *feel* the unquestioned truth of his statements.

Correct elocutionary training has for its further object the complete subordination of the physical being to the service of the mind and spirit; *thought* being the product of the inner *spiritual* man, and *speech* and *gesture* its natural outlet through the exterior, or *physical* man.

ITS VALUE.—Its study and systematic practice, *based upon principle of nature,* make the voice clear, strong, flexible and melodious, and gives to the body and limbs a pliancy, vigor and harmony of motion that render the position and action of the speaker or reader at once graceful, natural and impressive.

HOW ACQUIRED.—The greatest excellence in Elocution is attained by study, practice, observation and criticism. The student should master the principles by study, and at once test their application by practice. He should closely observe the expression of reputed good readers and speakers—noting the points of excellence and deficiency which characterize their

delivery; he should frequently submit his own exercises to the criticism of friends and teachers, and make notes of these criticisms that they may not again be needed. But one thing must be kept constantly in mind: No amount of instruction and criticism will compensate for a meager drill. The highest excellence in reading or speaking requires the same conditions as music, painting and poetry—Practice, *Practice,* PRACTICE.

### REQUIREMENTS OF GOOD ELOCUTION.

1. A full and free respiration.
2. A correct pronunciation.
3. A correct and distinct articulation.
4. A thorough knowledge and perfect control of all the elements of vocal expression.
5. Complete control of every muscle of the face, hands, feet and body.
6. A thorough understanding and appreciation of the thought to be expressed.
7. Perfect self-possession before an audience.

### THE BENEFITS OF ELOCUTION.

1. It cultivates the taste and judgment.
2. It cultivates the entire physical system.
3. It quickens perception and apprehension.
4. It imparts grace of movement and attitude.
5. It develops a strong will and self-possession.
6. It strengthens the conception and imagination.
7. It strengthens the lungs and respiratory muscles.
8. It develops vigor of mind and buoyancy of spirit.
9. It gives to the voice purity, power and flexibility.
10. It protects from bronchial and pulmonary afflictions.
11. It prepares the student for the successful prosecution of business in every phase of life.

WHO SHOULD STUDY ELOCUTION.

1. All general students.
2. Every student of law.
3. Those preparing for general business.
4. All who are preparing for the ministry.
5. The Public Lecturer, Reader or Speaker.
6. The instructor in whatever art or science.
7. Persons with defective speech or unpleasant voice.
8. Persons afflicted with lung and bronchial troubles, huskiness and chronic hoarseness.
9. All who would move through life with the least possible friction and attain the greatest success.

---

## READING.

1. READING is the most important branch taught in our schools. It is the key to nearly all the other subjects with which the student and future citizen has to deal. His success in mastering the concomitant branches, and, indeed, nearly every art and science, depends upon the skill he secures at an early age in interpreting, assimilating and retaining the thoughts of others, as presented upon the written or printed page.

2. The ability to apprehend the wit, the pun, the hidden wisdom beneath the author's words, to grasp the central thought, to group the lights and shades which modify or ornament the worded picture, with the quickness of intuition, must all be acquired in early life.

3. But to scan the printed page in silence and note in mental concepts the author's woven thoughts is not all there is of reading; nor can the skill by which the thoughts are grasped

be attained by silent reading alone. Months and years must be given to the vocal utterances of written sentences, under the guidance of skillful teachers, before the child can adapt the written words to his untrained comprehension. Silent and audible reading are mutually dependent; the highest excellence in either is acquired largely through the practice of the other.

### THE TWO KINDS OF READING.

All reading may be classed as silent or intellectual, and audible or oral. The purpose of the former is the apprehension of the thought—of the latter, the expression of the thought. As an art, reading includes the interpretation and expression of the thought, sentiment and emotion, as presented in written or printed composition.

### REQUISITES FOR READING.

Certain requisites for good reading should be considered, and, as far as possible, pupils should be trained in securing these in our elementary schools. Some of these are innate, but all may be cultivated to such a degree as to make intelligent and intelligible readers of ninety-five per cent of all.

### REQUISITES FOR AUDIBLE READING.

1. Imitative power.
2. Expressive action.
3. Command of voice.
4. Distinct articulation.
5. Respiratory command.
6. Correct personal habits.
7. All required for silent reading.

### REQUISITES FOR SILENT READING.

1. A clear conception.
2. A quick perception.

3. Human sympathy.
4. A vivid imagination.
5. A keen discernment.
6. An interest in affairs.
7. Good taste and judgment.

### THE READER'S POSITION.

Book in the left hand, thumb and little finger in front, first, second and third fingers at the back of the book; the elbow *not* touching the side. The book should be held in such a manner that a line drawn from the eyes toward the page would intersect the plane of the book at right angles. The full face of the pupil should be seen by the teacher. The weight of the body should be supported, *while reading,* on *both* feet, the left heel two or three inches in advance of the hollow of the right foot. The chest should be elevated and expanded, the position erect and easy.

### OUTLINE OF READING WORK.

1. Give constant attention to pupils' manners, movements, attitudes, breathing, tones and speech.

2. Devote five minutes daily to concert phonic drill, and critical pronunciation, reviewing the words placed under pronunciation.

3. Require synonyms and derivation of words in each lesson, previously marked.

4. Have all members of the class commit and properly recite compositions of acknowledged merit.

5. Require explanation of historical, biographical, geographical, scientific and literary allusions in the text or lessons. All such allusions should be previously designated, that the pupils may have definite knowledge of what is required.

6. Require an oral abstract of lessons before the exercise

of reading is called. These synopses must be in the pupils' best language.

7. To secure the greatest benefit from silent reading, turn to some lesson with which pupils are not familiar, permit them to sketch it hastily—say two minutes to a page—then collect all books and require a written abstract prepared in the shortest time possible. The pupils within a specified time exchange slates or papers and read each other's composition.

8. The lesson should be read with such precision and accuracy as to render the use of a text book in the hands of the teacher unnecessary.

9. Discuss the style of thought, literary beauty, and rhetorical peculiarity of every selection before leaving it.

10. Require pupils to learn all they can of every author whose productions they read.

11. Do not attempt to complete a long selection in one lesson. Few selections in this book can be profitably passed in less than three days.

### TESTS OF RESULTS.

The average pupil, having fully prepared a reading lesson, should read it with such naturalness and impressiveness as to hold the attention of hearers and inspire them with the most pleasurable emotions.

## RESPIRATION.

1. RESPIRATION, or breathing, is the act of taking air into the lungs and expelling it from them.

2. As an art, respiration involves three processes whose mastery by the student is of paramount importance: INSPIRATION, EXPIRATION and MANAGEMENT.

3. Few persons realize how great is the influence of respiration upon the growing life of a human being. Notwithstanding the teachings of our text-books and the warnings of

popular writers and lecturers, many parents and even teachers remain indifferent to the pernicious habits of breathing acquired by children during school life.



RESPIRATION

4. Vigor of mind and body is dependent so largely upon a copious supply of pure air inhaled with reference to time and manner, that no system of education can be carried out successfully unless provision is made for the most complete respiration of the lungs.

5. It is a fact well established in pathology that functional derangements originating in colds, attack the weakest organs of the body. The properly trained singer and speaker are rarely hoarse. Exemption from lung and throat troubles among professional orators and singers is due to the skillful use of every organ involved in respiration, speech, and song. The public speaker or singer who excuses his performance by confessing hoarseness thereby acknowledges his ignorance and violation of one of nature's simplest laws.

6. If the teacher or student be disposed to ignore the hygienic value of correct breathing, he is reminded that the highest form of human utterance, whether aspirated or vocalized in speech, or intonated in measured harmony, is based upon the most intelligent command and use of the respiratory apparatus. The stuttering, gasping, incoherent, flighty, jerky, or impetuous speech, one sometimes hears from a novice in the art of public speaking or singing, is not traceable alone to inexperience, but, in most cases, to nervous embarrassment caused by imperfect respiration.

7. It may be further stated that a larger part of the training course prescribed for orators and singers in professional schools is devoted to securing command over the breath in speech and song; and that the heart-reaching, soul-stirring rendition of those sublime passages which have in ages past moved the stoic to action and the sage to tears, can be reproduced only, after all other conditions are present, by that perfect adaptation of breath to the molding of words that live, and burn, and glow—melting the heart to tears, filling the ear with rapture, and illuminating the soul with celestial light, until the very air seems filled with seraphic melodies of intelligences divine.

8. Every muscle of the waist, chest, ribs, axilla, back and loins, must be brought into action, and trained by intelligent and persistent practice to perform its function. It will take several months—even years, with older students, to accustom all the muscles to act automatically and effectively. The mind must superintend the effort—must constantly realize the importance of the exercise. The expense of time and attention will pay. It will pay in an increased brilliancy of intellect, happiness of temper, and buoyancy of spirit. It is the deep, full, vigorous breathers that possess the most vigorous hearts, minds and bodies.

### METHODS OF BREATHING.

While the ordinary methods of breathing are sufficient for the individual of vigorous outdoor pursuits, they are not sufficient for the scholar and man of thought engaged in sedentary pursuits. With these the stimulus generated by bodily action is wanting to induce the deep inspirations peculiar to the active man of outdoor life. The thinker in his study, the artist at his easel, the artisan at his table, and the pupil at his desk, require a constant reinforcement of mental energy. Much more than any of these does the orator demand the recuperative

agency of a perfect respiration. This requirement can be filled only by the inhalation of an abundance of the vitalizing oxygen contained in pure air; and art must be called in to supply properly and distribute the regenerative fluid.

### MOUTH VERSUS NOSTRIL BREATHING.

The following considerations will suggest the propriety of always inhaling through the nostrils:

1. The small circuitous passages, with many obstructions, through which inhaled air must pass before reaching the delicate lung cells, temper it to the normal heat of the body. Air *swallowed* at the zero temperature enters the lungs many degrees colder than the body, and scarcely fails to produce serious inflammation.

2. The speaker or singer who incautiously swallows air during the exercise of his voice will soon discover a dryness in the mouth, larynx and trachea which will render the tone harsh, hard and husky—annoying to himself and unpleasant to his auditors. The continued moisture of these organs is an essential condition of purity of tone.

3. The continuous swallowing of air during vigorous speech parches the throat and inflames the membranes and ligaments of the voice and speech organs. If the practice is repeated for a few days in succession it results in what is styled "clergyman's sore throat."

4. The air at all times is filled with myriads of motes, whose introduction into the delicate lung tissues produces unpleasant irritation. Added to these, science has demonstrated that, under certain atmospheric conditions, countless germs of disease are floating in the air. These the mouth-breather receives to be carried at once to the lungs and there impart their poison to the blood. The nasal cilia and sieve-like processes which line the nasal cavities arrest the ingress of these life-destroying agents.

5. To the above may be added the fact that the constant practice of breathing through the nostrils tends to enlarge the nasal passages. This enlargement assists the articulation and adds purity and melody to the tones of the voice.

### RESPIRATORY EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

1. ABDOMINAL BREATHING.—Stand passively erect, hands and arms hanging loosely at the sides, weight supported equally on both limbs. Close the lips and inhale quietly and slowly through the nostrils, filling the region about the waist until your capacity is reached. Quietly exhale through the mouth or nostrils as long as possible. Repeat five times.



ABDOMINAL BREATHING

2. CHEST BREATHING.—Repeat the above exercise with the hands clasped behind the head.

NOTE.—If dizziness ensue, discontinue for a few minutes. After a few weeks this difficulty will not return.

CAUTION.—Do not catch the breath suddenly through the mouth while exercising. During the earlier exercises draw the air through the nostrils very slowly. Permit no air to enter the mouth at any time. God breathed the breath of life into man's nostrils, not into his mouth.

3. ABDOMINAL AND CHEST COMBINED.—Fill the region about the waist as in No. 1, then without exhaling, gradually force the enlargement upward until the chest reaches its full expansion. *Repeat five times. Reverse the process.*

4. EFFUSIVE EXHALATION.—Inhale as in No. 1. Exhale in the least audible whisper the sound of *"ah"* prolonged for

thirty seconds. Continue this exercise daily until the sound can be prolonged fifty seconds.

*Vocalize "ah" effusively.*

Inhale as in No. 1. Exhale evenly and in a pure tone the sound of long *"e"* prolonged for ten seconds. Continue this daily until a clear, musical sound can be continuously produced for thirty seconds.

NOTE.—The longer a speaker can hold his breath the more effective will be his delivery of those long and involved sentences whose full force and meaning seems to depend upon an uninterrupted effusion and melodious sound.

5. EXPULSIVE EXHALATION.—Inhale as before. Expel the air in the whispered sound of *"h"* by a vigorous upward and inward action of the abdominal muscles. Inhale again, and repeat this exercise ten times without taking breath.

Inhale; count clearly and distinctly in one breath to forty, *to fifty, to sixty.*

Inhale; repeat the letters of the alphabet distinctly in a single breath five times, *six times.*

6. EXPLOSIVE EXHALATION.—Inhale fully, then expel the air in an explosive whispered utterance of the syllable *"huh."* The effort must be sudden and exhaust the breath as nearly as possible.

Inhale; *vocalize* with the utmost explosiveness the syllable *"huh."*

Inhale; laugh explosively in one breath the syllables *ha, ha, ha,* repeating as many times as possible. When done, shut the mouth instantly and inhale slowly through the nostrils.

7. ACTIVE CHEST.—Inhale abdominally; force the enlargement upward, as in No. 3. This is the active chest. It gives the elastic step and energy of speech and action which distinguishes the vigor of eloquence from the languor of indifference.

## MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES IN RESPIRATION.

1. Repeat expulsively in clear tones, in rapid succession, the vowels ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, as many times as you can. In addition to the respiratory benefit accruing from the exercises it gives command of the radical stress, an accomplishment of great importance to the speaker.

2. Inhale deeply; count in distinct tones to thirty, forty, fifty. Stop the moment the least aspiration is observed.

3. Take a full breath; repeat distinctly the letters of the alphabet as many times in one breath as possible.

4. Read in one breath the first paragraph of "The Two Boot-blacks," page 58. Afterward read in one breath the first and second paragraphs. Every word must be *intelligibly* uttered.

5. Before any public performance, when convenient, go to an open window and with hands placed on window frame inhale and exhale vigorously a dozen or more times. The exercise imparts a healthful stimulation, allays excitement, and gives to the speaker a wonderful reserve force and self-possession.

6. To aerate more thoroughly the lungs, exhale all the air you can and then with the heels of the hands press, by a working motion, the chest, ribs, and sides, under the arm-pits until all the air seems to be driven out. Close the lips and inhale deeply, evenly and slowly.

### NOTES.

1. Under no circumstances should the act of breathing be permitted to interfere with vocalization. By proper training and exercise, inhalation can be so managed as rarely to be noticed.

2. In the act of inhalation through the nostrils, avoid the

unbecoming habit of sniffing so noisily as to attract attention. *True art conceals art.*

3. Acquire the habit of inhaling slowly. The acquisition of this power brings with it, to a great degree, the control of the breath.

4. While inhalation is to be effected mainly through the nostrils and imperceptibly, it is understood the acts of *sighing, gasping, coughing, sneezing, loud laughter, sobbing,* and *panting,* sometimes accompanying dramatic action, are exceptions.

5. No breath should be wasted. Use only so much as may be necessary to form the word. Too little renders the sound inaudible; too much exhausts the speaker and mars the beauty of utterance.

6. All breath employed in speaking, except in the aspirate quality, should be vocalized.

7. Do not wait until the lungs are exhausted to take breath. The practice is injurious. Take breath as often as opportunity will permit.

8. To secure the greatest benefits from respiratory exercises all artificial pressure must be removed from the throat, neck, chest and waist.

---

## GESTURE.

Gesture includes all positions and motions of the head, face and limbs, employed to enforce or illustrate an idea, emotion, or passion.

Its Importance.—Gesture is the visible language of the inner life. It portrays to the eye the workings of the mind, the affections of the heart, and the varying passions and emotions of the soul. It is as intelligible to the savage as to the most enlightened. Entire plays are presented in pantomime and are understood by observers as well as by the players themselves.

It gives to the eye what the ear often fails to receive, and thus attracts and holds the attention much more effectually than do words alone.

He who would successfully appeal to all the senses of his audience—hold the eye, the heart, the soul; summon the approving smile, the sympathetic tear, the rapturous applause; sway the multitudes, lull them into complacency, or move them to immediate action—must cultivate and skillfully employ this universal language of nature.

KINDS OF GESTURE.—All gestures may be classed as *Emphatic, Illustrative, and Locative.*

EMPHATIC GESTURE intensifies assertions by the application of greater force to emphatic words; as, "I will *force* him to the deed."



CORRECT WALK

ILLUSTRATIVE GESTURE shows the manner, means, degree, appearance, or effect; as, "Ye gods, *withhold* your wrath."

LOCATIVE GESTURE designates the position, direction, or place; as, "Look not in the *past* for hope."

REQUISITES OF GESTURE.—The requisites of gesture are *Grace, Variety, Simplicity, Boldness, Energy, Precision and Propriety.* These must be in harmony with the accompanying oral expression.

INITIAL MOVEMENTS.—The entrance or first appearance of the speaker before his audience is a critical moment. Impressions are then made which often affect his entire subsequent performance.

THE WALK.—The walk is the mirror of character. Through it the artist reads the very thoughts the performer would

conceal; and though we can change our walk only as we change the temperament that walk portrays, we *can* by practice secure a style of motion that will occasion no unfavorable comment.

DIRECTIONS.—Stand erect; summon the most animated thoughts; assume active chest (described under RESPIRATION); imagine yourself drawn forward by a force acting about the *waist;* preserve a perfect poise, the head well balanced, the chin neither projected nor retracted.



THE BOW



THE RETIRING BOW

Lift the thigh forward, the lower leg and foot hanging loosely, and *straighten the knee*, as the foot is planted, as nearly flat as the *high* heel will permit. Follow with the other limb in the same manner, observing that the chest is full, the unseen power acts at the waist and the knee straightens as the foot strikes the floor.

THE BOW.—Standing in the first position (see Positions),



CONTEMPLATION



PRIDE, HAUGHTINESS



HUMILITY, COMPASSION

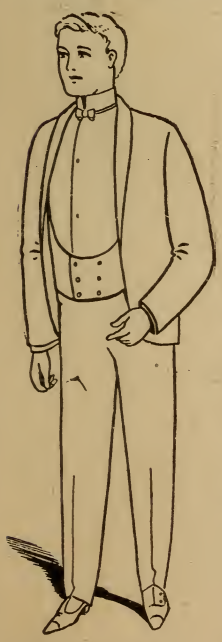


REVERENCE. ADORATION

after a momentary look into the eyes of the audience, bring the right foot back so as to assume second position, bend the body and head slightly and directly forward. In the retiring bow, as the body bends forward bring the right toe to the heel of the left foot, the right knee bent and pressed firmly against the back of left knee. Step to the left with the left foot and retire.

ATTITUDES.—The disposition of the entire figure, when at rest is important, and should receive careful attention. Every posture assumed by the speaker is significant. These should be easy, graceful and flexible, but, above all, they must be in harmony with the prevailing sentiment.

HEAD, BODY, HANDS AND FEET.—Stand erect, chest full, head evenly poised, the arms hanging easily at the sides, or one arm at the waist; weight at first supported mainly on both feet, one of which should be a little in advance of the other. Keep knees well stiffened, and be prepared to make changes naturally and gracefully.



UNEMOTIONAL—FIRST POSITION

THE FOUR POSITIONS.

I. UNEMOTIONAL—FIRST POSITION.—Support the weight of the body mainly on the *left* foot. Advance the *right* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *right* heel is from *two* to *four* inches in front of the hollow of the *left* foot.



UNEMOTIONAL—SECOND POSITION

SECOND POSITION.—Support the weight of the body mainly on the *right* foot. Advance the *left* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *left* heel is from two to four inches in front of the hollow of the right foot.

II. EMOTIONAL—THIRD POSITION.—From either the first or second position move the right foot obliquely forward a short



EMOTIONAL—THIRD POSITION



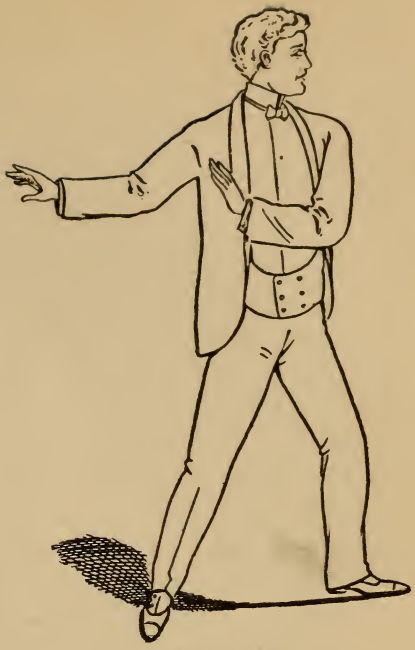
EMOTIONAL—FOURTH POSITION

step, the feet remaining at the same angle. Support the body on the *right* foot and turn the *left* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *left* heel slightly, and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the inside ball of the *left* foot.

FOURTH POSITION.—From either the first or second position move the *left* foot obliquely forward a short step, the feet re-



INDIGNATION



AVERSION



HORROR



AGED WALK

maining at the same angle. Support the body on the *left* foot and turn the *right* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *right* heel slightly and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the inside ball of the *right* foot.

CHANGES OF POSITION.—In the delivery of unemotional thought there should be few changes, and all movements should be performed within a limited space. In the expression of emotional thought and heated passion, changes of position, and greater freedom of movement are permissible; yet even here, the speaker must confine himself within the bounds of propriety. The impetuous, headlong, and boisterous plunges up and down the platform suggest not strength and vigorous emotion under the control of a powerful reserve force, but weakness, and instability. Never more until the *occasion* impels you to do so, and you will not go far astray.

POSITION OF THE HEAD.—The head is presumed to guide the motions of the body, and should be so held as to command the respect of an audience. Its various positions foreshadow the thought before it is expressed. An erect position of the head suggests confidence, dignity and honor; thrown back, humor, pride or vanity; inclined forward, humility and grief; inclined aside, languor; while a tossing motion implies contempt and anger.

### POSITION OF THE HANDS.

1. The various positions assumed by the hands are highly significant, and should be thoughtfully studied.

2. In repose the hands should be a model of grace; the forefinger should be gently extended, the thumb extended and nearly parallel with the first finger, the second finger slightly curved, the third finger curved more than the second, and the fourth, or little finger, forming a semi-circle. Study the attitudes of statuary and adapt your positions to those models that are regarded as specimens of the highest art.



REPOSE



SUPINE



PRONE



VERTICAL



CLINCHED POINTING

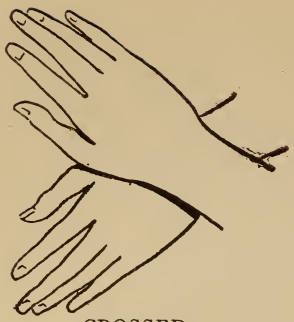


CLASPED



FOLDED

POSITIONS OF THE HANDS



CROSSED



ENUMERATING



CONDEMNING



GRASPING



SUPPLICATION



ARGUING



SPARING

POSITIONS OF THE HANDS

3. The hand is said to be *supine* when open, fingers relaxed and palm upward, indicating *entreaty, appeal, light joyous emotions* and general description.

4. It is *prone* when open, fingers extended and palm downward; used in *denial, degradation,* and *concealment.*

5. It is *vertical* when open, fingers extended the palm outward; used in *repelling, disgust, abhorrence, warding off* and *defining a limit.*

6. It is *clenched* when tightly closed; used in *anger, defiance* and *threatening.*

7. It is *pointing* when loosely closed, forefinger and thumb uppermost and extended; used in *pointing* and *designating.*

8. It is clasped, applied, folded, crossed, enumerating, touching, when used in *description* and *designation.*

### DIRECTION OF MOVEMENT.

Before attempting any of the following exercises in gesture with the hands, the pupil should become familiar with the various terms used in indicating direction and the significance of such direction.

1. FRONT.—Indicating *personality, directness, futurity, unity.* Gestures made directly before the body are termed "front."

2. EXTENDED.—Indicating *vastness in space, time, quantity,* or *idea.* Gestures made directly from the speaker's side are termed "extended."

3. OBLIQUE.—Indicating a *general idea* or *assertion,* indefiniteness. Gestures made between the "front" and "extended" are called "oblique."

4. BACKWARD.—Expressive of *remoteness of time* or *space.* Gestures back of the extended are called "backward."

5. DESCENDING.—Expressing *determination* or *emphasis.* Gestures made below the horizontal line of the chest are called "descending."

6. HORIZONTAL.—Pertaining to the *intellect.* Gestures made by extending the hand and arm in a line horizontal to the chest (whether front, oblique, or the side, or backward) are called "horizontal."

7. ASCENDING.—Alluding to the *ideal* or *imaginative.* Gestures made above the horizontal are termed "ascending."

8. ICTUS OF GESTURE.—The ictus of gesture is applied to the accented syllable of the word with which it is used.

BOTH HANDS,—are often used, making the same motions, to give greater *breadth of thought, broader expanse,* and more *intensity of motion.*

ARM MOTIONS.—To secure facility and grace of gesture, a short preliminary exercise, employing both arms simultaneously, is of great advantage. Every exercise in gesture should be preceded by several whole-arm movement combinations, the nature of which will be suggested after the following description of an exercise the author has used most advantageously with students:

### DIRECTIONS FOR ARM MOVEMENT.

Take the first position, *Active chest.* Let the arms and hands hang naturally, the little fingers just touching the sides. Raise both the arms, bringing the hands toward each other in front, near the body and slightly turning them so that the forefingers just touch by the time the hands meet at the waist; continue raising the hands, fingers relaxed and slightly curved, palms gradually turning inward, until the chin is reached, when the fingers gradually extend. From this point the hands separate, the whole arms sweep through a graceful curve downward and downward through the horizontal, oblique and extended directions; the palms at first upward, gradually turn inward, then downward, when the arms curve and the hands are brought again together at the waist, as when raised from the

sides in the initial motion. This movement is to be repeated many times until familiar, and then others which will be of great service in imparting ease and grace to gesture can be developed from it.

### MODE OF GESTURE.

1. The grace of gesture is expressed in the *compound curve,* sometimes called "Hogarth's line of beauty." The motion of the arm originates in the shoulder, is then transmitted to the arm, and forearm, whence the hand and the fingers receive the impulse and both gradually curving as the arm is raised until the chest (on the side opposite the arm employed) is reached, when the arm, hands and fingers *unbend* and reach their full extension at the ictus.

2. The curve of arm gesture, expressive of pleasing, tranquil and serious thought, and employed in narration, description and argument, is beautifully illustrated in the varied motions that may be described with a flexible willow-twig.

3. The direction of motion in the gesture of violent passion and uncontrollable excitement, whether occasioned by anger, fright or joy, is best illustrated in the angular flash of the falling thunderbolt.



ATTENTION

4. From these illustrations the learner will readily infer the character of gesture required when he has determined the sentiment contained in the composition.

### EXERCISES IN PHYSICAL EXPRESSION.

With Head and Face Indicate:

*Attention:* Lean the head forward with fixed gaze.

*Assent:* Nod rapidly forward.

*Dissent:* Toss head backward and sway from side to side.
*Diffidence or Languor:* Incline the head to either side.
*Horror:* Avert the face to either side.
*Courage:* Hold the head erect.
*Offended:* Head slightly turned and firm.
*Mirth, Goodnature:* Easy natural attitude.
*Shame, Humility or Grief:* Drop the head forward.
*Pride, Arrogance:* Throw the head back.
Avoid all useless nodding, shaking and tossing of the head.



HORROR

With the Arms Indicate:

*Calm Repose:* Let the arms hang naturally and gracefully.
*Weakness:* Let the arms hang listlessly.
*Self-Importance:* Fold the arms across the chest.
*Entreaty:* Hold the arms and hands forward, palms supine.
*Invocation:* Raise the arms forward, hands supine.
*Terror:* Throw the arms backward, elbows bent.
Avoid every arm movement not in harmony with the sentiment your are expressing.
*Secrecy or Silence:* Place the forefinger on the lips.
*Shame or Sorrow:* Place the hands upon the eyes.



CONFIDENCE,
DIGNITY, HONOR



HUMOR



PRIDE, VANITY



LANGUOR, DIFFIDENCE



PRIDE

POSITIONS OF THE HEAD

*Joy or Pleasure:* Clasp the hands on left breast.

*Anguish:* Wring the hands, moving upward and downward.

*Appeal to Conscience:* Place the right hand over the heart.

*Threatening:* Clinch and shake the hand.

*Mental Pain or Distress:* Place the open hand on the head.

*Meekness:* Cross the hands on the breast.

*Triumph:* Wave the right hand over the head.

*Invitation:* Extend the hands supine toward the object.

Avoid unnecessary motions of the hands at variance with prevailing sentiment.

By Various Attitudes of the Body Indicate:

*Repose, Courage, Joy:* Hold the body flexibly erect.

*Pride, Haughtiness:* Throw the shoulders stiffly back.

*Humility or Compassion:* Stoop slightly forward.

*Reverence, Adoration:* Bend the body well forward.

*Indignation:* Straighten to full height.

*Aversion:* Withdraw from the object to either side.

*Horrow:* Shrink inwardly from the cause.

Avoid all unnecessary contortions of the body and shrugging of the shoulders, as well as that unpliable rigidity one sees in the awkward orator.

By Means of the Lower Limbs Indicate:

*Confidence, Self-Possession:* Stand flexibly erect on both feet .

*Self-Conceit, Obstinacy:* Stand rigidly erect on both feet.

*Timidity, Awkwardness:* First or second position, advanced knee bent more than rear knee.

*Physical Weakness:* Feet parallel and a foot or more apart, knees bent.

*Terror, Horror:* Let the entire limbs tremble.

*Earnest Appeal:* Take third or fourth position



HORROR



OFFENDED



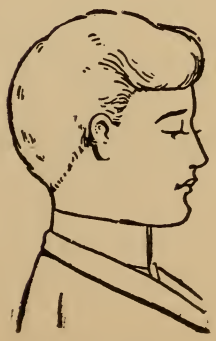
MODESTY, SHYNESS



HUMILITY, GRIEF



MIRTH, GOOD NATURE



THOUGHTFUL



CONFIDENCE,
SELF-POSSESSION



OBSTINACY,
CONCEIT



TIMIDITY,
AWKWARDNESS



PHYSICAL WEAKNESS



TERROR, HORROR



EARNEST APPEAL



DISGUST



POMPOSITY

*Disgust.* Assume third or fourth position, then throw weight on rear foot.

*Pomposity:* Feet well apart, weight on both feet.

Avoid the frequent shifting of weight from one limb to the other. Such actions betray awkwardness and mental disturbance.

### EXERCISE IN GESTURE.

*Explanations of Abbreviations:*

D. F. Descending Front.
H. F. Horizontal Front.
A. F. Ascending Front.

D. E. Descending Extended.
H. E. Horizontal Extended.
A. E. Ascending Extended.

D. O. Descending Oblique.
H. O. Horizontal Oblique.
A. O. Ascending Oblique.

D. B. Descending Backward.
H. B. Horizontal Backward.
A. B. Ascending Backward.

NOTE.—The ictus is applied to the italicized words.

### I. RIGHT HAND SUPINE.

D. F. Upon this action I *insist.*
H. F. I freely *grant* all that you demand.
A. F. I appeal to the great Searcher of *hearts.*
D. O. Of all mistakes *none* are so fatal as these.
H. O. Truth, honor, *justice* were his motives.
A. O. Fix your eyes on the prize *above* this life.
D. E. *Away* with your tempting bribes.
H. E. The gentle breezes wafted *incense* on the air.
A. E. Hail *flag* of the free! Sweet emblem of hope.
D. B. Let us put such schemes *behind* us.
H. B. Search the records of the remotest an-*ti*-quity.
A. B. Then rang the shout of *freedom.*

II. RIGHT HAND PRONE.

D. F. Put *down* the unworthy feeling.
H. F. Re-*strain* the unhallowed propensity.
D. O. Let every one re-*press* such sentiments.
H. O. I charge you to re-*strain* such dispositions!
A. O. Ye gods, with-*hold* your vengeance!
D. E. He'll smooth the *turf* for your last pillow.
H. E. Adversity dimmed his brightest *pros*-pects.
A. E. So darkly *glooms* yon thunder cloud.

III. RIGHT HAND VERTICAL.

H. F. *Back* to thy punishment, false fugitive!
A. F. For-*bid* it, Almighty God!
H. O. A friend would ward *off* the blow.
A. O. Oh for-*bid* it, Heavens!
H. E. Out of my *sight,* thou base defamer!
H. B. False wizard, *avaunt!*

IV. BOTH HANDS SUPINE.

D. F. All resentment he de-*pos*-ited on the altar.
H. F. Listen, I im-*plore* you, to his cry for mercy.
A. F. *Hail!* universal Lord!
D. O. All these he sur-*ren*-dered to the common good.
H. O. *Welcome!* friends, to our peaceful shore.
A. O. *Hail!* holy Light!
D. E. I utterly re-*nounce* his proffered aid.
H. E. He delves in the wide a-*byss* of possibility.
A. E. *Freedom* to the race!

V. BOTH HANDS PRONE.

D. F. Lie *light*-ly on him, earth.
H. F. May the blessings of Heaven *rest* on thee.

A. F. Blessed be Thy *name,* O Lord Most High!
D. O. We are as but worms of the *dust!*
H. O. Deep stillness *fell* on all around.
A. O. The Angel of Death *spread* his wings on the blast.
D. E. Here let the tumults of passion *cease.*
H. E. Spread wide a-*round* the heavenly calm.
A. E. Sorrow mantles the whole *earth.*

### VI. BOTH HANDS VERTICAL.

H. F. *Hence!* horrible shadow!
A. F. *Avert,* O God, the terrible calamity.
H. O. *Burst* are the prison bars.
A. O. Angels and ministers of grace, de-*fend* us.
H. E. Night's gathering fears, dis-*perse!*
A. E. Melt and dis-*pel,* ye specter doubts.

## FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Facial Expression is the adaptation of the countenance to the sentiment to be expressed.

1. Of the face Quintilian has said: "The face is the dominant power of expression. With this we supplicate; with this we threaten; with this we soothe; with this we mourn; with this we rejoice; with this we triumph; with this we make our submissions; upon this the audience hang; upon this they keep their eyes fixed; this they examine and study even before a word is spoken."

2. The effect of the vocal delivery is so much heightened by a sympathetic expression of the face, that the student of elocution, whether preparing for the rostrum, bar, or pulpit, should on no account neglect this important aid to his delivery.

3. While much preliminary training in this department of expression is necessary, in its application the student must first feel the sentiment to be uttered, then the appropriate facial

expression will follow. Beware of useless facial contortions; they are not only inappropriate, they are disfiguring and repulsive.

### EXPRESSION OF THE EYES.

1. The eye is the most expressive of all the features. It is here the mysterious workings of the mind are imaged forth in unmistakable language before the tongue moves in obedience to the will.

2. From it the soul looks forth and communes with kindred spirits. The expectant child reads in its mother's eye the answer to its wish. The stricken heart, unable to bear its burden, sends forth its mute appeals for human sympathy through eyes that tell the inward sorrow.

3. But while philosophers and poets have combined in praise of the wondrous beauty, variety, and expressiveness of the eye, it has, to the orator, peculiar interest which he cannot ignore. It is not simply a means of expression, but to the speaker it is an instrument of control second to no other agency of oratorical power. The speaker who looks directly into the eyes of his audience holds them beyond their power of escape. Every person present feels the magnetic influence of the speaker and fancies himself the particular person addressed.

4. The failure to use this wonderful power explains why so many desultory speakers and manuscript readers do not secure attention and move their audiences to thought and action. If you must use a manuscript, acquire the habit of looking away from it at times and into the eyes of your hearers.

### EXERCISES IN FACIAL EXPRESSION.

By Means of the Eyes Indicate:

*Courage, Determination:* Look straight forward.

*Joy, Hope, Delight:* Raise the eyes slightly upward.



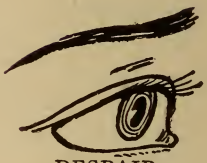
COURAGE



RAGE



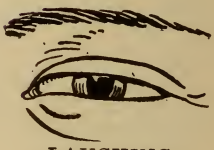
JOY



DESPAIR



SHAME, MODESTY AND HUMILITY



LAUGHING



DISGUST



SUPPLICATION



MADNESS



ANGER



SUDDEN ANGER



FLIRT



CONSTERNATION

*Shame, Modesty, Humility:* Look downward.
*Disgust, Aversion:* Turn the eyes to either side.
*Madness:* A steady glare, seeing nothing.
*Sudden Anger:* Let the eyes flash.
*Consternation:* Open the eyes wide with a fixed stare.
*Rage:* Roll the eyes well open.
*Despair:* A vacant stare.
*Laughing:* Eyes partially closed.
*Supplication:* Eyes elevated.
*Flirt:* To the side with a twinkle.

Avoid meaningless winkings and any unnatural use of the eyes.

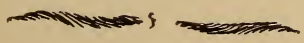
By Means of the Brow Indicate:



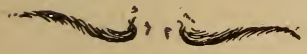
REPOSE



AMAZEMENT



DESPAIR



ANGER



PAIN

*Pain:* Elevated and arched.
*Joy, Terror, Amazement:* Elevate the brows.
*Fear, Despair, Grief:* Depress the brows.
*Anger, Rage:* Knit the brows firmly.
*Tranquil Repose:* Let the brows be natural.

Avoid the frequent elevation of the brows when not indicated by the sentiment.

With the Mouth Indicate:

*Tranquillity:* Close the lips lightly.

*Joy, Delight:* Let the lips be drawn back and slightly raised.

*Scorn, Contempt:* Curl the lips slightly upward.

*Disgust:* Curl the lips downward.

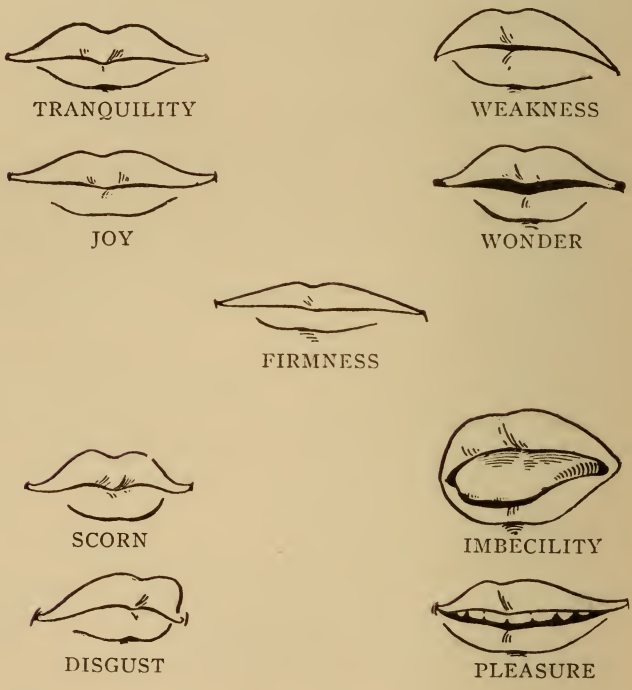
*Firmness, Decision:* Compress the lips.

*Weakness, Indecision:* Relax the lips.

*Wonder, Desire:* Part the lips slightly.

*Silliness, Imbecility:* Open the lips languidly, tongue protruding.

*Approval, Pleasure:* Let the lips smile freely.




On account of the softness of the parts about the mouth no feature is so liable to assume the deformities of bad habits as the lips. Avoid all unbecoming contortions, as sneering, pout-

ing, twitching, and protrusion of the lips. Avoid evil indulgences in thought, word, and deed. All these leave their traces upon the mobile lips, and mar alike the features and delivery.

With the Nostrils Indicate:

*Courage, Anger:* Expand the nostrils freely.
*Surprise, Admiration:* Open the nostrils moderately.
*Disgust, Contempt:* Draw the nostrils upward.
*Fear, Terror, Horror:* Let the nostrils dilate and quiver.
*Pain:* Contract the nostrils.

## GENERAL HINTS UPON GESTURE.

1. "Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature."

2. Be definite and decided in your action. Decision of gesture is more important than grace; combine the two.

3. In shifting from one foot to the other avoid dropping one hip or shoulder.

4. Though appropriate gesture is pleasing to the eye and greatly assists the hearer in comprehending the thought, the pupil is reminded that too little gesture is better than a continuous, or even frequent, sawing of the air.

5. During the action of gesture the arm should be kept moving all the time—rarely stationary for a single instant.

6. When reading, attempt no gesture unless you can look from your book and preclude the gesture with your eyes.

7. The ictus of the gesture should be on the emphatic word, and the hand performing the gesture should return to the side or proceed with another gesture.

8. Keep your face either full or three quarters full toward your audience, unless personation should require it otherwise.

9. In personating two characters have one speak to the

right, the other to the left. Explanations require a full face to the audience.

10. In gesture, use curved lines in all cases except those portraying sudden and impassioned Emotions.

11. As a general rule in single gesture, use the right arm, with the right foot advanced in preference to the left. The left, however, is often conveniently used in the mimicry of awkward characters.

12. Do not permit the love of dress display to mar the effect of your delivery by making you ridiculous. Taste in dress is little less important than appropriate language and delivery.

13. Let your changes in gesture accord with the language. The more rapid the thought and violent the emotion, the more sudden the transitions. Calm, dignified and reflective thought requires slow, measured, graceful changes.

14. When the change of thought requires a change of position, make such change *while* speaking, not before, nor after; that is, move as you enter upon the new thought.

15. Gesture should not accompany the *description* of the act, but the act itself; as, "But Douglas round him drew his cloak," etc., receives no gesture; wait till the words accompanying the action are spoken.

16. Observe the attitudes and gestures of great orators.

# PRONUNCIATION

PRONUNCIATION from *pro*, forth, and *nuncio*, I announce, is the act of vocal and articulate utterance of words according to prevailing usage.

1. The pronunciation of the English language is not uniform in time or place. The usage of the twentieth century is not that of the last century. The general style of the bustling metropolis differs from the leisurely uttered words of the field and hamlet. So, too, the followers of certain occupations manifest their calling by peculiarities of accent and enunciation. The stress and tones of the sea-faring man vary in a marked degree from those of the camp and court. Again, the usage of the mountains is not that of the plains and valleys; and the contrast between the articulation and accent one hears on the coasts and in the interior is equally marked.

2. Changes in pronunciation, due to changes in manner of living, social and political conditions, advance of commerce and caprice of fashion are constantly going on — in some sections more rapidly than others. While some communities, influenced by the busy activities around them, accept almost every new style of utterance, others, more isolated, and, therefore, more tenacious of early acquirements, resist all innovations, and cling to those familiar sounds to which they have been accustomed. Thus differences in pronunciation originate and continue in the same country.

3. Notwithstanding these differences in local usage there is a standard of pronunciation to which all critical scholars conform, which in this work is clearly indicated by a simple uniform system of markings and phonetic respellings — each sound being noted by but one distinctive mark.

4. The "Principles of Pronunciation" contained in these works should be carefully studied by all who aspire to accuracy in spoken English. A mispronounced word or even a pronunciation unusually authorized, coming from the pulpit, stage, or rostrum, distracts the hearer's attention, mars the beauty of diction, and compromises the speaker's culture in the estimation of his audience even more than the absence of an eloquent delivery.

5. Pronunciation comprises *articulation, syllabication*, and *accent*. A skillful articulation is acquired by first securing the correct sounds of the vocal elements, and then, by persistent practice, making them so familiar to the tongue and ear that every combination, however difficult, can be sounded instantly and correctly.

## ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the process of forming and combining the elementary sounds of language.

1. The importance of this subject entitles it to rank second only to respiration as a requisite to the greatest excellence in the art of elocution. Without this element, cultivated to the highest perfection, all other elements of vocal culture fail to form the accomplished reader and speaker.

2. Not by the English speaking orator alone, is articulation deemed of great importance. French and German teachers and statesmen give much attention to the subject. Says Legouvé:

"Articulation and articulation alone, gives clearness, energy, passion and force. Such is its power that it can even overcome deficiency of voice in the presence of a large audience. There have been actors of the foremost rank who had scarcely any voice. Potier had no voice. Monvel, the famous Monvel, not only had no voice, he had no teeth! and yet no one ever lost a word that fell from his lips; and never was

there a more delightful, more moving artist than he, thanks to his perfect articulation."

3. That articulation shall secure the greatest benefit to the speaker two conditions must be observed:

First. IT MUST BE CORRECT.

Second. IT MUST BE DISTINCT.

4. The first of these implies that the student shall acquaint himself with the powers and applications of all the elementary constituents of the language, in order that he may know the exact element required for each oral combination. The second condition demands that he shall so completely master the vocal utterance of every element that no mistake can possibly arise as to what particular sound is uttered.

5. Correctness of articulation is acquired by frequent reference to standard dictionaries, supplemented by immediate and intelligent practice. Here it should be observed that a *distinct* articulation without being *correct* is like legible writing containing many misspelled words; while it is easily heard, the literary deficiencies of the speaker are made only more apparent.

6. Distinctness of articulation is secured, first, by frequent practice upon the exercises prepared for drill, and afterward by constant attention to every word and sentence uttered, until the habit of correct and decided articulation is fixed beyond the necessity of attention. Faulty articulation often arises from an inability to control the speech organs. The remedy is daily practice upon the elementary sounds and syllables.

7. As to what constitutes a "just articulation," nothing better can be said than the oft-quoted words of Austin:

"The words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion; they are neither abridged nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let slip

out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

8. As the impassioned style of oratory peculiar to the old Greeks and Romans is giving way to the more intellectual and argumentative form of delivery, teachers of the present are giving more attention to ease and precision of speech than did their predecessors. Upon this point, Professor Russell says:

"The appropriate style of modern eloquence is that of intellectual, more than of impassioned expression; and enunciation being of all the functions of the voice, that which is most important to the conveyance of thought and meaning, it justly requires, in the course of education, more attention and practice than any other branch of elocution."

### THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

An elementary sound is a simple vocal element uttered by a single impulse of the *voice* and speech organs.

1. The English Language contains forty-five elementary sounds classified as follows: twenty *Vocals,* or *Tonics,* sixteen *Subvocals,* or *Subtonics* and ten *Aspirates,* or *Atonics.*

2. VOCALS, or TONICS, consist of pure tone modified by the speech organs; as, *a, e, oi.*

3. SUBVOCALS, or SUBTONICS, consist of tone and breath combined, modified by the speech organs; as, *b, j, ng.*

4. ASPIRATES, or ATONICS, are mere emissions of articulated breath; as, *f, s, ch.*

5. COGNATE SOUNDS are those formed by the speech organs in a similar position; as, *b* and *p, d* and *t.*

6. The student who aspires to accuracy of speech should make himself thoroughly familiar with the sounds and diacritical marks in the following analysis of letters.

## EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. The purpose of the following tables is to secure for students correct and distinct articulation, forcible enunciation and an accurate pronunciation.

2. The first and second accomplishments may be acquired in large classes fully as well as in small ones. Indeed, it has been observed that with timid pupils the concert drill of large numbers is the only effective means of securing that energetic enunciation which contributes so largely to successful vocal culture.

3. Regarding the importance of the exercises the student may rest assured that to whatever extent he may carry his study and practice in the so-called "embellishments" of elocution, as quality, force, stress, pitch, etc., his skill in these will avail him little if his articulation and pronunciation be defective. It is not enough that the sounds be appropriate and pleasing, and that the pitch, force and stress be in harmony with the sentiment; the sounds must be accurate, must express the *sense,* and above all, must be *understood* by the hearers.

4. In the exercises in articulation proceed as follows: Inhale deeply; first pronounce the word distinctly and accurately, utter each *sound element* in its order with *energetic force* and *exaggerated distinctness.*

5. A part of each exercise should be devoted to *whispering* the phonic spelling. This may be done by selecting ten or more words for drill, and after vocally uttering the sounds, repeat the same in a forceful whisper.

6. A portion of every exercise in elocution, should include a few minutes drill in articulation and enunciation. They can not receive too much attention.

7. Stand erect, the eyes front, the chin slightly dropped, the chest full, the shoulders firm and your mind upon what you are doing.

# TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

## Vocals.

ā=*a* in *ate*; *e* in *prey*; *ai* in *aim*
a=*a* in *at, fan, map, ham, attack*
â=*a* in *fare*; *ai* in *air*; *e* in *there*
ä=*a* in *arm, ah, father, alms, palm*
à=*a* in *ask, dance, grass, last, clasp.*
ạ=*a* in *amend, America, sofa, forward*
ą=*a* in *all, awe, war*; *o* in *orb, storm*
ē=*e* in *me, mete*; *ie* in *shield*; *i* in *pique*
e=*e* in *elk, error*; *ie* in *friend*; *a* in *any*
ẽ=*e* in *her, verge*; *i* in *bird*; *y* in *myrtle*
ī=*i* in *mite*; *y* in *my*; *ie* in *height*
i=*i* in *mit, mill, miss*; *y* in *hymn*
ō=*o* in *go*; *oa* in *coal*; *eau* in *tableau*
o=*o* in *not, comma*; *a* in *was, what*
ö=*o* in *move*; *oo* in *food*; *u* in *rude*
o̤=*o* in *wolf*; *oo* in *book*; *u* in *full*; *ou* in *would*
ū=*u* in *use, tune*; *ew* in *new*; *iew* in *view*
u=*u* in *hurry*; *oo* in *blood*; *ou* in *touch*
ū=*u* in *burn, furl*; *o* in *worm, world*
oi=*oi* in *oil, voice*; *oy* in *joy, cyster*
ow=*ow* in *owl, town*; *ou* in *found*

## Subvocals.

b=*b* in *bun, bay, Bible, bib*
d=*d* in *did, dog, dine, dad*
g=*g* in *gay, gone, gag, gig.*
j=*j* in *jet, judge*; *g* in *gem, engine*
l=*l* in *lead, lily, easel, couple, lull*
m=*m* in *mad, men, mane, muse, mum*
n=*n* in *nice, none, fern, run, money*
ng=*ng* in *sing*; *nk* in *bank, ink*
r=*r* in *rill, oral, form, for, ferry*
*th*=*th* in *the, thine thus, father, bathe*
v=*v* in *van, vivid, move, lives, wolves*
w=*w* in *wax, wit, homeward, waves*
y=*y* in *yet, vineyard*; *ia* in *poniard*
z=*z* in *zone, maze*; *s* in *his, those*
zh=*zi* in *grazier, seizure*; *si* in *fusion*

## Aspirates.

f=*f* in *fin, fame*; *gh* in *laugh*; *ph* in *graphic*
h=*h* in *had, house*; *wh* in *whose, who*
hw=*wh* in *when, why, wharf. whence*
k=*k* in *kite*; *c* in *cat*; *ch* in *chorus*
p=*p* in *play, cup, harp, speed, oppose*
s=*s* in *send, message*; *c* in *cite, city*
t=*t* in *tin, tot, stay, act, attend*
ch=*ch* in *chin, church*; *te* in *righteous*
sh=*sh* in *shine, flash*; *ch* in *chaise*
th=*th* in *thin, thrive, width, length*

---

## Drill Exercises on Elementary Sounds.

1. Pronounce the word distinctly, then sound the marked element with exaggerated distinctness, thus, *ate . . . a*; *at . . . a*. Reverse the order.

2. Repeat the list of sounds in order with the *key words* immediately following: thus, *a* as in *ate*, *a* as in *as*, etc.

3. Write, in order, the elementary sounds with proper mark and *key word.* [The word in the first column is the key word.]

4. Pronounce the Vocals, first with a downward slide, then with an upward slide. Pronounce in a distinct whisper.

### EXERCISES IN DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

Indistinct and faulty articulation frequently results from an imperfect command of the brain over the muscles involved in speech; hence, one of the greatest benefits to be derived from the persistent practice upon difficult combinations is to establish that intimate connection between the mental powers and the physical organs which will permit no uncertain utterance.

Let the student acquire the power of concentrating his attention upon what he is saying, and the difficulties of articulation will speedily disappear.

### PRONOUNCE WITH GREAT DISTINCTNESS.

1. baffl'd'st, bloom'd'st, balk'd'st, breath'd'st, troubl'd'st.
2. bundl'd'st, bridl'd'st, bloom'd'st, bask'st, grumbl'd'st.
3. circl'st, curl'st, charm'd'st, clasp'd'st, crimson'd'st.
4. dragg'd'st, dazzl'd'st, wid'n'd'st, thick'n'd'st, hard'n'-d'st.
5. fondl'st, trifl'd'st, muffl'd'st, stifl'd'st, fold'st.
6. grabbl'st, mangl'd'st, wiggl'd'st, struggl'd'st, dragg'd'st.
7. heark'n'd'st, help'd'st, harp'd'st, hearths, handl'd'st.
8. lik'd'st, laugh'st, lengths, launch'd'st, less'n'd'st, lists.
9. mingl'd'st, milk'd'st, muzzl'd'st, minister'd'st, mind'st.
10. prob'd'st, prompt'd'st, peopl'd'st, preserv'd'st, puzzl'-d'st.
11. rav'l'd'st, risk'd'st, reason'd'st, rattl'd'st, harp'd'st.
12. soften'd'st, sparkl'd'st, swamp'd'st, sharpen'd'st, smooth'st.
13. twelfth, triumph'd'st, trampl'd'st, tattl'd'st, twing'd'st.
14. wak'n'd'st, whelm'd'st, warmths, whistl'd'st, wiggl'd'st.

### GENERAL EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

NOTE.—Repeat sentence once slowly and distinctly, then

repeat five times with great rapidity and distinctness. Afterward repeat in a distinct whisper.

1. She sups sheep soup.
2. A shot-silk sash shop.
3. I saw snow softly snowing.
4. Socks and shoes shock Susan.
5. Five wise wives weaves withered withes.
6. Don't run along the wrong lane.
7. The hosts still stands in strangest plight.
8. Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.
9. She was sitting sewing snug and warm.
10. I snuff shop-snuff; do you snuff shop-snuff?
11. She sells sea-shells; do you sell sea-shells?
12. He built an ice-house near his own nice house.
13. Some shun sunshine; do you shun sunshine?
14. The sun shines smilingly on the shop-signs.
15. Two totally tired toads tried to trot to Toadsbury.
16. The old, cold, scold sold a school coal-scuttle.
17. He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.
18. She says she shall sew a sheet.
19. Charles Smith's Thucydides.
20. The peevish, feeble freeman feebly fought for freedom.
21. A rural ruler, truly rural.
22. The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.
23. Whelpy Whelvell White was a whimsical, whining, whispering, whittling whistler.
24. A big black bug bit a big black bear.
25. Beneath the booth I found baths, cloths, laths, moths, sheaths, paths and wreaths.
26. I said "literary, literally, literarily," not "literarily, literary, literally."
27. I said "a knap-sack," not "a knap sack's strap."

28. Gibeon Gordon Grelglow, the great Greek grammarian, graduated at Grilgrove College.
29. The laurel crowned clown crouched cowering into the cupboard.
30. Sheba Sherman Shelly sharpened his shears and sheared his sheep.
31. Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes.
32. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.
33. See that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.
34. Thou prob'st my rack'd and weary ribs.
35. Eight great gray geese grazing gaily into Greece.
36. With a shriek she shrank before the shrine.
37. Hear the shrill shriek of the screaming shrapnel.
38. Amidst the mists with angry boasts,
    He thrusts his fists against the posts,
    And still insists he sees the ghosts.
39. He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.
40. Did you ever see a saw saw a saw as that saw saws a saw?
41. Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.
42. She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek and then shrank from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.
43. Prithee, blithe youth, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.
44. Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales.
45. Thou turnedst, graspedst, countedst, rushedst forth and disappearedst.
46. Truly rural, truly rural rationalist.
47. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue.

48. The grass grows green above her grave.
49. Vile villains vent their vengeance vyingly.
50. Learned lads like long lessons.
51. Mournfully they marched to the martial music.
52. Napoleon's noble nature knew no niggardly notions.
53. Soldiers, sailors, seamen, all were lost.
54. Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
55. Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws.
56. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
57. Sober Stephen sold sugar, starch, spices, saddles, stirrups, screws, silks, satins, shawls and skates.

Read the following correctly (in review) in one breath:

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that *thou,* in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

---

NOTE.—Read the following correctly, at first in seventy seconds,—in sixty seconds,—in review in fifty seconds. It has been read intelligibly in thirty-six seconds. Read the first paragraph in one breath, then read the first and second paragraph in one breath. Read in a whisper occasionally by way of variation—an admirable exercise:

### THE TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

1. A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corner doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black

the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

2. When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots, till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

3. This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblacked boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

## PRONUNCIATION TEST.

An Indian attracted by the aroma of the coffee and the broth, arising from the bivouac moving down the path, met a bombastic bravo who was troubled with the bronchitis. The Indian being in dishabille, was treated with disdain by this blackguard, who called him a dog, and bade him with much vehemence and contumely to leave his domain, or he would demonstrate by his carbine the use of a coffin and cemetery. The Indian calmly surveying the dimensions of his European opponent, and being sagacious and robust, and having all the combativeness of a combatant, shot this ruffian in the abdomen with an arrow.

A young patriot with a black moustache, coming from the

museum, laughingly said, bravo! you should be nationally rewarded by receiving the right of franchise, for I witnessed the altercation, and the evidence is irrefragable and indisputable that you have removed a nauseous reptile. I now make this inquiry—will not the matrons in this country, and the patrons of our schools, inaugurate some system that will give an impetus to the interesting study of our language? If half the leisure moments were thus spent in lieu of reading some despicable romance, we should we wiser than we are.

# COMMON ERRORS IN PRONUNCIATION

1. Among many persons there exists a constant tendency to mispronounce certain combinations of sounds. This tendency arises from one of several causes and occasionally from all. It may be caused, first, by an imperfect apprehension of the sound; second, an inability to reproduce the sound, and third, a careless indifference.

2. To overcome the first and second difficulties, train the ear to discover the true sound and to detect the error, and the speech organs to execute the sound correctly. The only remedy for the third cause is an appeal to the student's sense of propriety.

3. The faults are represented in part by the following words. Use them as a drill.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ant | for aunt (änt) | | fēound | for found (fownd) | |
| a'k | " ask (ask) | | gä'den | " garden (gär'den) | |
| af'ter | " after (af'ēr) | | hēērd | " heard (hērd) | |
| an' | " and (and) | | hist''ri | " history (his'to-ri) | |
| a'el | " ale (āl) | | ī dē' *or* ī'de a | " idea (ī-dē'a) | |
| bärl or barl | " barrel (bar'el) | | jist | " joist (joist) | |
| ben | " been (bin) | | māād | " made (mād) | |
| bē'in | " being (bē'ing) | | ma'k | " mark (märk) | |
| bun'it | " bonnet (bon'et) | | mel'ēr | " mellow (mel'ō) | |
| bre*th*'ērn | " brethren (bre*th*'ren) | | mak | " mock (mok) | |
| caf | " calf (käf) | | mod'ist | " modest (mod'est) | |
| cä'd *or* kēärd | " card (kärd) | | past | " past (pást) | |
| ke'tch | " catch (kach) | | prob'ble | " probable (prob'a-bl) | |
| sul'ēr | " cellar (sel'ēr) | | protes' | " protests (prō-tests') | |
| chär *or* che'är | " chair (chār) | | ru*th*'ēr | " rather (rá*th*'ēr) | |
| chil'dēm | " children (chil'dren) | | reg''lēr | " regular (reg'ū-lar) | |
| kä'fe | " coffee (kof'ē) | | rench | " rinse (rins) | |
| com'ā | " comma (kom'a) | | ıof | " roof (röf) | |
| dōz | " does (duz) | | rōt | " root (röt) | |
| drēn | " drain (drān) | | scarce | " scarce (skārs) | |
| dō | " due (dū) | | sev'ral | " several (sev'ēr-al) | |
| el'um | " elm (elm) | | shull | " shall (shal) | |
| ēre | " ere (ār) | | srēk | " shriek (shrēk) | |
| ev'ri | " every (ev'e-ri) | | shet | " shut (shut) | |
| s·ns | " since (sins) | | wand | " wand (wond) | |
| sī'lunt | " silent (sī'lent) | | was'ail | " wassail (wos'el) | |
| spon | " spoon (spön) | | hyēar | " here (hēr) | |
| stat'ū | " statute (stat'ūt) | | marn | " mourn (mōrn) | |
| teown | " town (town) | | dag | " dog (dog) | |
| trav'lēr | " traveler (trav'el-ēr) | | far'est | " forest (for'est) | |

voi'o-lent.....for violent (vī'o-lent)
wuz..... " was (woz)
wot'ēr..... " water (wạ'tēr)
wāre *or* wēr..... " were (wâre)
yen'dēr ..... " yonder (yon'dĕr)
ēast ..... " yeast (yēst)
māāk..... " make (māke)
rā-ēd..... " raid (rād)
prar'i..... " prairie (prā'ri)
māât..... " mat (mat)
fāēr..... " fare (fâr)
*th*ūr,thär *or*ther " there (*th*âr)
ar *or* är..... " air (âr)
er *or* ēr..... " ere (âr)
laf, lâf *or* lạf.... " laugh (läf)
gạuut..... " gaunt (gänt)
grass *or* gräss.. " grass (grȧs)
cot..... " caught (kạt)
fä' *or* fūr..... " far (fär)
fạm..... " form (fạrm)
fēä ..... " fear (fēr)
fūr..... " for (fạr)
fạrj..... " forge (fōrj)

dōth..... .....for doth (duth)
put..... " put (pọt)
nūr..... " nor (nạr)
sāz..... " says (sez)
an'i..... " any (en'i)
nōne..... " none (nun)
sōt..... " suit (sūt)
lu*th*'ēr..... " leather (le*th*'ēr)
hare..... " hair (hâr)
ârn *or* ūrn ..... " earn (ērn)
pert *or* pūrt ... " pert (pērt)
mūr'cy ..... " mercy (mēr'si)
keīnd..... " kind (kīnd)
āye..... " aye (ī)
fāir..... " fire (fīr)
dē'strikt..... " district (dis'trikt)
gap..... " gape (gāp)
geĭrl *or* girl..... " girl (gērl)
būrd..... " bird (bērd)
wunt *or* wọnt... " won't (wōnt)
fạrj'ēr..... " forger (fōr'jēr)
fạg ..... " fog (fog)
sāith... ..... " saith (seth)
wọr'sted ..... " worsted (wọs'ted

PRONUNCIATION MATCHES. — Pronuncing matches should be had as often as once a week.

# ENGLISH WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

| Drill I. | Drill II. | Drill III. | Drill IV. |
|---|---|---|---|
| on (on) | ere (âr) | bomb (bom) | calf (kăf) |
| ay (ā *or* ī) | e'er (ār *or* âr) | pass (pas) | caul (kạl) |
| off (ạf) | gape (gāp *or* gāp) | salt (sạlt) | lieu (lū) |
| was (woz) | nape (nāp) | lost (lạst) | aunt (ănt) |
| elm (elm) | bade (bad) | bird (bẽrd) | nude (nūd) |
| due (dū) | lute (lōt *or* lūt) | mock (mok) | deaf (def) |
| dog (dog) | here (hēr) | rise (rīz) | won't (wōnt) |
| urn (ūrn) | fast (fạst) | jowl (jōl) | tune (tūn) |
| new (nū) | long (lạng) | root (röt) | gaol (jāl) |
| wan (won) | were (wẽr) | half (hăf) | gone (gạn) |

| Drill V. | Drill VI. | Drill VII. | Drill VIII. |
|---|---|---|---|
| earn (ērn) | magi (mā'jī) | faro (fâr'ō) | booth (böth) |
| wont (wunt) | dais (dā'is) | withe (with) | joust (just) |
| quay (kē) | ally (al-lī') | borne (bōrn) | saith (seth) |
| gyve (jīv) | lien (lē'en *or* lēn | chant (chạnt) | chair (châr) |
| path (pạth) | idea (ī-dē'ạ) | graft (grạft) | mourn (mōrn) |
| none (nun) | tiny (tī'ni) | their (*th*âr) | spoon (spön) |
| vast (vạst) | duty (dū'ti) | groat (grōt) | conch (kongk) |
| wand (wond) | arid (ar'id) | rinse (rins) | salve (săv) |
| ruse (röz) | onyx (ō'niks) | surge (sūrj) | seine (sān *or* sēn) |
| bath (bạth) | iron (ī'ūrn) | serge (sẽrj) | forge (fōrj) |

| Drill IX. | Drill X. | Drill XI. | Drill XII. |
|---|---|---|---|
| ghoul (göl) | chyle (kīl) | aroma (ạ-rō'mạ) | irate (ī-rāt') |
| sough (sow *ov* suf) | hough (hok) | lurid (lö'rid *or* lū'rid) | often (ạf'n) |
| hearth (härth) | psalm (säm) | extol (eks-tol' *or* ek- | after (ăft'ẽr) |
| quoit (kwoit *or* koit) | plait (plāt) | chary (châr'i) [stōl') | caret (kā'ret) |
| stalk (stạk) | lithe (lī*th*) | fiery (fīr'i) | water (wạ'tẽr) |
| swear (swâr) | fosse (fos) | again (ạ-gen') | divan (di-van') |
| laugh (lăf) | chops (chops) | visor (viz'ūr) | irony (ī'run-i), *n.* |
| shaft (shäft) | corps (kōr) | nomad (nom'ad) | irony (ī'ūrn-i), *a.* |
| verge (vẽrj) | halve (hăv) | cabal (kạ-bal') | sirup (sir'up) |
| broth (broth) | troth (trạth) | exude (eks-ūd') | kopal (kō'pạl) |

| Drill XIII. | Drill XIV. | Drill XV. | Drill XVI. |
|---|---|---|---|
| alias (ā'li-as) | ratio (rā'shi-ō) | nasal (nā'zạl) | chough (chuf) |
| piano (pi-ä'nō) | vicar (vik'ẽr) | facet (fas'et) | launch (länch) |
| edile (ē'dīl) | tenet (ten'et) | hovel (hov'el) | youths (yöths) |
| bravo (brā'vō), *n.* | oxide (oks'id) | offal (of'ạl) | brooch (bröch) |
| resin (rez'in) | eyrie (ē'ri *or* ā'ri) | agile (aj'il) | trough (traf) |
| desist (de-sist') | satyr (sat'ẽr) | naiad (nā'y-d) | fetich (fē'tish) |
| fetid (fet'id) | tepid (tep'id) | amour (ạ-mór') | clique (klēk) |
| guava (gwä'vạ) | adult (ạ-dult') | sinew (sin'ū) | burred (būrd) |
| lever (lē'vẽr *or* lev'ẽr) | odeon (o-dē'on) | mania (mā'ni-ạ) | truths (tröths) |
| monad (mon'ad) | petal (pet'ạl) | adieu (ạ-dū') | vaunt (vänt) |

| Drill XVII. | Drill XVIII. | Drill XIX. | Drill XX. |
|---|---|---|---|
| forrest (for'est) | acacia (ạ-kā'shi-ạ) | ordeal (ạr-dēl') | senile (sē'nīl) |
| basalt (bạ'sạlt) | iodine (ī'o-din) | barrel (bar'el) | gerund (jer'und) |
| cement (se-ment') | lyceum (lī-sē'um) | assume (as-sūm') | harass (har'as) |
| pestle (pes'l) | rapine (rap'in) | orchid (ạr'kid) | robust (ro bust') |
| desist (de-sist) | ribald (rib'ald) | forger (fōrj'ẽr) | fecund (fek'und) |
| recess (re-ses') | decade (dek'ād) | banana (bā-nā'nạ) | satrap (sā'trap) |
| exhort (eks-hạrt') | ensign (en'sīn) | virile (vī'ril) | extant (eks'tant) |
| allies (al-līz') | museum (mū-zē'um) | canine (kạ-nīn') | parent (pâr'ent) |
| comely (kum'li) | vendue (ven-dū') | occult (ok-kult') | subtle (sut'l) |
| fauces (fạ'sēz) | docile (dos'il) | tirade (ti-rād') | correct (kạr'net) |

**Drill XXI**

puisne (pū'ni)
dahlia (dăl'i-ạ)
filial (fil'yạl)
lichen (lī'ken)
tassel (tas'el)
cerate (sē'rāt)
excise (ex-sīz')
avenue (av'e-nū)
facile (fas'il)
visier (viz'yēr)

**Drill XXII**

coffee (kof'ē)
bonnet (bon'et)
cognac (kōn-yak')
donjon (dun'jun)
orgies (ạr'jiz)
piazza (pi-az'ạ)
retina (ret'i-nạ)
strata (strā'tạ)
vagary (vạ-gā'ri)
virago (vi-rā'gō)

**Drill XXIII**

thought (thạt)
swollen (swōln)
portray (pōr-trā')
febrile (fē'bril)
palaver (pạ-lä'vēr)
bromine (brō'min)
curator (kū-rā'tūr)
fulsome (ful'sum)
carbine (kär'bin)
plateau (plạ-tō')

**Drill XXIV**

obesity (o-bes'i-ti)
squalor (skwā'lūr)
hostage (hos'tạj)
inquiry (in-kwī'ri)
placard (plak'ard)
frontal (fron'tạl)
diffuse (dif'fūs), *a.*
discern (dis-zērn')
prayers (prârz)
leisure (lē'zhŏr)

**Drill XXV**

contour (kon-tör')
gondola(gon'do-la)
probity (prob'i-ti)
caisson (kā'son)
pageant (paj'ạnt)
adipose (ad'i-pōz)
gallows (gal'ōz)
finance (fī-nans')
isthmus (is'mus)
hygiene (hī'ji-ēn)

**Drill XXVI**

jugular (jö'gū-lạr)
chimera (ki-mē'rạ)
asphalt (as'falt)
pyrites (pī-rī'tēz)
suffice (suf'iz)
generic (je-ner'ik)
aureola (ạ-re-ō'la)
bestial (best'yal)
chorus (kō'rus)
prussic (prus'ik)

**Drill XXVII**

concord (kon'kạrd)
bellows (bel'ōz)
premier (prē'mi-ēr)
spinach (spin'ạj)
courant (kö-ränt')
verbose (vēr-bōs')
reverie (rev'ēr-i)
amateur (am-ạ-tūr')
worsted (wost'ed)
fuchsia (fū'shi-ạ)

**Drill XXVIII**

syringe (sir'inj)
matinee (mat'i-nē')
erudite (er'ū-dīt)
florist (flō'rist)
bedizen (be-dizn')
glamour (glam'ūr)
languor (lang'gwūr)
gherkin (gēr'kin)
cayenne (kā-en')
courtier (kōrt'yēr)

**Drill XXIX**

lenient (lē'ni-ent)
deficit (def'i-sit)
adverse (ad-vērs')
apricot (ā'pri-kot)
usurper (ū-sūrp'ēr)
impious (impi-us)
benzine (ben'zin)
glacier (glạ'shēr)
pretext (prē'tekst)
routine (rö'tin)

**Drill XXX**

cæsura (sē-sū'rạ)
granary (gran'ạ-ri)
persist (pēr-sist')
prairie (prā'ri)
recluse (re-klös')
ruffian (ruf'yan)
blatant (blā'tant)
hostler (hos'lēr)
scallop (skol'up)
squalid (skwol'id)

**Drill XXXI**

suavity (swav'i-ti)
distich (dis'tik)
curacoa (kö-rạ-sō'a)
anchovy (an-chō'vi)
isolate (ī'so-lāt)
papyrus (pạ-pi'rus)
alcalde (äl-käl'dā)
amenity (a-men'i-ti)
bitumen (bi-tū'men)
brothel (bro'thel)

**Drill XXXII**

epistle (e-pis'l)
bivouac (biv'wak)
arduous (är'dū-us)
wassail (wos'el)
systole (sis'tō-lē)
horizon (ho-ri'zun)
perotid (pạ-rot'id)
halcyon (hal'si-un)
equable (ē'kwa-bl)
elysian (e-lizh'ịa-n)

**Drill XXXIII**

fructify (fruk'ti-fī)
colander (kol'an-dēr)
nihilist (nī'hil-ist)
chloride (klō'rid)
apparent (ap-pâr'ent)
whirl (hwērl)
opponent (op-pō'nent)
vagaries (vā-gā'riz)
frontier (fron'tēr)
enervate (e nēr'vāt)

**Drill XXXIV**

raillery (ral'ēr-i)
tyranic (tī-ran'ik)
equipage (ek'wi-pạj)
amenable (ạ-mē'nạ-bl)
diocesan (di-os'e-sạn)
cinchona (sin-kō'na)
maniacal (mā-ni'ak-ạl)
donative (don'a-tiv)
luscious (lush'us)
contrary (kon'trā-ri)

**Drill XXXV**

cognomen (kog-nō'men)
frequent (fre-kwent')
aspirant (as-pī'rant)
morphine (mạr'fin)
specious (spē'shus)
dolorous (dol'o-rus)
dynamite (dī'nạ-mīt)
aphelion (af-ē'li-un)
recusant (re-kū'zạnt)
celibacy (sel'i-bạ-si)

**Drill XXXVI**

antimony (an'ti-mo-ni)
coquetry (kō'ket-ri)
trichina (tri-kī'nā)
scirrhus (skir'us)
sentient (sen'shient)
immobile (im-mō'bil)
corridor (kor'i-dōr)
splenatic (sple-net'ik)
mustache (mus'tạsh)
equivoke (ek'wi-vōk)

**Drill XXXVII**

credence (krē'dens)
suburban (sub-ūr'ban)
retroact (rē-tro-akt')
balsamic (bạl-sam'ik)
decorous (dē-kō'rus)
surnamed (sūr'nạmd)
vehement (vē'he-ment)
hiccough (hik'up)
chaldron (chạl'drun)
construe (kon'strö)

**Drill XXXVIII**

tartaric (tär-tär'ik)
paraffine (par'ạ-fin)
tranquil (trang'kwil)
indocile (in-dos'il)
nauseous (na'shus)
sardonyx (sär-dō'nix)
derisive (de-rī'siv)
virulent (vir'ū-lent)
culinary (kū'li-nā-ri)
hymeneal (hī-me-nē'ạl)

### Drill XXXIX

dishevel (di-shev'el)
vicinage (vis'i-naj)
sinecure (sī'ne-kūr)
spheroid (sfē'roid)
unctuous (ungk'tū-us)
usurious (ū-zhö'ri-us
gourmand (gör'mand)
courteous (kūrt'e-us)
behemoth (bē-hē'muth)
cynosure (sī'no-shör)

### Drill XL

pedagogy (ped'a-gō-ji)
magazine (mag-a zēn')
resource (re-sōrs')
respited (res'pit-ed)
intaglio (in-tăl'yō)
aeronaut (ā'ēr-o-nat)
borealis (bō-re.ā'lis)
gangrene (gang-grēn')
juvenile (jö've-nil)
maritime (mar'i-tim)

### Drill XLI

matronize (mat'run-īz)
cerements (ser'e-ments)
cowardice (kow'ard-is)
dromedary (drum'e-dā-ri)
concourse (kon'kōrs)
communism (kom'ū-nizm)
exquisite (eks'kwi-zit)
fetichism (fē'tish-izm)
declivous (de-kliv'us)
admirable (ad'mi-ra-bl)

### Drill XLII

specialty (spesh'al-ti)
gladiolus (gla-dī'o-lus)
chivalric (shiv'al-rik)
truculent (trö'kū-lant)
pecuniary (pē-kū'ni-ā-ri)
legendari (lej'en-dā-ri)
discourse (dis-kōrs')
scrivener (skriv'e-nēr)
southeost (sowth-ēst')
associate (as-sō'shi-āt)

### Drill XLIII

sovereign (sov'ēr-in)
soporific (sop-o-rif'ik)
crematory (krem'a-tō-ri)
cassimere (kas'i-mēr)
coadjutor (kō-ad-jö'tūr)
alternate (al'tēr-nāt), *v.*
alternate (al-tēr'nat), *n.*
mistletoe (miz'l-tō)
irascible (i-ras'i-bl)
dishonest (dis-on'est)

### Drill XLIV

referable (ref'ēr-a-bl)
infantile (in'fan-til)
refutable (re-fūt'a-bl)
objurgate (ob-jūr-gāt)
cochineal (koch'i-nēl)
trilobite (trī'lō-bīt)
alabaster (al'a-bas-tēr)
acoustics (a-kow'stiks)
therefore (thâr'fōr)
confident (kon-fi-dant')

### Drill XLV

maelstrom (māl'strom)
apparatus (ap-a-rā'tus)
contumely (kon'tū-mē-li)
defalcate (de-fal'kāt)
reputable (rep'ū-ta-bl)
exemplary (egz-em'pla-ri)
grimalkin (grim-al'kin)
acclimate (ak-kli'māt)
franchise (fran'chīz)
reparable (rep'a-ra-bl)

### Drill XLVI

armistice (är'mis-tis)
fulminate (ful'mi-nāt)
chorister (kor'is-tēr)
congeries (kon-jē-ri-ēz)
desultori (des'ul-tō-ri)
imbroglio (im-brōl'yō)
verdigris (vēr'di-gris)
menagerie (men-aj'ēr-i)
financier (fin-an sēr')
diphtheria (dif-thē'ri-a)

### Drill XLVII

chalcedony (kal-sed'o-ni)
alegorist (al'e-go rist)
conversant (kon'vēr-sant)
troubodour (trö'ba-dör)
illustrate (il'us-trāt)
interstice (in'tēr-stis)
plagiarist (plā'ji-rist)
peremptory (pēr'emp-tō-ri)
comparable (kom'pa-ra-bl)
subsidence (sub-sī'dens)

### Drill XLVIII

remediable (re-mē'di-a-bl)
respirable (re-spī'ra-bl)
hospitable (hos'pit-a-bl)
consummate (kon-sum'at)
highwayman (hī'wa man)
referrible (re-fēr'i-bl)
implacable (im-pla'kā-bl)
indicatory (in'di-ka-tō-ri)
emendation (em-en-dā'shun
remediless (re-med'i-les)

### Drill XLIX

calicnable (kal-sin'a-bl)
absolutory (ab-sol'ū-tō-ri)
commandant(kom-an'dant)
recitative (res'i-tā-tiv)
flaccidity (flak-sid'ity)
parenchyma (pa-ren-ki'ma)
metallurgy (met'al-ūr-ji)
disputable (dis'pū-ta-bl)
lamentable (lam'en-ta-bl)
compensate (kom'pen-sāt)

### Drill L

antepenult (an-te-pe-nult')
gum arabic (gum ar'a-bik)
menihgitis (men-in-jī'tis)
posthumous (post'hū-mus)
rendezvous (ren'de-vö)
caligraphy (ka-lig'ra fi)
inimitable (in-im'i-ta-bl)
acclimated (ak-klī'ma-ted)
telegraphy (te-leg'ra-fi)
tonsilitis (ton-sil-i-tis)

### Drill LI

sacerdotal (sas-ēr-dō'tal)
prescience (prē'shi-ens)
homeopathy (hō-me-op'a-thi)
laryngitis (lar-in-jī'tis)
caricature (kar'i-ka-tūr)
camelopard (ka-mel'o-pärd)
dishabille (dis-a-bēl')
hydropathy (hī-drop'a-thi)
obligatory (ob'li-ga-tō-ri)
massacring (mas'a-kring)

### Drill LII

capitoline (kap'i-to-līn)
apotheosis (ap-o-thē'o-sis)
balderdash (bal'dēr-dash)
bronchitis (brong-kī'tis)
demoniacal (dem-o-nī'a-kal)
forecastle (fōr'kas-l)
mercantile (mēr'kan-til)
pianoforte (pi-ä'no-fōr-tē)
precedence (pre-sē'dens)
strychnine (strik'nin)

**Drill LIII**

conservator (kon'sēr-va-tūr)
provocative (pro-vō'ka-tiv)
meteorolite (mē-tē-or'o-līt)
sequestrate (se-kwes'trāt)
misconstrue (mis-kon'strō)
deprivation (dep-ri-vā'shun)
demonstrate (dem'un-strāt)
three-legged (thrē'legd)
hypothenuse (hī-poth'e-nūs)
inopportune (in op-ūr-tūn')

**Drill LIV**

legislative (lej-is-lā'tiv)
diplomatist (di-plō'ma-tist)
marchioness (mär'shun-ess)
mischievous (mis'chiv-us)
interesting (in'tēr-est-ing)
enfranchise (en-fran'chiz)
clandestine (klan-des'tin)
superficies (sū-pēr-fish'ēz)
vindicative (vin'di-kā-tiv)
sacrilegious (sak-ri-lē'jus)

**Drill LV**

protestation (prot-es-tā'shun)
transferable (trans-fēr'a-bl)
unfrequented (un-fre-kwen'ted)
complaisance (kom-plā'sans)
irrefragable (ir-ref'ra-ga-bl)
irremediable (ir-re-mē'di-a-bl)
presentiment (pre-sent'i-ment)
recognizance (re-kog'ni-zans)
simultaneous (sī-mul-tā'ne-us)
charnelhouse (chär'nel-hows)

**Drill LVI**

contumelious (kon-tū-mē'li-us)
incomparable (in-kom'pa-ra-bl)
frontispiece (fron'tis-pēs)
unprecedented (un-pres'e-den-ted)
oleomargarine (ō-le-omär'ga-rin)
agriculturist (ag-ri-kul'tūr-ist)
lithographer (li-thog'ra-fēr)
irrecognizable (ir-rek'ug-nī-za-bl)
tergiversation (tēr-ji-vēr-sā'shun)
pronunciation (pro-nun-si-ā'shun)

# FOREIGN WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

A few of the following words have received an English pronunciation.

The student should find the meaning of the terms.

abandon (à bäng-dạng′)
adobe (ä-bō′bā)
aid de camp (kạng)
adagio (ad-ä′ji-ō)
allegro (al-lā-grō′)
anglice (ang′gli-se)
attaché (at-à-shā′)
à propos (à-prō-pō′)
au fait (ō-fā)
au revoir (ō-rev-wär′)

ballet (bal-lā′)
bas bleu (bä-blū′)
beaux esprits (bōz-es-prē′)
belles lettres (bel-let′r)
bijou (bē-zhö′)
blasé (blä-zā′)
bonhommie (bon-o-mē′)
bon mot (bạng′mō)
boulevard (böl′vär)
bouquet (bö kā′)

café (kà-fā′)
cachet (kàsh-ā′)
caisson (kā′son)
cañon (kan-yūn)
cantatrice (kän′tà-tris)
caoutchouc (kö′chök) [zēt′)
carte de visite (kärt-de-vē-
carte blanche (kärt-blänsh′)
caviar (käv′i-är)
chargé d'affaires (shär′zhā
dà-fâr′)
chanivari (shä-rē-vä′rē)
complaisance (kom′plā-
zäns)
corps d'armée (kar-där-mā′)
cortège (kar′tâzh)
coup d'état (kö-dà-tä′)
coupé (kö-pā′)
coupon (kö-pạng′)
coyote (kī-yōt′)
cuisine (kwē-zēn′)

débouché (dā-bö-shā′)
débris (dā-brē′)
début (dā-bọ′)
débutant (dā-bọ-täng′)
débutante (dā-bọ-tänt′)
dénouement (dā-nö-mäng′)

dernier ressort (dern-yā′-
res-sar′)
distingué (dis-tang-gā′)
douche (döush)

éclat (ā-klä′)
ecce homo (ek-se hō′mō)
élite (ā-lēt′)
encore (äng-kōr′)
ennui (äng-nwē′)
en route (äng-röt′)
entrée (äng-trā′) [kōr′)
esprit de corps (es-prē-de-
étagère (ā-tà-zhâr′)
étui (ā-twē′)
exeunt (eks′se-unt)
exposé (eks-pō-zā′)

façade (fà-sad′)
finale (fē-nal′ā)
finesse (fē-nes′)

gamin (gam-ang′)
garçon (gär-sạng)
gens d'armes (zhän-därm′)
glaour (jowr)
gout (gō)

haricot (här-ē-kō′)
hauteur (hō′tūr)

jeu d'esprit (zhū-des-prē′)

kirschwasser (kērsh′was-
sēr)

littérateur (lē-tā-rä-tūr′)
[zel′)
mademoiselle (mad-mwä-
mandamus (man-dā′mus)
mayonnaise (mä-yon-āz′)
mélange (mā-länzh′)
mêlée (mā-lā′)
mesdames (mā-däm′)
mezzotint (med′zō-tint)
mirage (mē-räzh′)
miserere (miz-e-rā′rā)
monsieur (mus-yē′)
morale (mō-räl′)

naively (nä-ēv′li)
naiveté (nä-ēv-tā′)
négligée (nā-gli-zhā′)

on dit (ạng-dē′)
outré (ö-trā′)

papier maché (pap-yā-mä-
patois (pà-twä) [shā′)
penchant (päng-shäng′)
protégé (prō-tā-zhā′)
pueblo (pū-eb′lō)

qui vive (kē vēv′)

raisonner (rā-zon-ā′)
ranchero (ran-tshā′rō)
recherché (rē-shâr-shā′)
restaurateur (rā-stō-rä-tūr′)
reconnaissance (re-kon′i-
régime (rā-zhēm′) [sans)
renaissance (rē-nā-sängs′)
repertoire (re-pēr-twär′)
résumé (rā-zū-mā′)
ricochet (rik-ō-shā′)
rôle (rōl)
rouge (rözh)
roué (rö′ā)

salam (sā-läm′)
salon (sä-lạng′)
sang froid (säng-frwä′)
savant (sä-väng′)
séance (sā-äns′)
silhouette (sil-ö-et′)
sobriquet (sö-brē-kā′)
soi disant (swä-dē-säng′)
soirée (swä-rā′)
sotto voce (sōt-to-vo′chā)
souvenir (sö-ve-nēr′)

tapis (tä-pē′)
tiers état (tē-erz-ā-tä′)
tournure (tör-nor′)
tragédienne (trà-zhā-dē-en′)

valet de chambre (và-lā-dē-
shän′br)
vaudeville (vōd′vēl)
vis-à-vis (vēz-ä-vē′)

zouave (zwäv)

# PROPER NOUNS AND PROPER DERIVATIVES OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Aaron (âr'un)
Adela (ad'e-la)
Æneid (ē-nē'id)
Afganistan (af-gän-is-tän')
Adonis (a-dō'nis)
Ajaccio (ä-yät'chō)
Alamo (ä'lä-mō)
Alaric (al'ar-ik)
Aldine (al'din)
Alicia (a-lish'i-ā)
Ali (ä'lē)
Alpine (al'pin)
Antilles (ăn-til'ēz)
Aphaodite (af-ro-dī'tē)
Arab (ar'ab)
Arabic (ar'a-bik)
Arion (a-rī'on)
Arçon (är'son)
Arctic (ärk'tik)
Arkansas (är-kan-sa)
Arnaud (är'nō)
Asia (ā'shi-a)
Aubert (ō-bâr')
Augean (a-jē'an)

Balmoral (bal-mor'al)
Balzac (bäl-zäk')
Bartimeus (bär-ti-me'us)
Bastille (bas-tēl')
Beauchamp (bō'shăn)
Beethoven (bā'tō-ven)
Bedouin (bed'ö-in)
Belial (bē'li-al)
Boccaccio (bok-kat'chō)
Boleyn (bol'in)
Bolingbroke (bōl'ing-brok)
Borghese (bor-gā'zā)
Boulanger (bö-lang-zhā')
Boston (bos'tun) (not bas'-tun)
Brahmin (brä'min)
Brougham (brö'am)
Buddhism (bud'izm)
Buffon (buf'ang)
Burgundy (bûr'gun-di)

Cadi (kā'di)
California (kal-i-far'ni-a)
Calliope (kal-lī'o-pē)
Carribbean (kar-ib-bē'an)
Cassiope (kas-sī'o-pe)
Caucasian (ka-kā'shi-an)
Cecilia (sē-sil'i-a)
Conci (chon'chē), Beatrice (bā-ä-trē'chā)
Cham (kam)
Cheops (kē'ops)
Cherubini (ka-rö-bē'nē)
Chicago (shi-ka'gō)
Chinese (chī-nēz)
Chopin (shō-pang')
Christianity (krist-yan'i-ti)
Concord (kong'kūrd)

Chrichton (krī'tun)
Curaçoa (kū-ra-sō'a)
Cuvier (kū-vē-ā')
Czerny (cher'nē)
Danish (dan'ish)
D'Aubigné (dō-bēn'yā)
Deborah (deb'o-rä)
Descartes (dā-kärt')
De Stäel (de stä-el')
Disraeli (dis-rē'li)
Doric (dor'ik)
Dorothea (dor-o-thē'a)

Edinburgh (ed'in-bûrg)
Eliab (ē-lī'ab)
Eliphalet (e-lī'fa-let)

Faneuil Hall (fan'el hal)
February (feb'rö-ā-ri)
Freycinet (frā-sē-nā')
Froude (frōd)

Gloucester (glos'tēr)
Goethe (gē'te)
Gounod (gö-nō')
Graefe (grā'fe)
Guido (gwē'dō)
Guelph (gwelf *or* welf)
Guise (gwēz)
Guizot (gē'zō')

Hawaii (hä-wī'ē)
Hebe (hē'bē)
Heine (hī'ne)
Hellenes (hel'e-nēz)
Hemans (hem'anz)
Hermione (hēr-mī'o-nē)
Holburn (hō'būrn)
Hudibras (hū'di-bras)

Ibrahim (ib'ra-him)
Iowa (ī'o-wa)
Iphegenia (if-i-jē'ni-a)
Ismail (is-mä-ēl')
Italian (i-tal'yan)
Ixion (iks-ī'on)

Jacques (*Fr.* zhäk; *Eng.* jā'quez)
Juarez (hö-ä'rēs)
Junot (zhö-nō')

Khedive (ke-dīv')
Kossuth (kosh'öt)

Lange (lang'e)
Laocoon (lā-ok'o-on)
Latin (lat'in, *not* lat'n)
Lethean (lē-thē'an)
Leverrier (le-ve-re-ā')
Lyonnais (lē-un-ā')

Macleod (mak-lowd')
Maggiore (mad-jō'rā)

MagnaCharta(mag-na-kär'-ta)
Mazzini (mät-sē'nē)
Medici (med'ē-chē)
Melpomene (mel-pom'e-nē)
Missouri (mis-sö'ri)
Molière (mo-lē-âr')
Mongol-(mon'gol)

Napoleon (na-pō'le-on)
Nemesis (nem'e-sis)
Notre Dame (nō-tr-däm')

Oberon (ob'e-ron)
Odyssey (od'is-i)
Omega (ō-mē'ga)
Orion (ō-rī'on)
Orpheus (ar'fe-us)
Ossian (osh'an)

Pall Mall (pel-mel')
Pegasus (peg'a sus)
Penelope (pe-nel'o-pē)
Persia (pēr'shi-a)
Philander (fi-lan'der)
Philemon (fi-lē'mon)
Pleiades((plē'ya-dēz)
Plutarch (plö'tärk)
Pompeii (pom-pā'yē)
Psyche (sī'kē)

Richelieu (rēsh'e-lö)
Rousseau (rö-sō')

Sahara (sa-hä'ra)
Salome (sa-lō'me)
Sanhedrin (san-hē'drin)
Seville (sev'il)
Sigismund (sij'is-mund)
Stephana (stef'a-na)
Strahan (stran)
Sturm (storm)

Terpsichorean (tērp-si.kō-rē'an)
Thalia (tha-lī'a)
Thiers (tē-ēr')
Tuileries (twē-lā-rē')

Ulrica (ul'ri-ka) [le)
Ultima Thule (ul'ti-ma thū'
Ulysses (ū-lis'ēz)
Uranus (ū'ra-nus)

Vespucci (ves-pöt'chē)
Vibert (vē-bâr')
Virginia (vēr-jin'i-a, *not* vēr-jin-ya)

Whewell (hū'el)
Worcester (wo'stēr)

Yonge (yung)

Zacheus (zak'e-us)
Zachary (zak'a-ri)

## VOICE AND SPEECH CULTURE.

1. VOICE is the audible vibrations heard in the air passing from the lungs into and through the vocal organs. The air is driven from the lungs as from a bellows by the action of the respiratory muscles; and after receiving the vibratory motion in the larynx and resonance in the pharynx, the peculiar sound termed voice is produced. Speech is made of voice by the proper articulations of the speech organs.

2. The highest skill in speech is attained only by a perfect control of the voice and speech organs.

3. The chief requisite in securing great vocal power is an erect and easy posture of the body, giving *expansiveness* to the chest and freedom to the limbs, and that absolute command of the breath which will enable the speaker to utter one hundred or more syllables in a single breath.

4. To secure the greatest compass and flexibility the student should not confine his practice to low notes, under the impression that thus only can he acquire the full, rich volume he so much admires in some favorite speaker. The exercises must include every interval between the highest and lowest notes. Practice in all degrees and tones gives compass and flexibility. Flexibility and decision of speech are secured largely by frequent practice upon passages requiring the utmost rapidity of utterance.

5. Cultivate particularly pleasant tones and correct and distinct articulation. Avoid falling into the habit of a drony enunciation and a drowsy, drawling speech, or the *offensive* tones of AFFECTATION.

6. In your public vocal performances, be deliberate. Leave nothing unfinished. The mind, not the organs involved, must *control* the speech.

7. Huskiness, harshness and hardness of tone result from the contact of air inhaled during vocal exercises with the lining mucous membrane of the speech organs; no air whatever should *enter* the mouth. Keep the mouth constantly moist. This will not be difficult if you inhale through the nostrils, and employ all exhaled air in phonation.

8. The nasal passages should be kept constantly open. Proper breathing and cleanliness will secure this condition.

9. Fullness, depth, richness and flexibility of tone are so largely dependent upon the control of the tongue, throat, and jaw muscles that constant attention should be given to the free action of these muscles.

10. To render words most easily understood by those remote from the speaker, the mouth should be opened freely and fully, and should not be closed too suddenly in finishing syllables.

11. During reading and speaking care should be exercised to avoid a continued pitch too high, too low, or a monotone. The last reacts upon the speaker, rendering his delivery dull and lifeless; a pitch too low usually prevents understanding the words; while a prolonged high pitch exhausts the speaker and wearies an audience beyond its capacity of enjoyment. The pitch should follow the general law of thought development—curves, slides and waves—few planes.

12. To prevent embarrassment, arising from nervousness, inhale and exhale to your utmost capacity a number of times before attempting to use the voice in public. The same precaution will materially prevent incoherency, stuttering and stammering in extemporaneous speech.

13. Finally, avoid the so-called "modern elocutionist's style" which seems to reach its perfection of unreality in a

sickening *affectation* as repulsive to the good sense of the public as it is false to the teachings of nature.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.—The student is here reminded that however vigorous his enunciation, however accurate his articulation, appropriate his quality, force, pitch and movement, one element of success may be lacking. This is genuine *human sympathy*. The ear may be pleased by harmonious sounds, the eye fascinated by graceful gestures, and even the intellect may tacitly acknowledge the speaker's art, but the soul, that priestess of the inner temple, can not be deceived by outward show. The stifled breath, the palpitating heart, the moistened eye respond not to skillful movements and artistic sounds, but to the stricken heart—the suffering soul whose agonies the speaker's looks and feelings vivify.

### VOICE PRESERVATION.

1. Do not *throat* your voice.
2. Consign tobacco to the mutes.
3. Constantly cultivate pure tones.
4. Avoid a long continued high pitch.
5. Use no drinks during vocal exercise.
6. Use no stimulants or acids of any kind.
7. Breath as directed under RESPIRATION.
8. Keep the mind and body pure and healthy.
9. Avoid affectation, arrogance, and irritability.
10. Keep the temper as a reserve force, under control.
11. Permit no compression about the neck, waist or chest.

# MODULATION.

MODULATION is the ready and perfect adaptation of the appropriate elements of speech to the sentiment designed to be conveyed.

1. The skillful modulation of the voice requires an instantaneous and imperceptible transition from one quality to another, an easy increase or decrease of force, a ready change of stress, and a perfect command of every degree of pitch and movement.

2. The good reader or speaker varies the element of expression so skillfully that the hearer gets a suggestion of the meaning of the words by the very nature of the sound in which they are uttered.

## MODE OF UTTERANCE.

VOICE is vocalized breath and as such its formation depends upon the method of exhalation employed in phonation and speech.

As there are three methods of forcing the air from the lungs, termed *effusive, expulsive,* and *explosive,* so there are three modes of utterance derived from the manner of expiration, and named:

1. EFFUSIVE UTTERANCE, in which the tone is gently and evenly effused from the vocal organs without abruptness. It is the characteristic tone of *tranquillity, pathos, grandeur, devotion.*

2. EXPULSIVE UTTERANCE, in which the tone is projected from the vocal organs with more or less abruptness, according

to the intensity of feeling accompanying speech. It ranges in use from ordinary *description* and *narration* to the highest forms of *argumentative discourse.*

3. Explosive Utterance, in which the tone is shot forth with an instantaneous burst like the crack of a rifle. The abrupt shock peculiar to the explosive is produced by a momentary restraint of the breath in the glottis followed by an irresistible upward action of the respiratory muscles. This mode of utterance is employed in the expression of *sudden anger, terror, ecstasy, command.*

Application.—No one mode of utterance is likely to be appropriate to an entire composition. The effusive is rarely found in more than two or three consecutive words. The expulsive is more common than the others, being employed in the greater part of every conversation.

## EXERCISES IN MODES OF UTTERANCE.

### EFFUSIVE UTTERANCE.

*Sublimity, reverence.*

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Did'st weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

[From "God's First Temples."—*Bryant.*]

EXPULSIVE UTTERANCE.

*Joyous exclamation.*

Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "freedom" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty."
[From "Prisoner for Debt."—*Whittier.*]

EXPLOSIVE UTTERANCE.

*Fright, terror.*

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
[From "The Bells."—*Poe.*]

## SLIDES.

SLIDES, sometimes termed inflections, are concrete changes of pitch, either upward ( / ) or downward ( \ ) on a single element or word. They vary in extent of elevation or depression according to the nature of the sentiment.

1. The purpose of slides is to convey more accurately those delicate shades of meaning found in abstract reasoning, unemotional description and narration, to give clearness to contrasted ideas, and vigor to expressions of earnestness, emotion and passion.

2. In addition to the service rendered in the apprehension of the thought by the correct use of slides, their judicious employment gives a beauty, variety and melody to speech which, when artistically applied, is as pleasing to the ear as the most artistic variations of music and song.

3. The importance of slides is shown in the fact that many actors, public readers and teachers of expression prepare compositions for delivery and teaching by marking nearly every passage with the appropriate voice slides. The author's experience with hundreds of students confirms the opinion that the skillful application of slides and waves contributes to intelligible delivery more than any one element the orator may employ.

4. While many will appreciate the value of slides in adding clearness to reading and speaking, the student is reminded that the recognition of a requisite, does not imply a natural ability to command and properly to employ the appropriate slide. Indeed, many young people of superior intelligence and fair attainments in our high schools and colleges are found who can neither apply the required slide when indicated nor imitate it when given by their instructor, without much practice.

5. No marked degree of excellence in expressive reading

may be expected until the student has given much time to the practice and intelligent study of the principles governing voice slides.

### UPWARD SLIDE.

The Upward Slide is an elevation of voice through the concrete change of pitch, the degree of elevation depending upon the intensity of the thought or emotion.

### GENERAL LAW OF USE.

The Upward Slide is employed upon the accented syllable of those words used singly, in phrases or in sentences, denoting *indifference, uncertainty, incompleteness, doubt, contingency, negation, direct interrogation, tenderness, pathos, surprise, wonder, anticipation.*

### PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Upward Slide is used in—

I. *Direct questions;* as,

Would you make men trústworthy?
Do you refuse me jústice!—áudience—éven?

NOTE.—A repetition of a direct question requires the downward slide; as Did you go hóme? What did you say? Did you go hòme?

II. *Emphatic interrogative repetitions;* as,

Looked as if I guessed his méaning?
I'm always wanting money for clóthes?

III. *Words and phrases of informal address;* as,

Jóhn, bring me your book.
Macláine! you've scourged me like a hound.

NOTE.—A formal or emphatic address requires the downward slide; as, Fellow cìtizens: It is no ordinary cause, etc. O còmrades! *Warriors!* THRACIANS!

IV. *Expressions of negation, implying contrast; as,*
He is not a man of wórds.
I did not say a yóunger man.
V. *Anticipative phrases or clauses;* as,
To become wise and léarned, requires study.
He that can not béar a jest should not make one.
VI. *Expressions of indifference;* as,
You may go if you wísh.
What do you wish to see? Oh, nothing.
VII. *Words of pathos, entreaty, gentle reproof;* as,
He moaned so pítifully, I couldn't chide him.
Jóhn, I'm very sorry you've disregarded my wishes.
VIII. *Unimportant particulars, except the last;* as,
Pride costs more than hunger, third and cold.
Jóhn, Hénry, Jámes and Chàrles are present.
IX. *Expressions of doubt, contingency and uncertainty;* as,
There is a possibílity of the train's being láte.
Good advice were bétter if well followed.
X. *Contrasts introduced by adverbial "as";* as,
Night brings out stars, as sórrow shows us truth.
As we rise in glóry, we sink in pride.

### DOWNWARD SLIDE.

The Downward Slide is a downward movement of the voice through the concrete change of pitch, the degree of depression depending upon the completeness, exactness, or definiteness of the thought in the speaker's mind.

### GENERAL LAW OF USE.

The Downward Slide is employed upon those syllables used singly, in phrases or in sentences denoting *completeness, determination, certainty, command, passion, positive* and *decisive declaration.*

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Downward Slide is used in—

I. *Answers to direct or indirect questions;* as,

Did you go homé? Nò, I did nòt.
Who discovered the Mississippi? De Soto discòvered it.

EXCEPTION.—If the person addressed is indifferent, he will usually answer with an upward slide; as,

Did you enjoy your vacation? Oh, yés, pretty wéll.
Do you regard her as hándsome? Yés, pássably só.
Which way shall we wàlk? I am not partícular.

II. *Declarative, imperative and exclamatory sentences;* as,

Great beggars are said to be little dôers.
Confess your fàults; a fault confessed is half redrèssed.

III. *Completeness of thought in principal or subordinate clauses;* as,

Did ye not héar it?—Nò; 'twas but the wind,
Or the càr rattling o'er the stony strèet.
On with the dànce! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till mòrn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:
But, hàrk! that heavy sound breaks in once mòre,
As if the clouds its echo would repèat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than befòre!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

IV. *Language of determination and certainty;* as,

We shall attack the fort at sùnrise.
I know the power of freèdom, I rejoice in her màjesty.

V. *Impassioned exclamations;* as,

To àrms! they come! the Greèk! the Greèk.
Hènce, horrible shàdow! Unreal mockery, hènce!

VI. *Direct interrogation anticipating the answer yes or no;* as,

Have I not treated your as a gèntleman? Yès,
Have we ever failed to keep our fàith? Nò.

VII. *Emphatic and repeated direct or indirect questions;* as,

Why have you disobeyed my commànds?
Will you *stop* that distressing nòise?

VIII. *Each member, except the last, of a commencing series;* as,

The wisdom of the philòsopher, the eloquence of the històrian, the sagacity of the stàtesman, the capacity of the géneral, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs, but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer, than the art of oratory.

IX. *Each member, except the last but one, of a concluding series;* as,

Let a child read and understand such stories as the friendship of Damon and Py'thias, the integrity of Aristides, the fidelity of Règulus, the purity of Wáshington, the invincible perseverance of Fránklin, and he will think and act after the manner of the world's greatest benefactors.

X. *Members of sentences expressing affirmation and negation have opposite slides; the affirmative member has the downward slide, the negative the upward;* as,

I am here to àct, not to tálk.
I am here not to tálk, but to àct.

## WAVES.

The WAVE, (∧) sometimes termed circumflex, from the twisting or crooked motion of the tone in passing over the vowels, is a compound movement of voice on a single syllable, word or sentence.

### CLASSIFICATION OF WAVES.

The UPWARD WAVE, expressive of *completeness,* is the union of the Upward and Downward Slides; as, âh.

The DOWNWARD WAVE, expressive of incompleteness, is the union of the Downward and Upward Slides; as, ăh.

WAVES may be *Single,* consisting of the two Slides only, Upward or Downward; or they may be

MULTIPLE, consisting of any number of Slides greater than two, beginning with either the Upward or Downward Slide.

WAVES may be *Equal* when the voice slides equally in both directions, or they may be

UNEQUAL, when the voice slides unequally in both directions.

### APPLICATION OF WAVES.

The UPWARD SINGLE EQUAL WAVE expresses *astonishment, admiration;* as, Âh! beaûtiful!

The Downward Single Equal Wave expresses *scorn, contempt, ridicule, mockery, sneer;* as, Yôu a sôldier!

UNEQUAL SLIDES are employed to increase the intensity of emotions.

MULTIPLE WAVES, in addition to increasing the intensity of expression, mark a progressiveness of emotion that produces a most startling impression upon the hearer. For illustrations of multiple waves see sentences with diagrams below.

EXTENT OF WAVES.

WAVE OF THE SECOND, Upward or Downward, rarely unequal, have the least perceptible change of pitch. It is the gentle undulation of voice through the interval of two notes. In the expression of grandeur, sublimity, and devotion with subdued force, it gives to the voice a beauty, harmony, and impressiveness found nowhere else in the whole range of earthly sounds. Without it the solemn service of the church and the grandeur of the inspired Word become meaningless cadences or painful monotony.

LAW OF USE.

The WAVE OF THE SECOND, employed with a subdued force and low pitch, is used to express *dignified admiration, mild contrast, gentle* yet *all pervading emotions* of *reverence* and *awe, sentiments* of *beauty, sublimity, grandeur, devotion* and *adoration.*

Drill frequently on the following beautiful stanza:

Thĕre the life-fires brighten, | and bŭrn | and roll,
O'er dĭamonds | that sparkle | o'er sands of gold,
Where | to *brĕathe* the sweet ăir | yields a bliss untŏld,
And the dwellers | immŏrtal | shall never grow ŏld.
[*"God's Beautiful City."—B. F. Taylor.*]

The WAVE OF THE THIRD, Upward or Downward, Equal or Unequal, rises or falls through an interval of three notes. It is the characteristic wave of *playful wit, humor,* and *good-natured raillery.* Its peculiar deflections refer the mind backward or forward to some implied or unexpected witticism.

LAW OF USE.

The WAVE OF THE THIRD expresses *mirth, wit, jest, drol-*

*lery, insinuation, double meaning, affectation, mimicry, strong contrast.*

EXAMPLE:—

A dûchess! You shall be a quêen—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will câll you so.

WAVE OF THE FIFTH AND OCTAVE. A voice wave direct, inverted, equal or unequal, passing through a fifth or an octave, is termed emotional, or impassioned. It is characteristic of the greatest mental and physical agitation. Confined within the speaker's compass, restrained by will and controlled by judgment, it becomes one of the most potent accompaniments of *invective, vituperation, scorn, sarcasm,* and *mockery,* which a speaker can employ. It rarely occurs in modern literature. It is found mostly in the drama. As a voice building exercise, giving facility in impressive transitions, it is superior to any other single effort required of the student. Daily practice in all the waves, closing with the octave, should be insisted upon throughout the course.

LAW OF USE.

The WAVE OF THE FIFTH AND OCTAVE is used to express *irony, sarcasm, satire, sneer, ridicule, astonishment, intense interrogation, amazement, scorn, mockery, disgust, contempt, malice, hatred, revenge.*

For examples of waves of the fifth and octave see diagrammed and miscellaneous examples following.

EXERCISES IN WAVES.

The student will study carefully each sentence and endeavor to apply the waves in the manner indicated by the diagram following it.

To secure facility in expression, the student should con-

centrate his mental powers upon all the conditions surrounding the supposed speaker of these sentences.

NOTE.—The breaks in the diagrams mark the different words.

1. AFFECTATION: *I am so fatigued.* 
2. ANXIETY: *Where can he be?* 
3. GAYETY: *Merrily they sing.* 
4. LAUGHTER, MIRTH: *You're a happy dog!* 
5. SURPRISE: *What! the King's wife! the Queen!** 
6. CONTEMPT: *You may keep your money.* 
7. RAGE: *I hate him!* 
8. GRIEF: *Oh, my son! my son!* 
9. SNEERING: *Smile on, my lords!* 
10. TRIUMPH: *Shout freedom!* 
11. IRONY: *Brutus is an honorable man.* 
12. INTENSE IRONY: *They are all honorable men.* 

* The skip from "wife" to "queen" is a discrete movement.

## MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

NOTE.—Wave words not marked with the signs are in italics.

1. I did not gíve a dôllar.
2. I did not give a dŏllar.
3. Ah! it was yóu, then, that struck me.
4. I did not think that hê would do it.
5. *Old* enough! ay, there it *is.*
6. It cannot bê—thou dost but sây 'tis so.
7. You boast yŏur father was a lôrd!
8. Yes, I claim mý father was a lord.
9. What dost thou think? Thĭnk, my lord?
10. Gone to be mărried! gone to swear a peace!
11. O, nôble judge! O, êxcellent young man!
12. Oh, but he *paused* upon the brink. *Paused* did he?
13. Thou wear a lion's hide? Doff it for shâme,
    And hang a câlf skin on thy recreant limbs.
14. They tell *us* to be *moderate* while *they* revel in *profusion.*
15. Sĕems, madam! nay it is; I know not sêems.
16. Can honor set a lĕg? Nô. Or an ărm? Nô.
17. What's in a *name?* That which we call a *rose*
    By any *other* name would smell as sweet.
18. Yet *this* is *Rome* and *we* are *Romans.*
19. Men, *indeed!* call themselves *lords* of *creation.*
    *Pretty lords,* when they can't even take care of an *umbrella!*
20. Her mŏther only killed a côw,
    Or witched a chŭrn or dairy-pan.
    But shĕ, forsooth, must charm a mân.
21. Hath a *dog* money? Is it *possible*
    A cur can lend three thousand *ducats?*
22. A *second* Daniel, a *Daniel,* Jew!

*Now,* infidel, I have *thee* on the hip,
A *Daniel* still I say; a *second* Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for *teaching* me that word.

23. Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious,*
And Brutus is an *honorable* man.

24. Was this *ambition?*
Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious;*
And, sure, he is an *honorable* man.

25. And this man is now become a *god!*

26. *Rich* in some dozen paltry *villages!*
*Strong* in a hundred *spearmen!*
Only *great* in that strange spell,—
A *name.*

27. My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you *mad?*
My father, sir, did never *stoop* so low,—
He was a *gentleman,* I'd have you know.

28. What! shear a *wolf?* a prowling *wolf?*

## PAUSES.

PAUSES are temporary suspensions of speech between words, phrases and clauses.

1. Pauses serve three purposes:

I. To convey the speaker's meaning clearly; termed *Sentential.*

II. To increase the effectiveness of delivery; termed *Emotional.*

III. To add embellishment to the composition; termed *Rhythmical.*

2. The primary use of pauses is to set off the divisions of thought—to arrange the ideas with respect to each other so that the mind of the hearer can grasp their relations to each other and to the thought as a whole.

3. Without frequent and appropriate pauses speech is but

a monotonous succession of *words* whose related significance must be obtained only by great mental effort; while their judicious employment arouses and rivets the attention, quickens the perception and makes the receiving of truth acceptable for the pleasure afforded in hearing it.

4. No combination of words, however rhetorically arranged, however well delivered with reference to all the embellishments of elocution can be made to produce an effect so impressive, so thrilling, as a profound pause made amid the stillness of a breathless audience. If speech is sometimes silver, a pause is golden; if the former is grand the latter is awful—sublime.

5. Punctuation marks, sometimes termed "grammatical pauses," indicate the syntactical structure of the sentence, but do not necessarily locate or determine the length of pauses. The reader gathers the sense of a passage by the aid of punctuation and applies the appropriate pause according to the nature of the sentiment, modified by attending circumstances of time, place and occasion.

6. A good reader will make many more pauses than are indicated by the punctuations, and will sometimes pass over such marks without any pause. In the sentence "No, sir, there is none," a pause between "no" and "sir" would be improper.

7. The length of pauses is dependent wholly upon the nature of the thought, sentiment, or emotion. As a general rule, lively, playful thought and joyous, excited emotions require short pauses; commonplace sentiments, ordinary description and narration require moderate pauses; while long pauses are appropriate to solemn, serious thought and emotions of sublimity and awe.

PRINCIPLES AND EXERCISES.

PAUSE:

I. *Before the infinite phrase;* as,

Life is too short | to learn more than one trade well.
I do not rise | to waste the night in words.

II. *Before prepositional phrases;* as,

How sweet the chime | of the Sabbath bells!
Hearts may agree | though heads differ.

III. *Before the predicate noun clause;* as,

The truth is | my money was all gone.
My prayer shall ever be | "Angels guard thy way."

IV. *Before the objective clause;* as,

He said, | "I am the man ye seek."
Tell your master | that I await his pleasure.

V. *Before adjectives following their noun;* as,

There's a lute | unswept and a harp without strings.
One stands apart, a woman | sad and silent.

VI. *Before relative pronouns and conjunctive adverbs;* as.

Let me have friends | whose hearts are pure.
She fell not | when the mighty were upon her.

VII. *Before conjunctions;* as,

Religion is an excellent armor, | but a poor cloak.
Night folds her sable mantle | and pins it with a star.

VIII. *Before an ellipsis;* as,

Art thou some god, | some angel, or | some devil?
Time wasted is existence, | used | is life.

IX. *Before any important or emphatic word;* as,

The Union | *must* and 'SHALL be preserved.
When you do not know what to do, | wait.

X. *Before the logical subject or subject and copula in inverted sentences;* as,

The happiest of girls | was Mary.
Soon rested | those who fought.
But beneath all these relations | he is a man.

XI. *Before the copula preceded by a phrase or clause;* as,

Duties fulfilled | are always pleasures to the memory.
That he may succeed | is my daily prayer.

PAUSE:

I. *After the nominative phrase or clause;* as,

The perfection of art | is to conceal art.
All that breathe | will share thy destiny.

II. *After the objective phrase, in an inverted sentence;* as,

My happy peaceful youth | restore to me.
His manly face | our eyes shall see no more.

III. *After introductory predicate adjectives;* as,

Happy | is the man who owes not another.
Gentle and kind | were the friends of my youth.

IV. *After emphatic words;* as,

Go preach to the *coward,* | thou death-telling seer!
*Strike* | for the sires who left you free.

V. *After a participial phrase;* as,

Fearing a disastrous defeat | he prudently withdrew.
Raising his hand | he motioned the boy forward.

VI. *After an important or emphatic subject;* as,

Life | is real! Life | is earnest!
Some Cromwell, | guiltless of his country's blood.

VII. *After transposed adverbial elements;* as,

In toil | he lived; in peace | he died.
When anger rises | breathe through your nose.

PAUSE:

I. *Before and after an apposition phrase;* as,

The youth, | a very giant, | soon won the respect of all.
The citizens, | kings of a republic, | must wield the ballot.

II. *Before and after parenthetical expressions;* as,

The mansion, | for such it was, | had been a beautiful structure.
The wolves, | the most formidable beasts present, | howled madly.

III. *Before and after direct quotations;* as,

Lifting his eyes, | he seemed to say, | "Yes," | and sank back.
It stopped to whisper, | "Beware, beware," | and passed on.

IV. *Before and after important words;* as,

And every word was | *War!* | *war!* | *war!*
Lord Angus, | thou | hast | lied!

V. *Before and after a verb separated from its auxiliary;* as,

The change will, | in all probability, | affect his mind.
The man did, | beyond all doubt, | show great bravery.

PAUSE:

*Between the parts of an inverted sentence;* as,

When boasting ends, | there dignity begins.
As we advance in life, | we learn the limits of our abilities.

PAUSES IN POETRY.

The principles governing pauses, as stated above, apply to nearly every form of vocal expression, whether prose or poetry. The rule requiring a slight pause at the end of every line of poetry is misleading, and results in that sing-song style so com-

mon among children and illiterates. The rhythm must not be made so prominent as to obscure the sense. Poetic measure may embellish thought, but it can not supplant it in expression.

The terms cæsura and demi-cæsura should not be regarded as pauses, but as divisions of the rhythmical structure of the poetic line. Unless the sense requires a pause, regard neither these divisions nor the punctuation marks. Observe the following rule: In reading poetry, unless the sense requires a pause, let the voice delicately *poise* at cæsuras, demi-cæsuras and the end of each line.

A vocal poise is effected by a gentle swell and pivotal movement of tone to the next word or line.

---

### QUANTITY.

QUANTITY is the measure of time occupied in the utterance of single syllables and words.

1. Whatever importance may be attached to the peculiar meaning to be given individual words, no marked success will be attained until the element of quantity is mastered.

2. It is observed that the untrained speaker can not make the short sounds short enough nor the long sounds sufficiently long. His attempts in the first efforts result in incoherency, in the second, drawling.

All syllables may be classed as:

1. *Indefinite:* Capable of being indefinitely prolonged.
2. *Immutable:* Incapable of prolongation.
3. *Mutable:* Capable of a slight degree of prolongation.

### APPLICATION OF QUANTITY.

*Indefinite* syllables, requiring Long Quantity, are employed in the expression of *tenderness, reverence, adoration, awe, solemnity, sublimity, shouting, calling, sorrow, remorse.*

*Immutable* syllables, requiring Short Quantity, are employed in the expression of *rapturous joy, mirth, command, sudden anger, terror.*

*Mutable* syllables, requiring Medium Quantity, are employed in *ordinary narration, description, unimpassioned conversation* and *introductions* to *orations.*

Exercises upon Indefinite syllables, Long Quantity.
Prolong the syllables without mouthing or drawling.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| gray | peace | cold | ah | appall | darkling |
| woe | moan | poor | home | disarm | smiled |
| dare | gold | far | praise | beware | pleading |
| ay | toll | aim | all | forlorn | glorious |
| sea | roam | mourn | mourn | groaning | yearning |

Exercises upon Immutable syllables, Short Quantity.
Utter the syllables instantaneously.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| at | hip | mock | sat | lackey | backing |
| not | sick | dip | lip | reckon | speckle |
| lit | dock | tack | cup | bedeck | trickle |
| tin | back | hat | beck | wicket | rocket |
| sup | duck | met | map | upper | attic |

Exercises upon Mutable syllables, Medium Quantity.
Prolong these words without destroying their identity.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| mad | arch | hast | quart | spotted | dotted |
| sob | fig | odd | what | lately | basely |
| will | nod | big | land | blunder | sadden |
| orb | heart | charm | debt | letter | trouble |
| gait | graft | ran | might | thunder | madder |

## EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that peculiar utterance of words, phrases and clauses which renders them especially prominent or significant.

1. The importance of Emphasis in determining the meaning of a sentence may be inferred from an examination of the following sentence which, by placing the emphasis upon the marked words, is capable of expressing seven different meanings:

4. *John* did not say you bought that book; *Henry* said so.
2. John did not *say* you bought that book; he *wrote* it.
3. John did not say *you* bought that book; but that your *sister* bought it.
4. John did not say you *bought* that book; but that you *found* it.
5. John did not say you bought *that* book; but *this* book.
6. John did not say you bought that *book;* it was your *slate.*
7. John did *not* say you bought that book; he said nothing.

2. Emphasis is effected by a change of quality, force, stress, pitch, sliding, waves, movement, or quantity, or by lengthening the pauses. Usually two or more of these elements are employed to produce the required emphasis.

3. Perfect command of every variety of emphasis depends upon an accurate perception of the sentiment and its relation to, and connection with, every other thought with which it is associated, and skill in the control of all the elements of vocal expression previously explained.

4. The most common method of applying emphasis is by an increase of force, but that is by no means the only method. Pupils should guard against its use where it would not be indicated by the sentiment. Many instructors teach their pupils that "Emphasis is an increase of force." It is not always an

*increase* of force. The etymology of the word signifies "to show," "to indicate;" and emphasis may be shown by diminishing the force as well as by increasing it. It may be shown by raising or lowering the pitch, and by accelerating or retarding the movement.

### GENERAL LAWS GOVERNING EMPHASIS.

1. The subject, predicate and object in sentences much involved usually receive slight emphasis; as,

*Maud Muller,* on a summer's day.
*Raked* the *meadow* sweet with hay.

2. All words introducing new ideas are moderately emphasized; as,

"He mounted into *literature* from the moment that he fell."

3. Words expressing contrasts or antithesis are emphatic; as,

The *sweetest* pleasure is that of *imparting* pleasure.
The *noblest* mind the best *contentment* has.
Love *lights* more fires than hate *extinguishes.*

4. All words which seem to contain the principal ideas of the thought should be indicated by emphasis; as,

"The crear *conception,* outrunning the deductions of *logic,* the high *purpose,* the firm *resolve,* the dauntless *spirit, speaking* on the *tongue, beaming* from the *eye,* informing every *feature,* and urging the *whole man onward,* right *onward* to his *object*—this, *this* is *eloquence;* or rather, it is something *greater* and *higher* than *all eloquence*—it is *action,* noble, *sublime, godlike* action."

5. In repetition each succeeding word receives greater force than the word preceding; as,

*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires;
STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
*God* and your native *land.*

NOTE.—This rule applies also to cumulative emphasis; as,

*Forward,* the LIGHT BRIGADE!
CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!

6. The intensity of absorbing emotions is best shown by emphasis effected by pauses; as,

"He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so,—he's dead!"

7. Words of exclamation usually require the strongest emphasis; as,

"HENCE! *horrible* SHADOW!
Unreal MOCKERY, HENCE!

NOTE.—Even when one member of the antithesis is omitted the expressed member is made emphatic; as,

"An *attentive* student would not make such blunders."

### EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

*Quality:*—

I *hate* him for he is a Christian. (Guttural.)
Give me liberty or give me *death?* (Aspirate.)
Quoth the raven, *"Nevermore."* (Pectoral.)
And the sisters, they murmured, *"For Shame!"* (Falsetto.)

*Force:*—

I repeat it, sir, the charge is *false.* (Increase.)
But on the way it burst, it fell; and lo!
A *skeleton!* (A decrease of force.)

*Stress:*—

*Back* to thy punishment, false fugitive. (Radical.)
Softly sleep and *breathe* the odors sweet. (Median.)
*Fret* till your proud heart *break.* (Final.)
Must I *budge?* Must *I* observe *you?* (Compound.)
*Charge* for the *guns! Charge!* (Thorough.)
May *God forgive* me: I have *been* to *blame.* (Intermittent.)

*Pitch:*—

"It *snows!*" cries the school-boy. *"Hurrah!"* and his shout.
Is ringing through parlor and hall. (Raising of pitch.)
Read on her urn, *"A broken heart."*
This tells her tale. (Lowering of Pitch.)

*Movement:*—

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—*trippingly* on the tongue. (Fast.)
There on a snow-white couch,
Lay his two sons, *pale, pale* and motionless. (Slow.)

*Pause:*—

The old, old fashion—Death.

### MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

By a proper application of emphasis find the true meaning of the following sentences:

1. Mr. *Davis* told *John* to saddle his *horse,* and John saddled *him.*

2. The *dog* would have *died* if they hadn't cut off his *head.*

3. A fellow in a *market* town most *musical* cries *razors up and down.*

4. Now, therefore, the said *witness* (says the said Thomas) is a *thief.*

5. He had a *patient* lying at *Death's door,*
Some three *miles* from the town, it might be four.

6. A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he doesn't become a *drunkard,* is in danger of losing his health and character.

7. O, fools, and slow of heart to *believe* all that the *prophets* have written of me.

8. Hang out our banners on the outward wall;
The cry is "Still they come."

9. A man going to sea, his *wife* desired the prayers of the congregation.

---

### SLUR.

SLUR is a smooth, rapid, subdued movement of voice over certain words, phrases and clauses of less importance than others with which they stand associated.

The object of Slur is to bring out the principal thought of a passage as contained in the *leading* clause by a subdued force and rapid movement over the *subordinate,* or *auxiliary* clauses.

### LAW OF USE.

The Slur is applied to passages expressing *contrast, repetition, explanation, modifications of persons, things, time, place, cause, manner* and *degree,* and all *parenthetical expressions.*

NOTE.—Let the student place curves around slurred passages in the following selection and read correctly:

---

### THE WORTH OF ELOQUENCE.

1. Let us not, gentlemen, undervalue the art of the orator. Of all the efforts of the human mind, it is the most astonishing in its nature and the most transcendent in its immediate

triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs, but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer.

2. In the solitude of his library, the sage meditates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amid the strife of faction, the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns, the commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares, in silence and amid obloquy, the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt; his, and his alone, it is,

> "The applause of listening senates to command,
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read his history in a nation's eyes."

3. "I can conceive," says Cicero, "of no accomplishment more to be desired than to be able to captivate the affections, charm the understanding, and direct or restrain, at pleasure, the will of whole assemblies." This single art, amongst every free people, has commanded every encouragement and been attended with the most surprising effects; for what can be more astonishing than that from an immense multitude one man should come forth, the only, or almost the only, man who can do what nature has made attainable by all? Or, can any thing impart to the ears and the understanding a pleasure so pure as a discourse which at once delights by its elocution, enlists the passions by its rhetoric, and carries captive the conviction by its logic?

4. What triumph more noble and magnificent than that

of the eloquence of one man swaying the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges and the majesty of senates? Nay, further: can aught be esteemed so grand, so generous, so public-spirited, as to relieve the suppliant, to raise up the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, to save a fellow-citizen from exile and wrong? Can aught be more desirable than to have always ready those weapons with which we can at once defend the weak, assail the profligate, and redress our own or our country's injuries?

5. Apart from the utility of this art in the forum, the rostrum, the senate, and on the bench, can any thing, in retirement from business, be more delightful, more socially endearing, than a language and elocution agreeable and polished on every subject? For the great characteristic of our nature, that which distinguishes us from brutes, is our capacity of social intercourse, our ability to convey our ideas by words. Ought it not, then, to be pre-eminently our study to excel mankind in that very faculty which constitutes their superiority over brutes?

6. Upon the eloquence and spirit of an accomplished orator may often depend, not only his own dignity, but also the welfare of a government; nay, of a people. Go on, then, ye who would attain this inestimable art. Ply the study you have in hand, pursue it with singleness of purpose, at once for your own honor, for the advantage of your friends, and for the service of your country

---

## QUALITY OF VOICE.

The term Quality of Voice is applied to the nature, character, or kind of tone used.

Quality of voice is wholly independent of force, stress, or pitch. Its distinguishing characteristic is the place of reverberation or resonance. This depends upon the state of mind or

physical condition of the speaker. Hence, the quality employed becomes a valuable aid in the portrayal of thought, sentiment, and emotion.

Eight qualities of the voice are commonly recognized, namely:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PURE TONE | PLAINTIVE | GUTTURAL | NASAL |
| OROTUND | PECTORAL | ASPIRATE | FALSETTO. |

### PURE TONE.

The Pure Tone is a clear, pure, smooth, round, musical tone, the reverberations being confined wholly within the mouth.

In its production, all the breath employed is converted into tone free from aspiration and harshness.

The Pure Tone is illustrated in nature by the joyous songs of birds and the merry ringing laugh and gleeful tones of children.

### DIRECTIONS FOR SECURING PURE TONE.

Shape the mouth and lips in such a manner as to form the sound of *oo* in *ooze,* the tongue lying low and concave uppermost so as to form the largest mouth cavity. Utter the sound of *oo* several times with your conversational pitch.

To test the purity of tone, while practicing, place the back of the hand within three inches of the mouth. If any air is felt to strike the hand your tone is not pure. Purse the lips less and repeat.

### PURE TONE.

*Exercises:*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| eve | aim | vain | heel | moan |
| ale | air | here | home | breathe. |

### LAW OF USE.

The Pure tone is used in the expression of *pathos* and *ten-*

*derness,* in *solemn, serious, tranquil, narrative, didactic,* and *descriptive thought,* in *calling,* and in *joyous* and *mirthful emotions.*

---

### The Three Cherry-Stones.

*Narration and Description.*

Narrative and descriptive, appealing to the fancy, sentiment, and imagination. It requires, according to the vividness of the thought or scene, great variety of slides, portraying the constantly changing picture and development of incident. Use a pure tone and conversational style.

1. Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table and, calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale.

2. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch of perhaps, melancholy; and he wore a gray surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not,—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a school-master.

3. He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. He eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

4. The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in

his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

5. Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

6. Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

7. As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and, with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return.

8. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

9. The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party,—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry, three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who

were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

10. They met, and fired alternately, by lot; the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire. He did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain leveled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

11. Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist,—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi,* and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

12. At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!"

## God's Beautiful City.

B. F. TAYLOR.

*Solemnity.*

Solemnity requires nearly the same elements of expression as Pathos, with lower pitch and slower movement of voice—the greater the solemnity the lower the pitch and the slower the movement. Let the waves be full and impressive, the quality pure and round and free from affectations. God's Beautiful City is very suitable for a closing piece.

1. Far, far away, amid realms of light,
Hid deep in the azure beyond our sight,
Stands a beautiful city so high and bright,
Where is known no sorrow, nor death nor night.
Beautiful City!
Oh, blest abode, oh, home of God!
Whose streets by the feet of the sinless are trod.

2. They roam through the gardens of endless spring,
They crowd all thy portals, on rushing wing,
While the echoing domes of the palace ring
With the hymns of the angels that shout and sing.
Beautiful City!
Hark! hark again! the angelic strain,
As gleams through the crystal, that burnished train.

3. There the life-fires brighten, and burn, and roll,
O'er diamonds that sparkle o'er sands of gold,
Where to breathe the sweet air yields a bliss untold,
And the dwellers immortal shall never grow old.
We pierce the skies with longing eyes,
And yearn to inherit the golden prize.

4. It is said that the King, in his power sublime,
When the last sands drop from the glass of time,
And our world shall be robed in its Eden prime,
Will bring down that city to gladden earth's clime.
Beautiful City!
Bright capital where saints shall dwell,
And reign on the throne with Immanuel.

5. I have heard in that city they wait for me;
That its gates stand open wide and free;
That the ransomed the King in his beauty may see,
And live in his presence eternally.
O, Beautiful City!
In royal state blest mansions wait,
And beckon us on through the pearly gate.

---

## A Happy Young Girl.

EUGENE J. HALL.

Gay, joyous and mirthful emotions arise from any unusual mental or physical exaltation, and their effective delivery requires great vocal flexibility, as varied pitch, force and movement and the skillful use of slides and waves.

1. I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?
I'm merry, for Jerry has promised for life
To take me and make me his fond little wife.
He called me his honey,
O, wasn't it funny,
My face in my apron I bashfully hid.
I said I was willing,
I didn't look chilling,
And Jerry looked tickled to pieces, he did!
I'm happy, ha! ha!
I'm tickled, he! he!
There's nobody living more merry than me.
I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?

2. Up nigher the fire the sofa we drew,
And we talked of the future as true lovers do.
'Twas splendid; he tended the bright fire for me
Till the awful old clock in the corner struck three.
Nobody was stirring,
The old cat was purring,

The curtain was down and the keyholes were closed;
And, somehow, he kissed me,
He could not resist me,
And that's how it happened that Jerry proposed.
I'm happy, ha! ha!
I'm tickled, he! he!
There's nobody living more merry than me.
I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?

---

## To-Day.

CARPENTER.

The expression of didactic thought is addressed to the judgment and reason through the intellect; and while fewer vocal embellishments are required than in description and narration, the logical connection of terms and accuracy of statement demand the utmost precision of utterance and purity of tone. Deliver with sincere earnestness.

1. Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed *to-day*."
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late!

2. Don't tell me of to-morrow;
There is much to do *to-day*
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away;
Every moment has its duty;
Who the future can foretell?
Why put off until to-morrow
What *to-day* can do as well?

3. Don't tell me of to-morrow;
   If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
   We cannot do at last!
*To-day* it is the only time
   For all upon the earth;
It takes an age to form a life—
   A moment gives it birth!

---

## Death of Little Paul.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Pathos is designed to awaken in the hearer emotions of sympathy for the person or object represented. The requirements are a clear conception of the conditions described, genuine sympathy, purity of tone, and effusive utterance of the particularly expressive words. The slides and waves rarely reach the note of a third. The rising slide prevails in the more intensely pathetic parts. Avoid anything like "show"—be natural.

1. Little Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

3. "Floy! What *is* that?"
"Where, dearest?"
"There! at the bottom of the bed."
"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said:

4. "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

5. His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

6. How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know.

7. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

8. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?"
"No, darling; why?"
"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"
"O yes, dear!"
"Whose, Floy?"
"Your old nurse's. Often."

9. "And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"
"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."
"Thank you, Floy!"

10. Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke,—woke mind and body,—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

11. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse!" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

12. "Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good by!"

"Good by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good by?"

"Ah, yes! Good by!—Where is papa?"

13. His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

14. Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But, it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

15. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

16. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The

fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death.

17. Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

---

### OROTUND QUALITY.

The OROTUND is the Pure Tone deepened and intensified to its utmost magnitude, with the resonance in the chest.

The Orotund is so called in allusion to its roundness and fullness of tone. It is the voice of grandeur, emanating from the loftiest emotions which animate the soul. It is esteemed the highest perfection of human utterance, and, while naturally possessed by few, it may be cultivated by all. Both the Orotund and Pure Tone should possess mellowness, sweetness, sympathy, attractiveness, smoothness and penetrating power.

### DIRECTIONS FOR ACQUIRING OROTUND QUALITY.

Stand erect, *depress* and *enlarge* the larynx as if trying to swallow some large object. Prolong the sound of *a* in *awe*, using medium low pitch. Hold the organs firmly as directed, but avoid any constriction of the muscle about the throat and neck.

NOTE.—The student is cautioned against attempting the grand, swelling orotund in the opening parts of declamations and orations.

*Modes of Utterance.*—The Orotund may be uttered effusively, expulsively or explosively.

EXERCISES:

*Effusive Orotund.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| awe | home | roll | ah | arm |
| old | ooze | thou | soul | all |
| rain | shore | child | grand | borne |

1. Roll on, old Ocean gray!
2. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround!

*Expulsive Orotund.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| hail | heart | hand | time | earth |
| brave | blood | cause | stain | shame |
| war | roar | joy | storm | stand |

1. Our faith is in God and the right.

*Explosive Orotund.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| shriek | clang | clash | mock | down |
| day | struck | base | out | hence |
| men | rouse | die | torn | lash |

1. Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread.
2. Too near the body of my dead!

LAW OF USE.

The Orotund quality is employed in the expression of emotions of *grandeur, sublimity, reverence, adoration, devotion, awe;* in *earnest, bold, grand,* and *lofty thought;* in *abrupt* and *startling emotions* of *daring, warning, courage, inspiration* and in the *fierce outbursts* of *passion.*

## Apostrophe to the Ocean.

LORD BYRON.

*Effusive Orotund.*

The rendition of the more profound emotions of *grandeur, sublimity, reverence, adoration* and *awe* demands a full, deep, sonorous, effusive orotund, with long quantity, low pitch and slow movement, free from all impurity of tone and abrupt slides and waves.

The following poem will furnish an excellent exercise for cultivating the deep and flowing orotund:

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

2. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitols,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make,
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

3. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey

The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

4. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

5. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy main, as I do here.

For additional practice in Effusive Orotund study the fourth stanza of "The Bells," "Break, Break, Break."

---

## The National Banner.

EDWARD EVERETT.

*Expulsive Orotund.*

The expression of earnest, bold, grand, and elevated thought, termed oratorical style, requires a strong expulsive orotund, with full force and deliberate movement. To effectively produce the vigorous, compact tones required in the

oratorical style of delivery, strike each important word with an energetic expulsion of air. This is accomplished by a vigorous inward and upward action of the abdominal muscles. This selection is well adapted for securing that fullness of volume peculiar to the orotund. Much time may profitably be given to the drill.

1. All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be instrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

3. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

For additional examples read "Ambition of a Statesman," "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Apostrophe to the English Language," "Brutus on the Death of Cæsar."

---

## Marmion and Douglas.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Explosive Orotund.*

The delivery of all startling emotions of *hurry, fear, terror, indignation, defiance* requires the explosive orotund with full

force and high and very high pitch. Let the tones be sharp, ringing, clear and incisive. In the following selection only the impassioned speeches of Marmion and Douglas are uttered with *explosive* orotund.

1. Not far advanced was morning day,
   When Marmion did his troop array,
      To Surrey's camp to ride;
   He had safe conduct for his band,
   Beneath the royal seal and hand,
      And Douglas gave a guide.

2. The train from out the castle drew,
   But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
   "Though something I might 'plain," he said,
      "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
      Sent hither by the king's behest,
   While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
      Part we in friendship from your land,
      And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
   But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
   Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
      "My manors, halls, and towers shall still
      Be open, at my sovereign's will,
         To each one whom he lists, howe'er
         Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
      My castles are my king's alone,
      From turret to foundation stone;
      The hand of Douglas is his own;
         And never shall, in friendly grasp,
         The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

3. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
   And shook his very frame for ire;
      And "This to me," he said,
   "An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
   Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
      To cleave the Douglas' head!
   And, first I tell thee, haughty peer,
   He, who does England's message here,

Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou—hast—lied!"

4. On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth; "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou thence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, No!
Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung.
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

5. The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinchéd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

For additional practice in Explosive Orotund study the seventh and tenth stanzas of "Revolutionary Rising" and the fourth stanza of "An American Exile."

### PLAINTIVE QUALITY.

The PLAINTIVE, sometimes termed the semi-tone, or oral, is that quality of voice whose tones, sliding through a semi-tone or minor third, are uttered in a feeble, trembling tone, with the resonance in the forward part of the mouth.

In the production of this quality the organs seem to labor under a painful effort; and, though it sometimes expresses the most exalted emotions, the weakness of the vocal organs or intensity of emotional sympathy prevents the conversion of all the breath used into tone, and the quality is therefore impure.

### DIRECTIONS FOR SECURING THE PLAINTIVE QUALITY.

Draw in the cheeks so as to reduce the size of the resonance chamber of the mouth, gently compress the lips, and prolong the sound of long *o*, in high pitch, with subdued force. This will give you the quality, when you can reproduce it in the exercises following.

### LAW OF USE.

The Plaintive Quality is used with various degrees of force to express *tenderness, sympathy, pathos, sadness, acute pain, feebleness of old age, grief, entreaty, complaint, exhaustion, languor* and AFFECTATION.

CAUTION.—The student is cautioned against using this quality in any case except where it may be proper. It should be used with discretion even where indicated, as its excessive use is apt to run into a disagreeable whine, exciting ridicule instead of pity.

### EXERCISES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ah | head | pray | old | wait | you |
| dead | storm | mine | fair | tomb | name |

1. Ah, how we loved her, God can tell.
2. Oh! tell me, is this death!
3. Give your children food, O Father!
4. Oh, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes!
5. O death, wilt thou never come?
6. I have no pain, dear mother, now.

---

## Give Me Three Grains of Corn Mother.

MISS EDWARDS.

Begin with gentle, but earnest, pleading tones, and gradually merge into a tremulous, agitated stress until the last stanza, when approaching death requires a struggling, labored utterance, but with sufficient distinctness to render the words intelligible. This is an excellent piece for practice in the plaintive tones.

1. Give me three grains of corn, mother,
   Only three grains of corn;
   It will keep the little life I have,
   Till the coming of the morn.
   I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
   Dying of hunger and cold,
   And half the agony of such a death
   My lips have never told.

2. It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,
   A wolf that is fierce for blood,—
   All the livelong day, and the night beside,
   Gnawing for lack of food.
   I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
   And the sight was heaven to see;
   I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
   But you had no bread for me.

3. How could I look to you, mother,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

4. Come nearer to my side, mother,
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

An excellent selection for additional practice in the practice of the Plaintive is "The Dying Boy."

### PECTORAL QUALITY.

The PECTORAL is a rough, harsh, hollow tone, with the resonance in the chest.

1. The Pectoral is low in pitch and usually slow in movement. It arises from a debilitated or relaxed condition of the vocal cords and a feeble action of the respiratory muscles.

2. It is exhibited in persons of little physical or mental energy and in those addicted to dissipation and intemperance.

### DIRECTIONS FOR PRODUCING THE PECTORAL.

Relax the muscles about the throat and waist. Give the sound of long *o* with low pitch, feeble voice and the utmost relaxation of all the vocal organs. Let the tone be hollow and husky, somewhat resembling the grogan.

EXERCISES:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ah | oh | home | voice | more | grave |
| die | fall | to-day | pride | heart | vain |

1. Oh, the long and dreary winter!
2. My dream was lengthened after life.
3. Now o'er the one-half world nature seems dead.
4. Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells.
5. Oh, I have passed a miserable night!

LAW OF USE.

The Pectoral quality is used to express *dread, sorrow, gloom, despair, grief, deep solemnity* mingled with *awe, remorse, horror, settled hatred, malice,* and in the representation of the *supernatural.*

The Pectoral is usually formed effusively, but the speaker inflamed by the maligant passions frequently employs the expulsive mode of utterance.

---

## David's Lament For Absalom.

N. P. WILLIS.

The following poem furnishes a valuable drill for the expression of deep feeling. Be careful to enter into the sentiment before attempting its portrayal. Avoid permitting the tones to anticipate the feeling. You must experience the emotion first—its expression is then possible.

1. Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
   Thou, who wert made to beautifully fair!
   That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
   And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
   How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
   My proud boy, Absalom!

2. Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet *'my father'* from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

3. The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young,
And life will pass me in its mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

4. And, O! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

5. And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
And thy dark sin! O! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer home,
My erring Absalom!

For other illustrations of Pectoral quality, see "Death Bed of Benedict Arnold," "The Miser's Death" and the fifth and seventh stanzas of "She Would be a Mason."

### GUTTURAL QUALITY.

The GUTTURAL (from guttur, throat) is a *rough, harsh, grating, rasping, discordant* sound, produced by a rigid compression of the muscles of the neck and a partial closing of the throat above the glottis, with the resonance in the throat. The quality resembles the growling utterances of the lower animals.

1. The Guttural originates from an agitation of the most intense and malignant passions. The sound is cut off from communication with the chest by an obstructed throat, as in a person suffering from intense rage. The sound issues apparently from the pharynx, or swallow, instead of the larynx.

2. The Guttural quality, in a modified form, is very prevalent among persons with large, flaccid, vocal organs and in the aged. Its use, except in the expression of the malignant passions, should be carefully avoided.

3. The practice of this quality is highly beneficial in strengthening the muscles of the throat. Its frequent employment by actors and vocal teachers protects from many forms of throat disease. Boys and girls should practice the guttural moderately at first, discontinuing as soon as any unpleasant irritation is felt.

### DIRECTIONS FOR PRODUCING THE GUTTURAL QUALITY.

Contract the muscles about the throat and neck and give the sound of *a* in *ah,* in a harsh, grating tone, as if endeavoring to clear the throat of an accumulation of phlegm.

### EXERCISES.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| hate | rage | out | howl | heart |
| mock | away | die | revenge | growl |

1. But I *defy* him, let him come!
2. I *scorn* forgiveness, haughty man!
3. *Curses* on him! Will not the villain *drown!*
4. How like a fawning *publican* he looks!
5. I *hate* him, for he is a *Christian!*

### LAW OF USE.

The Guttural quality, with various degrees of force, is used to express *intense anger, hatred, contempt, disgust, scorn, loathing, malice* and *detestation.* It may be given by any of the three modes of utterance, effusive, expulsive or explosive, according to the sentiment indicated.

## Shylock's Reply.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Antonio, a merchant of Venice, had given a bond to Shylock, a wealthy Jew, for the payment of three thousand ducats, which sum Shylock had loaned to Antonio's friend, Bassanio. In default of payment it had been agreed that Shylock might claim a pound of flesh to be taken nearest the merchant's heart. Through a combination of circumstances Antonio fails to pay the bond when due, and the Jew demands the forfeit. Salanio endeavors to dissuade Shylock from exacting the penalty by explaining that a pound of human flesh has no marketable value, and ventures to ask to what use it can be put. Shylock, almost consuming with rage, answers in the following terms.

This is one of the best exercises in the whole range of elocutionary models for strengthening the vocal organs. Give it daily attention for a month and mark the effect.

Use full force and long quantity with great intensity on the italicized words.

### *Hatred, Contempt, Detestation.*

Shylock:—To bait *fish* withal; if it will feed nothing *else*, it will feed my *revenge*. He hath *disgraced* me, and *hindered* me of *half a million; laughed* at my *losses, mocked* at my *gains, scorned* my *nation, thwarted* my *bargains, cooled* my *friends, heated* my *enemies:* and *what's his reason?*—I am a *Jew*. Hath not a Jew *eyes?* hath not a Jew *hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?*—fed with the same *food*, hurt with the same *weapons*, subject to the same *diseases*, healed by the same *means, warmed* and *cooled* by the same *winter* and *summer*, as a *Christian* is? If you *prick* us, do we not *bleed?*—if you *tickle* us, do we not *laugh?*—if you *poison* us, do we not *die?* and if you *wrong* us, shall we not *revenge?* If we are like you in the *rest*, we will resemble you in *that*. If a Jew wrong a *Christian*, what is his *humility? revenge!* If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what should *his* sufferance be by

Christian *example?* why, *revenge!* The *villainy* you *teach* me, I will *execute!* and it shall go *hard,* but I will *better* the instruction.

Other fine illustrations of Guttural quality are "Vagaries of a Madman," "Catiline's Defiance" and "The Seminole's Defiance."

### ASPIRATE QUALITY.

The ASPIRATE quality is articulated breath, and ranges from a mere whisper to the least audible tones of the Plaintive, Pectoral and Guttural qualities.

1. The true Aspirate is unmixed breath, but as the term is commonly used, it is combined with other abnormal qualities to aid their intensity of utterance.

2. The practice of the Aspirate quality alone and in combination with other abnormal qualities, with full force, is highly beneficial in strengthening the vocal organs.

3. The daily practice of whispering a page or more of vigorous prose or poetry with full force and sufficient distinctness to be heard across a large room will develop a greater depth and penetration of tone than any one exercise in which the student can engage. To secure the greatest benefit the articulation must be as nearly perfect as the student can command.

### LAW OF USE.

The Aspirate quality alone and in combination with other qualities is used to express *secrecy, surprise, impatience, fear, caution, remorse, awe, dread, anger, rage, terror, horror* and *expiring life.*

### EXERCISES.

1. *Hist!* Down with you heads!
2. Hush! *Silence* along the lines!
3. Not a word, on peril of your *lives!*

4. *Hark!* I hear a knocking at the outer door!
5. *Angels* and ministers of *grace* defend us!
6. *Avaunt!* and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
7. *Hence,* horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, *hence!*

---

## Macbeth's Vision.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*Act II, Scene I.*

Macbeth, a powerful lord of Scotland, with a drawn dagger is stealthily approaching the chamber of king Duncan, his guest for the night, to murder the king, when, seized with fear and remorse, he imagines he sees a dagger suspended in the air before him.

Begin with an excited whisper and gradually merge into a strongly vocalized aspirate.

Few selections afford better practice in voice building than the following. Open the mouth freely and exaggerate the distinctness.

1. Is this a *dagger* which I see before me,
   The *handle* toward my *hand? Come,* let me *clutch* thee:—
   I have thee *not;* and *yet* I see thee *still.*
   Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
   To *feeling,* as to *sight?* or art thou but
   A *dagger* of the *mind;* a false *creation,*
   Proceeding from the heat-oppressed *brain?*
   I see thee *yet,* in form as *palpable*
   As *this* which now I draw.

2. Thou *marshall'st* me the way that I was *going;*
   And such an *instrument* I *was* to use.
   Mine *eyes* are made the *fools* o' the *other* senses,
   Or else worth *all* the *rest;* I see thee *still;*

And on thy *blade,* and *dudgeon, gouts* of blood,
Which *was* not so *before.*—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody *business,* which informs
*Thus* to mine eyes.

3. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems *dead,* and wicked *dreams* abuse
The curtained *sleep;* now *witchcraft* celebrates
Pale Hecate's *offerings;* and withered *murder,*
Alarumed by his *sentinel,* the wolf,
Whose howl's his *watch,* thus towards his design
Moves like a *ghost.*

4. Thou sure and firm-set *earth,*
Hear not my *steps,* which way they *walk,* for fear
The very *stones* prate of my *whereabout,*
And take the present *horror* from the time,
Which *now* suits *with* it.—Whiles I *threat,* he *lives;*
Words to the *heat* of *deeds* too cold *breath* gives.
I go, and it is *done;* the bell *invites* me. [*A bell rings.*
Hear it *not,* Duncan; for it is a *knell*
That summons thee to *heaven,* or to *hell.*

### NASAL QUALITY.

The NASAL quality (from *nasus,* the nose) is a *harsh, thin, twangy* tone, with the resonance in the nose.

1. The Nasal is an impure quality, because its production arises from some vocal disability, as a cold, or a mal-formation of the organs of speech.

2. It is not a talking through the nose, as may be shown by the reader's clasping his nose with his fingers and attempting to read or speak in a pure tone. The quality which follows is the Nasal.

3. The student will have no occasion to use the Nasal except in *mimcry* or *burlesque;* but a perfect command of all the qualities requires a drill upon this, both for the purpose of personation and avoiding its use where improper.

### DIRECTION FOR PRODUCING THE NASAL QUALITY.

Place the organs in position to pronounce the syllable *on* with high pitch; now depress the lower jaw and prolong the syllable *ong,* retaining the sound so as to cause the reverberation to be heard in the back part of the mouth and nose.

### LAW OF USE.

The Nasal quality is used in the mimicry of nasal speakers and in the personation of those suffering from colds.

### EXAMPLE.

The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in, says he, with a grin,
To the bluebird an' Phebe as smarter'n we be?
Just fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler.
Does the leetle chattering, sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Just show me that, 'er prove 't bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then.
—*Darius Green and his Flying Machine.*

### The Bewitched Clock.

Use a clear, distinct pure tone in narration. The different speakers use the nasal quality. Distinguish the characters by difference in pitch and rate.

1. About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

2. "Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin'

me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down. The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally."

3. The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches.

4. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

5. "Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most mornin'" whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

6. "Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up-stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by jingo!" cried Joe; "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

7. "Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and seating himself down by the cooking-stove pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

8. "Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smoking clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

9. Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously.

10. "Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the stair case in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

11. "It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go of my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

12. But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from

the inside, and then the clock case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

13. The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

### FALSETTO QUALITY.

The Falsetto (from *falsus,* false) is a *screechy, high, shrill* tone, pitched above the natural, with the resonance in the head. The Falsetto begins where the pure tone breaks, or outruns its compass. It is illustrated by the sharp, shrill shriek of the owl.

1. In producing this quality of voice, the veil of the palate is raised very high, and the uvula is forced into the veil, becoming completely hidden from view.

2. Some voices, through excitement or irritability, naturally tend to run into the Falsetto. This is a serious fault and should be carefully avoided.

### DIRECTION FOR PRODUCING THE FALSETTO QUALITY.

Begin on the sound of long *o,* with your natural pitch, and, without changing the force, raise your pitch till the purity of voice breaks, and the quality that follows will be Falsetto.

### LAW OF USE.

The Falsetto quality, like the Nasal, is used in mimicry, to denote *excitement, irritability, scolding, invective, mockery,*

*sudden fright, anger, pain, terror,* and *irritable old age.* It is also employed in distant calling and in the imitation of faint musical bells heard in the distance.

EXAMPLES.

1. "Ho! the starboard watch, *ahoy!*"
2. A voice fell, like a falling star—
   *"Excelsior!"*
3. *"Co', boss! co', boss! co', co', co'!"*
4. Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, *"dying, dying, dying."*
5. The sisters, they murmured *"for shame"*
   And *"she hadn't oughter a let him;*
   *No doubt she was mostly to blame."*

---

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Give narrative parts in Pure Tone. The Justice uses a deep Orotund, his wife, the Falsetto. Let the three tones be strongly marked, and the effect will be quite ludicrous.

1. "The snow is deep," the Justice said;
   "There's mighty mischief overhead,"
   "High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed:
   "What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
   The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh, no!
   I only meant the loads of snow
   Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
   I greatly fear the roof will break.
   So hand me up the spade, my dear—
   I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."

2. "No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
   And if you slip, and fall, and die,
   How will my living be secured?—
   Stephen, your life is not insured.

But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
All snugly tied and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."

3. "Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."

4. Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half way down the Justice hung;
Just half way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

5. The couple dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."

6. "Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife.
And cut the rope to save my life?"
She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-be* Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

7. Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:—
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."

8. He sees her moving toward his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves,
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight?"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

9. The wife untied, they walked around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below,

No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.

10. They scrape away a little snow;—
What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

---

FORCE.

FORCE is the degree of energy, depending upon the intensity of feeling, with which speech is delivered.

1. Force should not be confounded with loudness. Force is the measure of intensity by which a sentiment or emotion, concentrated in the speaker's mind, is manifested by utterance. Force marks the degree of mental and physical agitation rather than its expression. Loudness depends upon force and pitch—full force and high pitch producing the greatest degree of loudness. Words may be uttered with full force in a whisper.

2. The degree of force employed in the expression of the various sentiments and emotions corresponds, with one exception, to the strength of the sentiments or emotions that occasion speech. Sometimes we are so overpowered by passion, fright, or other overwhelming emotion, that the energy required to express our feelings is consumed in maintaining our very consciousness.

3. Few subjects treated by the elocutionist are of greater

importance in developing a full, deep, flexible, and powerful voice than that of force; hence, practice—much practice, and intelligent practice is essential in this department of vocal culture.

4. The student should increase his force by degrees. Sudden transitions are injurious to one not accustomed to a severe use of the voice. Every new acquisition of power will enable him to go beyond his present attainments. When that degree of force is obtained beyond which the voice cannot go without inconvenience, the effort to increase the force should be discontinued, and a few minutes' practice should be had with that degree of force.

5. In the exercises following, avoid any change of pitch while increasing the force. If the pitch is raised, begin again with the element and endeavor to complete the fullest degree of force with the same pitch with which that element is begun.

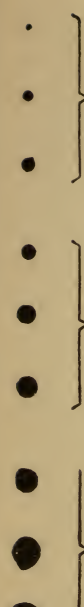
6. The student will observe that every shade of emotion requires a corresponding degree of force. The varying intensity must therefore be constantly noted and faithfully indicated by the appropriate force.

### DIVISION OF FORCE.

Force may be divided into three classes, namely: SUBDUED, MODERATE, FULL, each of which may be further divided into three degrees.

### EXERCISES.

The student will repeat the sentence opposite the dots with nine degrees of force *without change of pitch.* Begin with the least audible *sound* that can be uttered, and increase in *intensity* not *loudness,* till the utmost energy is attained. Reverse the order. Repeat each degree of force several times before passing to the next.



Hang out our banners on the outward walls!

Hang out our banners on the outward walls!

Hang out our banners on the outward walls!

Hang out our banners on the outward walls!

Hang out our banners on the outward walls!

Hang out our banners on the outward walls!

**Hang out our banners on the outward walls!**

**Hang out our banners on the outward walls!**

**Hang out our banners on the outward walls!**

SUBDUED FORCE. LAW OF USE.

Subdued Force is used in the expression of *tenderness, pathos, sadness, seriousness, solemnity, reverence, awe, melancholy* and *tranquillity,* usually with pure tone.

---

## Memory.

(A Student's Midnight Reverie.)

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

*Subdued Force.*

This selection is designed to cultivate purity and smoothness of tone as well as subdued force. Long quantity and

gentle, undulating waves of the second prevail. The wave applied to italicized words will render the delivery beautiful. Avoid affectation.

1. 'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her *robe* of snow.
No light gleams at the windows, save my *own,*
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And *now,* with noiseless step, sweet *memory* comes
And leads me gently through her twilight *realms.*
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er *portrayed*
The enchanted, shadowy land where *memory* dwells?

2. It has its valleys, *cheerless,* lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit *mountain* tops are bathed
In Heaven's *own* blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
*Robed* in the dreamy light of distant *years,*
Are clustered joys serene of *other* days.

3. Upon its gently sloping hill-sides bend
The weeping willows of the *sacred dust*
Of dear *departed* ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
*They* that were sleeping rise from *out* the dust
Of death's *long,* silent years, and round us stand
As *erst* they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.

4. The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. *Again,* the path
Leads *o'er* the summit where the *sunbeams* fall;
And thus in light and shade, shunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

See also, as an example of Subdued Force, "Break, Break Break," and "Which One."

MODERATE FORCE. LAW OF USE.

MODERATE FORCE is employed in the expression of *narrative descriptive* and *didactic* thought, and may be used to express the milder forms of *sublimity, solemnity, grandeur* and *devotion,* and in *introductions* to *orations.*

---

## THE GLADIATOR.

*Moderate Force.*

This is an excellent piece for recitation. The force throughout, except the gladiator's speech, is moderate. His words receive more force than the narrative part. Let the whole be rendered with animation and the effect will be impressive and thrilling.

1. Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and, from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure, not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

2. "I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian.* But know, ye can not fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

3. The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very center. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den, with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

4. At length, the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

5. Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

6. The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

7. The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the center of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

FULL FORCE. LAW OF USE.

FULL FORCE is employed in the expression of *strong emotion,* as *joy, gladness, courage, boldness, defiance, anger, profound sublimity* and *grandeur,* and in the delivery of *political, senatorial,* and *judicial speeches* of an exalted *oratorical* character.

---

## RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

*Denunciation, Indignation.*

This piece furnishes an excellent drill in Expulsive and Explosive Orotund and Full Force. Let the tones be ringing and distinct. As a model of its style it will amply repay the labor of memorizing.

1. I come not here to *talk.* You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are—*slaves!*
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A *race* of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
*Fall* on a slave; not *such* as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
But—*base—ignoble* slaves; slaves to a horde
Of *petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,*
*Rich* in some dozen *paltry villages;*
*Strong* in some *hundred spearmen; only great*
In that *strange spell*—a NAME.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected *murder,*
Cries out against them. But *this very day,*
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was *struck—struck* like a—*dog,* by one who wore
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth!
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian!

3. Bet we *men,*
And suffer *such* dishonor? *men,* and wash not
The stain away in *blood?* Such shames are common.
*I* have known *deeper* wrongs; *I,* that speak to ye,
I had a *brother* once—a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy;—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

4. How I *loved*
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In *one short hour*
The *pretty harmless boy* was *slain*! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For *vengeance*! ROUSE ye, ROMANS! ROUSE ye SLAVES!
Have ye *brave sons?* Look in the next fierce brawl!
To see them *die.* Have ye *fair daughters?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms, distained,*
*Dishonored;* and if ye *dare call for justice,*
Be answered by the *lash.*

5. Yet, this is *Rome,*
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And, once again—
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
*The Eternal City shall be free!*

See also "South Carolina and Massachusetts" as an example of Full Force.

### SUSTAINED FORCE.

In addressing large assemblies, and in *calling* and *commanding,* the Full Force is sustained for some moments, according to the size of the audience, or distance to which the voice is to be heard.

Calling at a distance and preparatory commands require an effusive prolongation on the accented vowels. Speaking to great numbers at a distance requires long quantity on words and long pauses between the words.

Exercises:

1. O-v-e-r!
2. Young men—ahoy!
3. Ship—ahoy! Send-a-boat!
4. Attention—Company!—March!
5. And lo! from the assembled crowd
   There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
   That to the ocean seemed to say,
   "Take—her,—oh—bridegroom—old—and—gray,
   Take—her—to—thy—protecting—arms,
   With—all—her—youth—and—all—her—charms."
   —[*Longfellow.*]

## Appeal in Behalf of Ireland.

### S. S. PRENTISS.

The following appeal to the citizens of New Orleans during the Mexican War, made in behalf of Ireland, then suffering from a terrible famine, is one of the finest specimens of modern eloquence. It is a favorite among college students. With it many prizes have been won.

Its delivery requires effusive and expulsive orotund, full and sustained force, long quantity and long pauses.

1. FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is no ordinary cause that has brought together this vast assemblage, on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests. We have met, not to celebrate the achievements for those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread.

2. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the state of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

3. Into this fair region, God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers that fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The Earth has failed to give her increase. The common mother has forgotten her offspring, and she no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly Famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp. Unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

4. Oh! it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, men should die of starvation! When a man dies of disease, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they can not keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face, and conceal the horrors of his visage, as he delivers his stern mandate. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.

5. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after

day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for, if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up, like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines round the doomed garrison. He cuts off all supplies. He never summons to surrender; for he gives no quarter.

6. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself against the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then the victim begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence. He hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longing of a cannibal; and, it may be, dies blaspheming.

7. This is one of those cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but that one of the very objects of this calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us, upon whom unlimited abundance is showered? In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. He who is able, and will not aid such a cause, is not a man, and has no right to wear the form. He should be sent back to Nature's mint, and re-issued as a counterfeit on humanity, of Nature's baser metal.

For other examples of sustained force, see the *commands* in "Charge of the Light Brigade."

---

## STRESS.

STRESS is the application of *Force* to some particular part, of a syllable or word.

1. Stress differs from accent in this particular: stress is limited to only a part of a syllable, while accent includes the entire syllable.

2. In the utterance of an elementary sound which consists of but a single impulse of the voice, the force may lie prominently on the first or on the last part, on the middle or on both extremes, or it may be distributed with an equal degree throughout the sound.

The divisions of stress are,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| RADICAL, | MEDIAN, | FINAL, |
| COMPOUND, | THOROUGH, | INTERMITTENT. |

### RADICAL STRESS.

Radical Stress (  ) is the application of Force to the *first* part of a syllable or word.

In applying this stress the sound should burst instantaneously upon the first part of the syllable or word, and the succeeding part should be uttered with a decreasing force.

### LAW OF USE.

The degree of Radical Stress is determined by the intensity of emotion. It is used, first, in a mild form, to express *narrative, didactic,* and *descriptive* thought; and, second, with greater force, to express *mirthful emotions, sudden anger, fear, impetuous* and *startling emotions;* and, third, with full force, in the delivery of *vigorous* and *earnest argument.*

### EXERCISES IN RADICAL STRESS.

**Apply radical stress to the short vowel sounds:**




1. He woke to hear his sentry shriek,
   To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!
2. Back to thy punishment, false fugitive!

## The Revolutionary Rising.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The following poem is a favorite drill exercise among voice trainers. Examples of the three degrees of force are afforded for the application of Radical Stress. Observe that stanzas second and third are delivered with a force varying between subdued and moderate, the others with a force varying with the intensity of emotion.

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

2. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

3. How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;

Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

4. The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherdes lead their flocks,
He lead into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.

5. The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

6. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

7. A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease traitor, cease!

God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

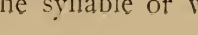
8. And now, before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

9. And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

10. "Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

For additional illustrations see "The Little Black-Eyed Rebel," "The Happy Young Girl," and "Marco Bozzaris."

### MEDIAN STRESS.

The MEDIAN STRESS (  ) is the application of force to the middle of the syllable or word. Its application

consists in a gradual swelling of voice to the middle of the syllable or word, followed by a gradually diminishing force to the end.

1. The Median Stress supplies the chief element of grandeur, beauty and impressiveness in the rendition of poetic thought.

2. The lengthened and expansive quantity given to those words significant of pathos, sublimity, and intense feeling reach the heart and enlist our sympathies beyond the power of the most artistic combination of words. It is the natural vein with which heart speaks to heart.

3. Great care, however, should be exercised lest this should be overdone, misplaced or ill-timed, for ridicule and contempt would then take the place of sympathy. To avoid any misapplication, feel the sentiment before you attempt its expression. Here, as elsewhere, artistic error deceives only artificial tastes.

4. The characteristic utterance of Median Stress is *effusive,* though the expression of the more elevated emotions of grandeur and sublimity coupled with full force requires an *expulsive* utterance.

EXERCISES IN MEDIAN STRESS.

1. O, the long and dreary winter!
2. O, the cold and cruel winter!
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
4. O Lord, thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
5. Lo, all grow old and die!

LAW OF USE.

The Median Stress is used in the expression of *tenderness, compassion, grandeur, sublimity, pathos, reverence,* and *devotion.*

The intensity of the stress varies with the degree of emotion.

---

### Which One?

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

Let the quantity and pauses be long and the Median Stress well marked. Avoid affectation.

1. One of us, dear—
   But one—
   Will sit by a bed with a marvellous fear,
   And clasp a hand,
   Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
   Darling, which one?

2. One of us, dear—
   But one—
   Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
   And look and weep,
   While those marble lips strange silence keep—
   Darling, which one?

3. One of us, dear—
   But one—
   By an open grave will drop a tear.
   And homeward go,
   The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
   Darling, which one?

4. One of us, darling, it must be,
   It may be *you* will slip from *me*;
   Or perhaps *my* life may first be done;
   Which one?

Other excellent examples of Median Stress are "The Long Ago," "Memory," "Break, Break, Break," and the second stanza of "The Bells."

### FINAL STRESS.

The FINAL STRESS (  ) is the application of force to the last part of the syllable or word.

1. The final Stress consists of a gradual increase of force till the end of the syllable or word is reached, when the force culminates in an abrupt explosive utterance.

2. This is emphatically the stress of decisive statements. Its use, with those to whom it is natural, admits of no equivocation.

3. The student is cautioned against its use where not indicated. Its frequent recurrence in conversation or oratory, when not required in appropriate expression, savors of arrogance, and serves to repel rather than to persuade or convince.

### EXERCISES IN FINAL STRESS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| hate | budge | slave | gone | blood |
| crouch | fawn | cringe | swear | scorn |

I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman!

### LAW OF USE.

The Final Stress is used in expressing a *dogged determination, disdain, contempt, protest, rebuke, disgust, revenge, defiance* and *hatred.*

---

## CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

GEORGE CROLY.

An, admirable selection to cultivate the bold utterance of angry vehemence. Use Pictorial quality, Full Force and Final Stress.

1. CONSCRIPT FATHERS:

I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for *right*—let him show *proofs*—
For *Roman* right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. *Ay,* cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves!*
His charge is false;—I *dare* him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my *actions* speak!

2. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
To fling your offices to every *slave!*
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb.
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepter; [*To the Senate*] take the rod and ax
And make the *murder* as you make the law!

3. *Banished* from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact with the things I *loathe?*
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

4. *Banished!* I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my *own.* *Smile on, my lords!*
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and *scoff* you! here, I fling

Hatred and full *defiance* in your face!
Your consul's merciful—for this all thanks;
He *dares not touch a hair* of Catiline!

5. *"Traitor!"* I go; but *I return.* This—trial?
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of *age,*
Or make the *infant's* sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till *Anarchy* comes down on you like night,
And *massacre* seals Rome's eternal grave!

6. I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of *ocean* in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors*]
*I will return!*

Another fine example of Final Stress is "The Seminole's Defiance."

### COMPOUND STRESS.

Compound Stress () is the application of force to the first and last part of a word, giving the middle part but slight force.

The Compound Stress may be regarded as an emphatic form of the emotional wave.

### EXERCISES IN COMPOUND STRESS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| dead | added | gone | feared | happy |
| brother | bloody | king | paused | deed, |

**Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!**
**False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!**
**Shall Louis have Blanche, and Blanche these provinces?**

LAW OF USE.

The Compound Stress is used to express *ridicule, irony, astonishment, contempt, malice, mockery, sarcasm,* and *raillery.*

---

## Spartacus to the Roman Envoys in Etruria.

EPES SARGENT.

This declamation is a great favorite among contestants for declamation honors and prizes. Words requiring Compound Stress are printed in Italics. Use Orotund quality and moderately Full Force.

1. Envoys of Rome: The poor camp of Spartacus is too much *honored* by your presence. And does Rome *stoop* to parley with the escaped *gladiator,* with the rebel *ruffian,* for whom heretofore no slight has been too *scornful?* You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the *former,* ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your *gold*—would ye know what we do with *that*—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed or Roman avarice plundered.

2. Ye have seen me *before;* but ye did not then shun my glance as *now.* Ye have seen me in the *arena,* when I was Rome's pet *ruffian,* daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—*ye* were present—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth

he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the People: *"habet! habet!"* But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power.

3. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arena vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome.

4. Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their deathshow, *hissed* their disappointment, and shouted. " Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of *wolves.* Kill *him?* —They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall *not* forget it. Should *memory* fail, there are *scars* here to quicken it.

5. Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself with seventy fellow gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said—I know not what. I only know that when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry—"Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed—seized what rude weapons Chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There day by day our little band increased.

6. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the *slave* Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an *army;* and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus the dreaded *rebel!* A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to *"kill!"* In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two *Consuls,* and puts forth all her strength by

land, and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

7. Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "*Their graves are measured!*" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells *his* force—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The *gladiators* come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O, we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

Additional example in Compound Stress will be found in the "Scene from Hamlet."

### THOROUGH STRESS.

THOROUGH STRESS ( [redacted] ) is the equal distribution of Force to all parts of the syllable or word.

1. It is a combination of the Radical, Median and Final in the order named.

2. It is the characteristic Stress of a powerful and all-pervading emotion that seeks to express itself in broad, swelling sounds which electrify the hearts and fire the souls of listeners.

3. The effect of the Thorough Stress upon the assembled multitude, listening to the impassioned appeals of a skillful orator, pleading the cause of suffering humanity, or denouncing insatiate ambition, unbridled licentiousness or unchecked tyranny, is wonderful and beyond our comprehension. If, however, employed in the expression of common-place ideas and trivial thoughts, it can excite in cultivated minds only ridicule and disgust.

4. Children are usually deficient in the power of Thorough

Stress, and on attempting to apply it to one or more words, are apt to run into a high, monotonous chant that is extremely unpleasant to hearers. To avoid this tendency, examples should be used for the practice of this stress containing words at their close which require some other stress.

[See example below; the italicized words require Thorough Stress.]

EXERCISES IN THOROUGH STRESS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| sail | strong | home | know | swarm |
| drove | song | shore | prayer | prolong |

*"Forward,* the Light *Brigade!*
*Charge* for the *guns!"* he said.

LAW OF USE.

The Thorough Stress is employed to express *lofty command, rapturous joy, calling, shouting, vehement indignation, oratorical apostrophe* and *intense* and *violent emotion.*

---

APOSTROPHE TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Expulsive Orotund, Full Force, Thorough Stress. Excellent for drill on these three elements.

1. Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country; take possession of the North American Continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and man!

2. Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthem all day long without response; fill the valleys with the voices of

love in its purity, the pledges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morning sun drinks the dewdrops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the Peaceful ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen!

3. Utter boldly and spread widely through the world the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race.

For other illustrations of Thorough Stress, see "The National Banner," "Defense of Hofer" and the last paragraph of "Impeachment of Warren Hastings."

### INTERMITTENT STRESS.

The INTERMITTENT STRESS () is a tremulous application of Force throughout the syllable or word, prolonged in utterance.

1. It is the characteristic Stress of extreme tenderness, feebleness and old age, but is also observed in subdued grief and joy, when the breath is sent forth in agitated jets, as if the vital forces were too weak to control its accurate articulation.

2. To secure command of the tremor, much practice upon simple elements and words is necessary before attempting continuous sentences.

### LAW OF USE.

The Intermittent Stress is used in the expression of *distress, fear, weakness, exhaustion, sickness, pity, tenderness, overwhelming joy* and *grief,* and in the *feebleness of old age.*

Exercises in Intermittent Stress:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| old | gone | poor | grave |
| strength | word | time | breath |
| hear | come | round | soul |
| chain | twine | path | roll |

EXAMPLES: SICKNESS AND EXHAUSTION.

Jessie's—too—sick,—Papa. Can't—say—goodnight,—Papa. ——— In—the—morning.

Mother,—the—angels—do—so—smile,—and—beckon—little Jim.

FEEBLENESS OF OLD AGE.

*Pity* the *sorrows* of a *poor old* man,
*Whose trembling limbs* have *borne* him to your *door,*
*Whose days* are *dwindled* to the shortest *span;—*
*Oh! give relief,* and *Heaven* will bless your *store!*

---

## The Dying Boy.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A most impressive reading or recitation when well rendered. Give descriptive parts with Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical and Median Stress. The child uses Plaintive Quality, Subdued Force and Intermittent Stress. Avoid affectation.

1. It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up, its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.

2. 'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last bequest:
"Mother, I am dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow,
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly on. O! tell me, is this death!

3. "Mother, your hand,
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?
Never beside your knee.
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

4. "O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet;
You'll miss me there.
Father, I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do never come.

5. "I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.
Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

6. "Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

7. "Sister, my young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be far away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

8. "Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night. I'm weary, and must sleep,
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

9. Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring;
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers-by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But wakened not his slumber. He was dead.

For other illustrations of Intermittent Stress, see "Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother," "The Miser's Death," and "Good Night, Papa."

---

## PITCH.

PITCH is the degree of elevation or depression of sound above or below the keynote.

1. We say that one tone is higher than another when the number of vibrations produced in the utterance of one is greater than the other.

2. Pitch in music is determined by the unvarying musical scale, and transitions from high to low, or the reverse, are made by steps; while in speech the appropriate pitch depends

upon the sentiment to be expressed and the construction of the vocal organs of the speaker; and the various changes are made by slides of the voice called the concrete movement.

3. A number of persons singing the same piece of music would employ the same pitch, but if these same persons read the same selection, though it require a high or low pitch, there is scarcely any probability that their voices would be pitched upon the same key; and yet, each, using *his* appropriate pitch for the sentiment, would read it correctly. In the first instance the pitch is determined by musical instruments; in the latter, by the voices of the respective individuals.

4. All that has been said concerning the influence of emotion in determining the appropriate element in vocal expression applies to pitch. These conditions operate directly upon the vocal organs—tension of the vocal chords, producing a high pitch, arises from exaltation of spirit; relaxation of these chords, producing low pitch, accompanies mental depression; while a tranquil state of mind leaves the vocal chords in their natural condition, and a pitch midway between *high* and *low* will be selected.

### DIVISIONS OF PITCH.

Since the sentiment determines the appropriate pitch, three divisions are naturally formed, which we designate *high, middle* and *low*.

1. These divisions are not absolute, and have no definite place on the musical scale. They vary according to intensity of feeling and the natural key of different voices.

2. Each of these divisions has an extended compass, since many emotions that are classed as exciting differ widely in degree and in their influence upon individuals; hence, we may have pitch high, moderately high, and very high, and the same is true of low pitch. The pupil must decide from the intensity

of the sentiment what degree of high or low pitch he shall use, bearing in mind that the greater the agitation from joyous or angry emotions, the higher the pitch; and, conversely, the greater the depression from emotions of solemnity or grief, the lower the pitch.

### EXERCISES.

Pronounce each name in the following list with pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, as you would if calling to the individuals situated at distances indicated by the number of feet opposite his name. Repeat the names in reverse order, and afterward promiscuously, always imagining the distance to which your voice is to be heard:

Very low pitch ..... 5 feet—Thomas Hall.
Low pitch ..... 10 feet—Henry Jones.
Moderately low pitch ..... 20 feet—Samuel Taylor.
Middle pitch ..... 40 feet—David Cole.
Moderately high pitch ..... 80 feet—James Temple.
High pitch .....160 feet—Robert Morris.
Very high pitch .....320 feet— Edward Blake.

Begin with *one* and count to *ten,* starting with your lowest pitch, and ending with your highest. Reverse the order. Maintain a moderate force. Avoid the musical scale.

### MIDDLE PITCH.

The MIDDLE PITCH is used in our ordinary conversation in the delivery of *narrative, descriptive* and *didactic thought,* and in the introduction to *lectures, orations* and *sermons.*

## The Music of the Human Voice.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Read in a clear, full, pure, *earnest* tone. Use Moderate Force, Radical Stress, with Middle Pitch. Avoid anything strained or artificial.

1. Willis, in his essay on "Unwritten Music," has placed the appropriate sound of the female voice among the most beautiful of its forms; and there is, unquestionably, a fine analogy between the sound of the running brook, the note of the wood-bird, the voice of a happy child, the low breathing of a flute, and the clear, soft tone of a woman's voice, when it utters the natural music of home—the accents of gentleness and love.

2. To a well-tuned ear, there is a rich, deep melody in the distinctive bass of the male voice, in its subdued tones. But the keynote of poetry seems to have been lent to woman. On the ear of infancy and childhood, her voice was meant to fall as a winning prelude to all the other melodies of nature; the human nerves are attuned, accordingly, to the breath of her voice; and, through life, the chords of the heart respond most readily to her touch.

3. Yet how often is this result impeded by the processes of artificial culture; by the over-excitement of mind and nerve, attending excessive application; by that unwise neglect of health and healthful action, which dims the eye and deadens the ear to beauty, and robs life of the joyous and sympathetic spirit which is native to childhood; and which, otherwise, would ever be gushing forth in notes of gladness and endearment, the physicial not less than the moral charm of human utterance.

4. There are beautiful exceptions, undoubtedly, to this general fact of ungainly habit. But the ground of just complaint is, that there is no provision made in our systems of education for the cultivation of one of woman's peculiar endowments—an attractive voice. Our girls do not come home to us, after their period of school life, qualified to read with effect in their own language. There is wanting in their voices that adaptation of tone to feeling, which is the music of the heart in reading; there is wanting that clear, impressive style

which belongs to the utterance of cultivated taste and judgment, and which enhances every sentiment by appropriate emphasis and pause; there is even a want of that distinct articulation which alone can make sound the intelligible medium of thought.

### HIGH PITCH.

HIGH PITCH is used in *calling, commanding* and *shouting,* in the delivery of *animated, earnest* and *joyous* sentiments, and in the emotions of *gayety, gladness, exultation* and *triumph.*

High Pitch combined with Pure Tone and Full Force produces loudness.

### EXERCISES.

1. *"Victory! Victory!"* is the shout.
2. "Oh, spare my *child,* my *joy,* my *pride;*
   *Oh,* give me back my *child!"* she cried.
3. *Ring* joyous *chords!* ring out *again*
   A swifter still and a wilder strain!

---

## LIBERTY OR DEATH—MARCH, 1795.

### PATRICK HENRY.

*High Pitch.*

This is a favorite selection for oratorical drill. Many prizes and honors attest its worth as a contest declamation. Let the quality be a strong Orotund, the force Full, and the Stress vary with the sentiment. Begin in *conversational* tones.

1. MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is *this* the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for *liberty?* Are we disposed to

be of the number of those who, having *eyes,* see not, and having *ears, hear* not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

2. For *my* part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the *whole* truth—to know the *worst,* and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the *future* but by the *past;* and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the *last ten years* to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

3. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? .*Trust it not,* sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a *kiss.* Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are *fleets* and *armies* necessary to a work of love and reconcilation? Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling* to be reconciled that *force* must be called in to win back our love?

4. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of *war* and *subjugation*— the *last* arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any *enemy* in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

5. No, sir, she has *none;* they are meant for *us;* they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?

6. Shall we try *argument?* Sir, we have been *trying* that for the *last—ten—years.* Have we anything *new* to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already *exhausted?*

7. Let us not, I beseech you, sir deceive ourselves *longer.* Sir, we have done *everything* that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have

*remonstrated;* we have SUPPLICATED; we have PROSTRATED ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

8. Our petitions have been *slighted;* our remonstrances have produced additional *violence* and *insult;* our supplications have been *disregarded;* and we have been spurned with *contempt* from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

9. If we wish to be *free;* if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves *never* to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be *obtained,* we must *fight!* I repeat it, sir: WE MUST FIGHT! An appeal to *arms* and to the *God of Hosts* is all that is left us!

10. They tell us, sir, that we are *weak—unable to cope* with so formidable an adversary; but *when* shall we be *stronger?* Will it be the *next week,* or the *next year?* Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by *irresolution* and *inaction?* Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

11. Sir, we are *not weak* if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. *Three millions of people,* armed in the holy cause of *liberty,* and in *such* a country as that which *we* posses, are *invincible* by any force which our enemy can send against us.

12. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles *alone;* there is a just *God* who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the *strong alone:* it is to the *vigilant*—the *active*—the *brave.*

13. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to *desire* it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in *submission* or *slavery!* Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the

plains of Boston! The war is *inevitable,* and *let it come!* I repeat it, sir: LET IT COME!

14. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, *"Peace! peace!"* but there is *no* peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our *brethren* are *already* in the field! Why stand *we* here idle?

15. What is it that gentlemen *wish?* What would they *have?* Is life so *dear,* or peace so *sweet,* as to be purchased at the price of *chains* and *slavery?* Forbid, it Almighty God! I know not what course *others* may take, but, as for *me,* give me *liberty,* or GIVE ME DEATH!

See also "The Revolutionary Rising."

### LOW PITCH.

LOW PITCH is used in the delivery of *solemn, serious, pathetic,* and *devotional thought,* and in giving expression to emotions of *awe, melancholy, gloom, despair, horror, reverence,* and *adoration.*

### EXERCISES.

1. 'Tis a time for memory and for tears.
2. Now o'er the one-half world nature seems dead.
3. Toll, toll, toll, thou bell by billows swung.
4. 'Tis now the very witching time of night.

---

## THE LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

Use Pure Tone, Subdued Force, Median Stress, and Low Pitch. This selection is well adapted to cultivate the musical element, so pleasing in the expression of pathos and solemnity. Avoid everything unreal.

1. Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

2. How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

3. There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

4. And the name of this Isle is "the Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we love them so—
And there are trinkets and tresses of hair.

5. There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

6. There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

7. Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

For other examples, see "God's Beautiful City," "David's Lament," and "The Suppliant."

---

## Movement.

Movement is the degree of rapidity or slowness with which words are uttered in continuous discourse.

1. Movement, like other elements of vocal expression, depends upon the nature of the thought to be spoken; and as the moods of mind, like an April sky, are constantly changing,—now buoyant with hope or exhilarated with joy, and anon sobered in serious contemplation or depressed by grief, there is necessarily little uniformity in the rate of human speech.

2. The slow and measured tread, timed in unison with the mournful dirge, suggests gloom and sorrow; while the lively step of the merry dancers in fling or reel, betray the utmost animation of mind and body. "The grave psalm and the song of serious sentiment express, in their measured regularity, the adaptation of gentle and moderate movement to tranquil and sedate feeling."

3. A perfect command of every degree of movement is essential to correct and effective reading or speaking. Ignorance of this element gives the reading and declamation of our pupils that monotonous drawl which renders exercises so insipid and tedious to visitors.

4. Appropriate movement is indispensable in rousing and retaining the attention of an audience; hence, no pains should be spared to adapt the movement of every selection to the sentiment intended to be conveyed.

### Classes of Movement.

The natural divisions of Movements are, Rapid, Moderate

and SLOW, with the further subdivisions of *very rapid* and *very slow*.

### MODERATE MOVEMENT.

MODERATE MOVEMENT is used in unimpassioned discourse, in the expression of *narrative, descriptive* and *didactic thought,* and in the *beginning of orations.*

The term "Moderate" must not be understood as representing a uniform rate. It includes a rate of movement that is constantly varying with the sentiment between rapid and slow.

---

### TACT AND TALENT.

*Moderate Movement.*

1. Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

3. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

4. Take them to the bar and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

5. Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

6. Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

7. It seems to know everything, without learning any thing. It has served an extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear; no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius.

---

### SLOW MOVEMENT.

SLOW MOVEMENT is used in the expression of sentiments of *reverence, solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, pathos, awe, melancholy, despair, gloom, adoration* and *devotion.*

## Death of the Wife.

*Slow Movement.*

A most impressive recitation when well rendered. Keep the tone pure and force subdued. Let the pitch vary with the change of sentiment. Be natural—be sincere.

1. She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavy-laden breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner, who was sitting motionless by the bed-side. He bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

2. "Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly; "it is growing dark."

"*Where are the children?*" she queried; "are they all in?"

3. Poor old man! How could he answer her? The children had slept for years in the old churchyard.

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Jane. Think of yourself. Does the way seem dark?"

4. "My trust is in Thee. Let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?"

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk *alone* in the light."

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight."

5. "John, where's little Charley?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charley's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his lips to them and cried; they had encouraged and strengthened him in every trial of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed eyes of loved ones,

and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promise. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

6. And it was strange and sad to the yellow-haired granddaughter left them to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with strong, resolute hand, of wedding feasts and death bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the Bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

7. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay *asleep* on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green."

8. But the strange transformations that were there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age and pain and weariness were smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and then said softly:

9. "You have found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in more than seventy years, but it won't be for long!"

10. And it was *not*. The winter snow has not yet fallen, and there is another grave, and today would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder —I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

For other examples of Slow Movement, see "Hamlet's Soliloquy" and the fourth stanza of "The Bells."

---

### RAPID MOVEMENT.

RAPID MOVEMENT is used in the expression of *lively, gay* and *joyous* thought and *exciting* emotions emanating from *alarm, joy, mirth,* or *fear.*

#### PIANO MUSIC.

This piece is adapted for concert recitation. If well rendered by a dozen students, with appropriate gesture, the effect will be very amusing.

First a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
Then a stop,
Fingers drop;
Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean,
See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the dingdong, dangle-dingle.
Of a sheep-bell! Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.
Now the keys begin to clatter
Like the music of a platter
When the maid is stirring batter.
O'er the music comes a change;
Every tone is wild and strange;

Listen to the lofty tumbling,
Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
Like the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking;
Heads are aching, something's breaking.
Goodness gracious! Ain't it wondrous,
Rolling round, above and under us,
Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous?
Now 'tis louder, but the powder
Will be all exploded soon;
For the only way to do,
When the music's nearly through,
Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
Striking twenty notes together with a clang;
Hit the treble with a twang,
Give the base an awful whang,
And close the whole performance
With a slam—bang—whang!

## MELODY.

MELODY (*Gr. sweet song*) is a succession of pleasing tones having but a limited compass above or below the initial note, with prevailing pitch above the natural.

1. Melody is one of the most valuable elements the speaker may employ in attracting and retaining the attention of an audience.

2. The element is employed in those rhythmical compositions, whether prose or poetry, expressing *pathos, tranquil pleasure* and *peaceful repose.*

3. To cultivate melodious tones, practice frequently upon such words as *calm, name, mine, thine, wailing, gone, moaning, mound, home, throne, wandering,* etc., with effusive utterance, pure tone, subdued force, median stress, slightly elevated pitch, and long quantity, imparting to your utterance a rich musical intonation. Let the tones be sweet, clear, and musical.

## Those Evening Bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

Excellent for the cultivation of clear, sweet, mellow and musical tones. Let the utterance be mainly effusive, the tone pure, the force moderate, the prevailing stress median and the movement moderate. Avoid affectation.

1. Those evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

2. Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3. And so 'twill be when I am gone:
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

---

## When the Cows Come Home.

Apply the same elements as above to this selection. Give it frequent practice, and your tones will be much improved.

1. When klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That make the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

2. And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

3. Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-sliding down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home.

4. The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.

### MISCELLANEOUS VOCAL EXERCISES.

The following exercises are designed as a review of preceding principles. They should receive much attention.

Pronounce with exaggerated precision the following words:

Peremptory, comparable, despicable, obligatory, admiralty, intricacy, allegorist, conscientiousness, lugubriously, consecutiveness, irrecognizable, tergiversation, irrefragable, hospitable, remediable, objurgate.

### SOUND WORDS.

1. Many words are derived from peculiar sounds, associative impressions and phases of nature whose correct pronunciation often gives them a deeper significance than their printed form affords.

2. Such words furnish excellent examples for drill in imitative modulation, expressive speech, and play upon words in connecting sound with sense.

3. Pronounce the following words in the most expressive

manner possible, so that every element, facial expression, and attitude shall be an echo to the sound:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| gay | clear | whizz | dance | fierce | breathe |
| dark | hark | swing | scream | quick | whisper |
| hate | sweet | crash | laugh | rouse | rumble |
| roll | gush | roar | grind | freeze | staggering |
| bold | deep | howl | clang | loathe | shivering |
| wild | cold | hiss | dash | shriek | clatter |
| run | reel | drear | jump | flash | staggering |
| stop | glib | thrust | splash | thrill | wrangle |
| old | long | cool | young | timid | thunder |

### PERSONATION.

In expressing the following sentiments, emotions and passions, the student will place, "He is," or "Is he" before the word *"superannuated,"* as he may wish to declare or ask the question; as, *"He is superannuated,"* or *"Is he superannuated?"*

Before attempting to express the thought the student must, by an intense mental effort, *conceive* and intensely *feel* what he is about to utter.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| pity | disgust | triumph | amazement |
| grief | pathos | contempt | intoxication |
| scorn | ridicule | remorse | hatred, rage |
| repose | terror | submission | exultation, joy |
| perplexity | weariness | affectation | humor, laughter |

---

### MEDLEY DRILL.

The following quotations from many pieces afford an admirable medley for Vocal and Gesture concert drill. The gestures are indicated by italicized words.

1. Hear me for my *cause;* and be *silent* that you may hear. Believe me for mine *honor;* and have respect to mine honor, that you *may believe*. *Censure* me in your wisdom, and *awake* your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this *assembly*—any dear friend of Cæsar's—to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his.

2. Then he *buttoned his coat* straight up to his *chin*
And *staidly, solemnly, waded in;*
And his broad brimmed hat he *pulled down tight,*
Over his forehead so *cold and white.*

3. And see! she *stirs!*
She *starts*—she *moves*—she seemes to feel
The thrill of life along her *keel,*
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous *bound*
She *leaps* into the ocean's arms.

4. Let us extend our ideas over the vast *field* in which we are called to act. Let our object be our *country,* our *whole country,* and *nothing* but our country.

5. Go, ring the bells and fire the *guns,*
And fling the starry banner *out!*
Shout FREEDOM till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle *shout!*

6. *Rouse* ye, Romans! *rouse* ye, Slaves!
Have ye BRAVE SONS? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die.* Have ye *fair daughters?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms, disdained,*
*Dishonored:* and if ye dare *call for justice,*
Be answered by the *lash.*

7. She leaned far out on the *window-sill,*
And *shook* it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot if you must this old gray *head,*
But spare your country's *flag,*" she said.

8. *Three million of people,* armed in the holy cause of *liberty,* and in *such* a country as this which *we* possess, are *invincible* by *any force* which our enemy can send against us.

9. He *sets,* and his last beams
Fall on a *slave;* not *such* as, *swept along*
By the full tide of power, the conqueror *led*
To crimson *glory* and undying *fame;*
But—*base*—*ignoble* slaves.

10. Then straightway *plunging* with all his might,
Away to the *left*—his friend to the *right,*
*Apart* they went from this world of sin,
But at last *together* they entered in.

11. *Blaze* with your serried columns!
I will not bend the *knee;*
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The *arm* which now is *free.*

12. How the gay sledges, like meteors, *flash* by,
*Bright* for a moment, then *lost* to the eye;
*Ringing,*
*Swinging,*
*Dashing* they go,
Over the *crust* of the beautiful snow.

13. "To all the truth we tell—we tell,"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come, all ye weary *wanderers,* see!
Our Lord has made salvation free."

14. And as he spoke he *raised* the child,
To *dash* it 'mid the breakers wild.

15. You all do know this *mantle;*
Look! in *this* place ran Cassius' dagger through,
See what a *rent* the envious Casca made;
Through *this* the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And as he *plucked his cursed steel away*
Mark how the blood of Cæsar *followed it!*

16. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"*My manors, halls and bowers shall still*
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer;
My castles are my king's alone,
From *turret* to *foundation* stone,—
The *hand* of Douglas is his *own*."

17. And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"*Take her, O bridegroom old and gray,*
Take her to thy protecting arms
With all her youth and all her charms."

18. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me *trampled* by the hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father *flung* amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

19. And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And *grasping in his nervous hand*
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of *death* he dared to *fling*
*Defiance* to a tyrant king!

20. *Flashed* all their sabres bare,
*Flashed* as they turned in air,
*Sab'ring* the gunners there,
*Charging* our army, while
*All the world* wondered:
*Plunged* in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they *broke;*
*Cossack* and *Russian*
*Reeled* from the sabre stroke,
*Shattered* and *sundered.*

## ORIGINAL DISCOURSE.

1. Thus far the student has been instructed only in the manner of expressing the thoughts of others. While the ability to comprehend instantly and to render effectively an author's thought's as outlined upon the printed page, is an accomplishment of great value to all, such an attainment is not sufficient for the broad and general culture required by our times and institutions.

2 The responsibilities thrust upon us by the republican form of government under which we live, perpetuated in its purity and efficiency by the logic of a Choate, the wisdom of a Webster, and the eloquence of a Clay, demand attainments of a higher order than mere skill in the pathetic, forcible, or eloquent repetition of some popular composition.

3. The citizen who would form at least a unit in the Republic must be competent to wield the pen, and when called upon, be prepared to address his countrymen intelligently upon the questions of the day. His duty to himself and country demand that whether he write or speak, his performance should be creditable and effective.

4. A ready, vigorous pen and speech, like reading and declamation, come from instruction, practice and criticism.

### EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

1. The greatest excellence to which the student, ambitious of oratorical fame, may aspire, is comprised in the ability to spreak fluently, logically, and effectively, upon any subject, at any time, without previous preparation.

2. This accomplishment may be termed "thinking on one's feet." It is not the result of any spontaneous development. It comes from study, practice,—work.

3. The power to charm the heart, and steal away the senses, to divert the mind from its own devisings, and hold an audience in breathless spell, as the orator paints the rosy tints of heavenly longings, or leads the imagination down through the labyrinths of wonderland, or depicts with lightning tongue and thunder tones, the horrors of the doomed, comes not by nature, but by work,—work,—work.

4. Whether this so-called gift be assisted by the early efforts of a Demosthenes declaiming over the sea-beat cliffs of Attica, or the harangues of a youthful Clay before a group of oxen, perfection in delivery is attained only by frequent and long-continued practice, based upon accurate observation and zealous study.

### THE TWO FORMS OF EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

1. CONVERSATION.
2. PUBLIC SPEAKING.

1. Conversation is the general and familiar interchange of sentiments.

2. No form of social intercourse furnishes so much humanizing enjoyment as pleasing and entertaining conversation. Notwithstanding the pleasure it affords, few people, even among the educated classes, are capable of entertaining a company by continuous, intelligent discourse.

3. The student is here reminded that unconnected remarks, followed by ambiguous or meaningless monosyllabic rejoinders, interspersed with nauseating repetition of such expletives as "Yes, indeed," "You don't say so," "You bet," etc., do not constitute elevating discourse.

4. Conversation is an art, and as such it is capable of cul-

tivation to approximate perfection. Success in the higher forms of speech depends upon the conversational skill of the aspirant for oratorical honors.

### GENERAL RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

1. Breathe without gasping or attracting attention.

2. Articulate distinctly, but do not impress your hearers with the idea that you are going through an exercise in vocal gymnastics.

3. Be natural; remember it is yourself you are impersonating, and you will be judged accordingly.

4. In general, use a full, pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, middle pitch, and moderate movement. In those parts of your conversation requiring peculiar description and personation, use the appropriate elements.

5. Enter into the spirit of the subject with all your mind. Cultivate the habit of listening to others. This is at least polite. Attention to what others say is the relay from which you are enabled to continue your part of the conversation intelligibly and agreeably to the other members of your company.

6. Avoid pedantry, *affectation,* and all *mannerisms* calculated to detract from the general topic of conversation.

7. Conceive, summon, and express your best thoughts.

8. Employ the simplest, purest, and most expressive language at your command.

9. Avoid unpleasant personalities, particularly with reference to those who are absent.

10. Avoid topics of little general interest to your listeners.

11. However familiar to the company the condition of the weather and streets may be, their prolonged discussion is not sufficiently important to justify more than a passing remark.

12. Indulge sparingly in raillery and cutting repartee. A merciless wit is never esteemed above a treacherous weapon.

## GENERAL RULES FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING.

1. Public extemporaneous speaking is the delivery of sentiment without previous written preparation.

2. The speaker employs the same elements as in conversation, but upon an enlarged scale. To these he may, as occasion requires, add depth and fullness to his quality, producing the grand tones of the Orotund; he may increase his force, raise his pitch, and indulge in a greater variety of stress, movement, and pauses than in ordinary conversation. In addition to these departures he may energize and embellish his delivery by gesture and facial expression; and, generally, he may play upon the accidental elements in arousing the emotions of an audience more than would be proper in the most animated conversation.

3. Of all professions recognized by civilized man, probably none requires in its perfection so many and varied accomplishments as that of oratory. The public lecturer who leads the van in the march of science for the improvement of society; the statesman, who guards the nation's rights and shapes his country's destiny; the man of God, who seeks to purify the human heart and save a fallen race—all must wield the wondrous power of speech.

4 How far the orators of the past have possessed this comprehensive art of arts is largely answered in the social, governmental, and religious freedom of modern times.

## GENERAL REQUISITES.

1 The orator should have a liberal education.

2. He should be actuated by the noblest impulses.

3. He should be endowed with the highest attributes of humanity.

4. Every physical organ should be subordinate to the will.

5. He should possess the most extended information upon

all subjects. To this end, he should have frequent practice in reading, conversation, speaking and writing.

6. The summation of all these qualifications, Cicero tells us, marks the *perfect man.*

### SPECIFIC RULES FOR EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

1. Have something to say worth hearing.
2. Know more of your subject than do any of your auditors.
3. Be wide awake and thoroughly in earnest.
4. Believe and feel intensely all you say.
5. Merge yourself into the thoughts you are uttering.
6. Look into the eyes of your hearers, not over their heads.
7. Cultivate facility and elegance of expression by using good language at all times.
8. Endeavor to hold your hearers that they may not wander from the subject.
9. Be *yourself;* you cannot personate another with your ideas.
10. Never lose control of your thoughts, your breath, your speech, or your temper.
11. Avoid all forms of slang; no speaker ever exhausted the English language.
12. Have a complete mastery of all the elements of elocution—thus your body and limbs are made subjective to the mental powers.
13. Think only of *what* you are going to say; your grammar, rhetoric and elocution will suggest the manner.
14. If you have five or ten minutes for preparation, think of the proposition only.
15. Command a faultless articulation, an accurate pronunciation, and an absolute control of the essential elements of vocal expression.

16. Carefully study the speeches of eminent orators known to be extemporaneous, consider the time, place and circumstance of their delivery.

17. Study the models furnished by Demosthenes, Cicero, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Webster and Clay, and modern orators of recognized ability.

18. Maintain a constant reserve; the orator must appear greater than his theme or his effort.

19. Hold yourself flexibly erect with an active chest. The weight should be supported mainly on the balls of the feet, *not* the heels.

20. Keep the voice and speech organs moist, not by drink, but by chewing a bit of paper just before using the voice.

21. Avoid great force in the beginning by studied distinctness and deliberate movement. Your audience must be *led* by measured tones of persuasion gradually up to the more intensified forms of expression.

22. In passing from one sentiment or emotion to another, strive to feel the emotion before attempting its utterance; words without feeling awake no responsive chord among your hearers.

23. Commit and frequently recite aloud a few excellent passages abounding in decided sentiment, absorbing emotion and vehement passion. The possession of the words give the mind opportunity to dwell upon the thoughts, and thus their frequent conception and utterance trains the nerves, muscles and vocal organs to command the required expression at will.

24. *Stop the moment you are done.*

### SPEAKING FROM NOTES.

1. When the speaker has sufficient time to collect and arrange his thoughts, he should endeavor to think of all he wishes to say upon the subject, and write the heads of his thoughts as they occur, and afterward arrange them in the most appropriate order.

2. In general, the most pleasing and entertaining matter should appear first. The auditors are never so critical as when the speaker steps upon the platform. An unfavorable impression once made is too difficult to overcome to justify the speaker's giving it an occasion.

3. The closing thoughts should possess merit and originality, and should be spoken with such sincerity, vigor and eloquence that an audience shall respect at least the advocate, if not the sentiment he utters.

4. Do not be tedious. Do not labor to exhaust your theme. When you can no longer talk without stopping to think what next to say, you are done, and should stop at once.

---

### Method of Criticism.

The following plan of estimating the merits of a speaker's performance, introduced into a number of literary societies by the author, is recommended. It will prove valuable to critics of literary societies. The table should be prepared on printed sheets and the name of the performer written in the blank, with the proper answer placed after each question. This sheet so prepared by the critic, and given to the performer, would afford the latter much greater benefit than is conferred by the usual imperfect systems of criticisms.

*Critic's Report on* .....
*delivered by M*.....
*in the* ..... *Hall on the evening of*
.....19.... *Grade*.....
.....*Critic.*

NOTE.—An affirmative answer to the following (20) questions, indicated by the number 5, denotes the standard of excellence. Approximating degrees of this standard are indicated by the numbers 4, 3, 2, and 1, in the order named.

## I. ENTRANCE.

GRADE.

Is the entrance easy, graceful, self-possessed?..... .....

## II. ATTITUDES.

Are the attitudes natural, flexible, graceful?..... .....

## III. ACTION.

1. Do the motions of the head, trunk and limbs harmonize with the changes of thought, sentiment, emotion and passion?..... .....
2. Do the eyes and general facial expression confirm the speaker's statements?..... .....
3. Do the gestures made for emphasis render the speaker's assertions more forcible?..... .....
4. Do the gestures of illustration aid in giving a clearer view of the speaker's theme?..... .....
5. Are the gestures graceful, varied, timely, decisive, significant? ..... .....

## IV. ENUNCIATION.

1. Are the sounds freely, fully, correctly, timely and appropriately uttered?..... .....
2. Is respiration performed without interfering with the speaker's enunciation? ..... .....
3. Are the speaker's tones formed without unusual effort? ..... .....
4. Are the tones free from local or personal peculiarities? ..... .....

## V. ARTICULATION.

1. Are the syllables distinctly and correctly articulated? ..... .....
2. Does each receive its proper force and quantity? .....

## VI. PRONUNCIATION.

Is each word pronounced according to prevailing usage, as represented in the standard dictionaries? ..... .....

## VII. VOCAL EXPRESSION.

1. Do the tones harmonize in quality, force, stress, pitch, movement and quantity with the general sentiment? ..... .....
2. Does the speaker's management of slides, waves, emphasis, slur, cadence and pauses indicate a correct conception of his composition?..... .....

## VIII. GENERAL DELIVERY.

1. Is the speaker's delivery free from the styles known as affected, conceited, effeminate, pedantic, pompous, stagy, over-vehement?.... .....
2. In direct discourses does the speaker look into the eyes of his audience? ..... .....
3. In personation and apostrophe does the speaker ignore his audience?..... .....
4. Does the speaker hold the attention of his audience? ..... .....

Grade on a basis of 100.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

### An American Exile.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

1. In Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where waved
The nation's flag from mizzen gaff
Of frigate, sloop, and other warlike craft,
A group of naval officers, assembled
On the flag-ship's quarter-deck, discussed
With earnestness the act by which the State
Of South Carolina annulled
The tariff laws of Congress.
The President's prompt act,
Despatching Scott to Charleston, ordering
The execution of the laws by force,
Had thrilled the nerves of those who bore
Their country's arms.

2. The naval service boasted many men
Who traced through veins as chivalrous as their sire's
The blood of Sumter, Pickens, Hayne,
And other revolutionary patriots;
And, conscious of a lineage illustrious
From those who gave the grand Republic birth,
Their minds were often filled with polities
Of State; and thus the acts of courts
And legislatures oft became their theme
In time of peace as much as warlike deeds
Of Neptune.

3. One of these, in this debate,
A handsome, sun-bronzed officer of most
Commanding mien, became conspicuous

In warm approval of his State's rash act
And censure strong of President
And Congress. While his flashing eye betrayed
The fierce emotions of his soul, his voice
Rang fearful maledictions: "Curse the country
Whose flag from yonder mizzen floats; the men
Be cursed, who in the name of government
Ignore the rights my native State has held supreme."

4. Then drawing forth his rapier
As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my own,
My heart is loyal to my native State;
And here I swear, this blade shall ne'er be drawn
But in defense of rights this tyrant thing
Called government usurps, and those its threats
Would terrify. Its flag be trailed in dust;
The fate of Carthage be its cursed doom!
The memory of its present acts, with those
Who give them shape, go down in blood and shame!"

5. Such direful imprecations shocked the ears
Of those who heard; and, ere the speechless group
Recovered from their blank amaze, a young
Lieutenant felled the speaker senseless to
The deck; then quick before the officer
Commanding, preferred the charge of treason.

6. Court-martial trials are speedy in results,
The sentence, novel in its terms, was heard
With unfeigned haughtiness and scorn by him
Whom it deprived of country:
"The prisoner, hence, for life, shall be consigned
To vessels cruising in a foreign sea;
No tongue to him shall speak his country's name,
Nor talk to him of aught save daily wants;
And ever to his sight that country's flag
Shall be a token that its power lives
To carry out this sentence."

* * * * * * * *

7. In far-off seas, away from kindred hearts
And native home, the years passed slowly on;
But pride and stubborn will did not desert
This strange misguided man; his fate he seemed
To cherish for the cause he still believed
Would triumph in the end.
Yet to and fro his narrow bounds he paced,
Alone amid a frigate's crew. No cheering word
His yearning heart in time could e'er expect
From stricken mother, weeping wife, and babes
By him made worse than orphans, who might blush
To call him father. Still, above, around,
In sportive play, the flag he madly cursed, as star
By star was added to its field of blue,
In gorgeous folds waved kindly o'er his head,
As if forgiving his ingratitude.

8. And now, as other years rolled sadly by,
And he was passed from ship to ship, as each
In turn went home, the lines of grief and frosts
Of age bore silent evidence of slow decay.
In time his face was marked with pensive cast,
A harbinger of sad, repentant thought.
A sailor, unperceived, took note of him,
And oft observed him watch the waving flag
With strange emotion. And once his lips
Were seen to move: "Thou ever-present curse,
Reminding me of what I am, of what
I've lost, thou Nemesis of nature's wrongs!
For that I've sinned against my birth, my soul's
Remorse affirms. How long e'er nature's laws,
More kind than human heart, will free my eyes
From thee, thou vengeful witness of my shame?
I'd tear thee from thy staff,—but when I think
Of all the tears thou'st witnessed in these eyes,
At first my curses, then my prayers to God,
Of secret thoughts conceived within thy sight,
Thou seem'st so much a friend, I would not blot
From out thy field a single star—and yet—and yet—
O soul, when will thy mad resentment cease?"

* * * * * * * *

9. Full thirty years had passed since sound
Of friendly voice had filled his ear, and now
He paced another deck than one designed
For heavy armament,—a merchant craft,
Commissioned while the nation's ships of war
Were called for duty home to try the cause
For which this poor, deluded exile gave
His manhood and his life.

10. Near set of sun
The cry of "sail" was heard, and then,
Against his will, they hurried him below.
The startling call to quarters reached his ear;
And e'er the roll of drum and boatswain's whistle died away
There came a distant "boom" that roused a hope
He yearned to realize. A moment more,
A deaf'ning sound that shook the very keel
Awoke his heart with joy. He knew and hailed
The truth. The land,—*his* land was now at war.
The foe—his name, it mattered not to him—
Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul
With fire.

11. O love of Country! Thou art lasting as
The faith of childhood. Thou art stronger than
The love of life,—the fear of death!
This exiled penitent, this prodigal
Without a home, would prove himself a man!
He cried for help to free him from his bonds:
"Ahoy there! Men on deck! For love of God
Let me not perish in this cell. Unbar the door,
Take off these chains, and arm me for the fight!
O give me air and light beneath the flag;
My blood will wash away my curse!" but all
Was vain.

12. A tearing shot, that ploughed through side
And prison bulkhead walls, made clear
A passage wide enough through which
He sought his wild desire.

But e'er he reached the deck, the foe had lashed
His ship beside, and countless fierce wild men
Were leaping down among the feeble crew,
Who battled hard, but vain, against such odds.

13. He saw the flag the enemy displayed,
A flag unknown, unseen by him before,
Though strangely like the one he cursed,—now loved
So much—would die in its defense.
He wrenched a cutlass from a dying hand,
And hewed his way among the privateers.
Where'er he struck, the way was cleared of men
Like wheat before the blade. His strange demean
And antique garb amazed the foe, until
It seemed he'd drive the boarders to their ships.
At last, his wounds o'ercame his madd'ning strength,
And sinking to his knee, was soon disarmed,
But spared the murd'rous stroke by one who knew
His name and story from a child.
His glazing eye turned wistful toward the flag,
Now drooping low, as if to mourn for him:—
"My country! thou art now avenged! my life—
My wasted life,—I give to thee—to thee."

---

## Ambition of a Statesman.

### HENRY CLAY.

1. I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should never have brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes.

2. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and un-

moved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could.

3. I have been heretofore, often unjustly, accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives.

4. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be.

5. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, 'midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life.

6. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people.

---

## Stand by the Flag.

JOSEPH HOLT.

1. Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings, and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve that, come weal or

woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, to the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficient power, they have led the brave and the free to victory and to glory.

2. It has been my fortune to look upon this flag in foreign lands, and amid the gloom of an Oriental despotism, and right well do I know, by contrast, how bright are its stars and how sublime its inspirations! If this banner, the emblem for us of all that is grand in human history, and of all that is transporting in human hope, is to be sacrificed on the altars of a satanic ambition, and thus disappear forever amid the night and tempest of revolution, then will I feel (and who shall estimate the desolation of that feeling?) that the sun has indeed been stricken from the sky of our lives, and that henceforth we shall be wanderers and outcasts, with naught but the bread of sorrow and of penury for our lips, and with hands ever outstretched with feebleness and supplication, on which, in any hour, a military tyrant may rivet the fetters of a despairing bondage. May God in His infinite mercy save you and me, and the land we so much love, from the doom of such a degradation.

3. No contest so momentous as this has arisen in human history, for, amid all the conflicts of men and of nations, the life of no such government as ours has ever been at stake. Our fathers won our independence by the blood and sacrifice of a seven years' war, and we have maintained it against the assaults of the greatest power upon the earth; and the question now is, whether we are to perish by our own hands, and have the epitaph of suicide written upon our tomb. The ordeal through which we are passing must involve immense suffering and losses for us all, but the expenditure of not merely hundreds of millions, but of billions, will be well made, if the result shall be the preservation of our institutions.

4. Could my voice reach every dwelling in Kentucky, I would implore its inmates—if they would not have the rivers of their prosperity shrink away, as do unfed streams beneath the summer heats—to rouse themselves from their lethargy,

and fly to the rescue of their country before it is everlastingly too late. Man should appeal to man, and neighborhood to neighborhood, until the electric fires of patriotism shall flash from heart to heart in one unbroken current throughout the land.

5. It is a time in which the workshop, the office, the counting-house and the field may well be abandoned for the solemn duty that is upon us, for all these toils will but bring treasure, not for ourselves, but for the spoiler, if this revolution is not arrested. We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean on the same common deck. The howl of the storm is in our ears, and "the lightning's red glare is painting hell on the sky," and while the noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashings of the waves, the cry is heard that she has sprung a-leak at many points, that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold. The man who, at such an hour, will not work at the pumps is either a maniac or a monster.

---

## "Rock of Ages."

Parts in italics are to be sung.

1. *"Rock of ages cleft for me,"*
   Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
   Fell the words unconsciously
   From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
   Sang as little children sing;
   Sang as sing the birds in June;
   Fell the words like light leaves down
   On the current of the tune—
   *"Rock of ages, cleft for me*
   *Let me hide myself in Thee."*

2. *"Let me hide myself in Thee"*—
   Felt her soul no need to hide.
   Sweet the song as song could be,
   And she had no thought beside;
   All the words unheedingly
   Fell from lips untouched by care,

Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer;
*"Rock of ages, cleft for me,*
*Let me hide myself in Thee."*

3. *"Rock of ages, cleft for me"*—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer:
*"Rock of ages, cleft for me,*
*Let me hide myself in Thee!"*

4. *"Rock of ages, cleft for me"*—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
*"Let me hide myself in Thee,"*
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have prest;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest:—
*"Rock of ages, cleft for me,*
*Let me hide myself in Thee."*

5. *"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"*—
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
*"Let me hide myself in Thee."*

---

## Over the Hill From the Poor House.

WILL CARLETON.

1. I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as the "worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
*Over the hill to the poor-house.*

2. Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur' speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
So *over the hill to the poor-house!*

3. As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big, and nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about.

4. An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.

5. Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whiskey spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
And swore henceforth to be honest and square.

6. I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered I never would tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well;
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An' better than that I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

7. But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway
An' started for her that very day.

And when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of some one Charley had sold it to;
And held back neither work nor gold
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire-place, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner shelf—
I wound it an' set it again myself;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

8. One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
With a team and cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*"

9. She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;

(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less);
But I've learned one thing, an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can,
That whether on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With *over the hill from the poor-house!*

---

## Rum's Devastation and Destiny.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

A prophecy supposed to have been delivered A. D. 1300 upon the discovery of distillation.

1. In your researches after that which you should, at once, have known to be impossible, by the laws of nature, you have opened a fountain of misery which shall flow for ages. You have not contented yourself with pressing out the juices of the fruit bestowed upon you and converting these into strong drink which you need not—but you have taken this strong drink and the harvest, which was given to you for food, and have drawn from these a liquid which is not food and which will not nourish nor sustain your earthly frame.

2. This liquid shall be a curse upon you and your descendants. It shall be known wherever the arts of civilization are known. You shall call it the *elixir of life*. You shall believe it to be nutritious to the body and gladdening to the soul. The love of it shall grow with the use of it. It shall soothe the solitary hour and cheer the festive board. It shall charm away your griefs, and be the cause of your rejoicings. It shall be

the inducement to communion and the bond of friendship. It shall be prized alike by the high and the low. It shall be the joy of princes as well as the meanest of mortals. It shall be the stimulant to laborious toil, and the reward for labor done. It shall be bought and sold and make the dealer therein rich. It shall yield abundant revenues to sovereignty. Hospitality shall be dishonored in not offering it to the guest, and the guest shall be disgraced in not receiving it at the hand of his host.

3. BUT—it shall visit your limbs with palsy; it shall extinguish the pride of man; it shall make the husband hateful to the wife, and the wife loathsome to the husband; it shall annihilate the love of offspring; it shall make members of society a shame and a reproach to each other and to all among whom they dwell. It shall steal from the virtuous and the honorable their good name; and shall make the strong and the vigorous to totter along the streets of cities.

4. It shall pervert the law of habit, designed to strengthen you in the path of duty, and bind you in its iron chain. It shall disgrace the judge upon the bench, the minister in the sacred desk, and the senator in his exalted seat. It shall make your food tasteless, your mouth to burn as with a fever, and your stomach to tremble as with disease. It shall cause the besotted mother to overlay her newborn, unconscious that it dies beneath the pressure of her weight; the natural cravings of the infant shall make it strive to awaken her who has passed, unheeded, to her last long sleep.

5. The son shall hide his face that he may not behold his father's depravity, and the father shall see the object of his fondest hopes turn to a foul and bloated carcass, that hurries to the grave. It shall turn the children of men into raving maniacs; and the broken ties of blood and affection shall find no relief but in the friendly coming of Death. As the seed which man commits to the earth comes forth in that which he converts into spirit, so shall this product of his own invention be as seed in his own heart, to bring forth violence, rapine and murder.

6. It shall cause man to shut up his fellow-man in the solitude of the grated cell. The prisoner shall turn pale and tremble in his loneliness, at the presence of his own thoughts; he shall come forth to die, in cold blood, by the hand of his fellow, with the spectacle of *religious homage on a scaffold,*

and amid the gaze of curious thousands. Poverty shall be made squalid and odious, even so that Charity shall turn away her face in disgust. It shall attract the pestilence that walks, even at noonday, in darkness, to the very vitals of the drunkard, as carrion invites the far-sighted bird of prey.

7. The consumer of spirit shall be found dead in the highway, with the exhausted vessel by his side. Yea, the drunkard shall kindle a fire in his own bosom which shall not depart from him till he is turned to ashes. The dropsical drunkard shall die in his delirium, and the fluid which has gathered in his brain shall smell like spirit and like spirit shall burn. A feeble frame, an imbecile mind, torturing pain and incurable madness shall be of the inheritance which drunkards bequeath, to run with their blood to innocent descendants.

8. The wise men, who assembled in the halls of legislation, shall be blind to this ruin, desolation and misery. Nay, they shall license the sale of this poison, and shall require of dignified magistrates to certify how much thereof shall be sold for the "PUBLIC GOOD."

9. This minister of woe and wretchedness shall roam over the earth at pleasure. It shall be found in every country of the Christian; it shall go into every city, into every village and into every house. But is shall not visit the country of the heathen, nor spread woe and wretchedness among them, but by the hands of Christians.

10. The light of reason shall at length break upon the benighted and afflicted world. The truth shall be told. It shall be believed. The causes of calamity shall be unveiled. The friends of the human race shall speak and be respected. Rational man shall be ashamed of his follies and his crimes, and humbled to the dust that he was so long ignorant of their origin. Governments shall be ashamed that they so long tolerated and sustained the most costly and cruel foe that man has ever encountered. Avarice itself shall be conscious-stricken and penitent. It shall remain where nature placed it for use; and it shall be odious in the sight of *Heaven* and of *Earth* to convert the fruits of the soil into poison.

## LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

MISS MULOCH.

[Aprobus, a Syrian blacksmith of renowned stature and wonderful strength, having determined that he would serve none but the mightiest king, went seeking him throughout the world. Failing to find whom he sought so long as he trusted to his own guidance, he finally asked a thoughtful hermit what to do. The hermit directed him to station himself on the bank of a dangerous ford, where many pilgrims yearly lost their lives in crossing, and to carry over all who required his aid; and thus humbly serving his fellow-men, he *might* serve the greatest King, and hope to see him.

Ere long, Christ the Lord, who holds the seas in the hollow of his hand, came to the fording place in the guise of a little boy, and asked to be carried over.]

1. "CARRY ME ACROSS."

The Syrian heard, rose up, and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
*"My child, see how the waters boil!*
*The night-black heavens look angry-faced;*
*But life is little loss.*

2. *I'll carry thee with joy,*
*If needs be, safe as nestling dove;*
*For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring,*
*In service to one Christ, a King*
*Whom I have never seen, yet love."*
"I THANK THEE," said the boy.

3. Cheerful Aprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more—
When, lo! they, leaping, rise and roar;
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

4. *"Who art thou?"* cried he, wild—
Struggling in the middle of the ford,—
*"Boy as thou lookest, it seems to me*
*The whole world's load I bear in thee."*
"YET, FOT THE SAKE OF CHRIST THY LORD,
CARRY ME," said the child.

5. No more Aprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank; and then
A voice cried, "HENCE CHRISTOPHOROS BE,
FOR CARRYING, THOU HAST CARRIED ME,
THE KING OF ANGELS AND OF MEN,—
THE MASTER THOU HAST SERVED."

6. And, in the moonlight blue,
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea,
And o'er the plains of Galilee,—
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord-Christ he knew.

7. Oh! little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christophoros bore,—
To carry thee across!

---

## LASCA.

F. DESPREZ.

1. I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

2. And Lasca! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serap* and bright-belled spur.
I laughed with joy when I looked at her.
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That glows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

3. She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

4. Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon;
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon.
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I sprang to my saddle without a word
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,
Away on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

5. The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There is one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

6. The cattle gained on us and then I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt;
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers;
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise
Lasca was dead.

7. I dug out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And where she is lying no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
And for many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloof in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still as a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

---

## "O, Bairnies, Cuddle Doon."

The following poem, which fairly rivals the most exquisite and tender of Burns' household lyrics, was written by a common Scotch laborer, some fifteen years ago. He was a section-hand on the North British railroad and the poem was published in a local paper.

1. The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in.
You never heed a word I speak,
I try to gi'e a frown;
But aye I hap them up an' say,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

2. Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"
The rascal starts them a'.

I rin' and fetch them pieces, drinks,
The stop a wee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

3. But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gi'e owre at ance,
He's kitt in' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother ha'f the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' say,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

4. At length they hear their father's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa'
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

5. And just before we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

6. The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark and care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what may to ilka ane,
May He what rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

## Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, von summer afternoon
  Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.
She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
  Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
But ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
  Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
Her song gifed out on a ubber note,
  Cause she had such a hoss in her troat;
Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend,
  So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
  Shmilin' at all der gals he'd meed;
Old Hans vas rich—as I been dold,—
  Had houses und lots, und a barrel of gold.
He shdopped py der door, und pooty soon
  He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
Und he vinked at Maud, und said, "My dear,
  Gif me, of you pblease, a glass of beer."
She vend to der pblace vere der bier keg shtood,
  Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh und goot.
Dot's goot," says Hans, "dot's a better drink
  As effer I had in mine life, I dink."
He dalked for a vhile, den said, "Goot day,"
  Und up der shdreet he dook his vay.
Maud hofed a sigh, and said, "Oh, how
  I'de like to been dot olt man's frow,
Such shplendid close I den vood vear,
  Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
In dot Central Park I'd drive all tay,
  Und efery evenin' go to der blay."
Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer,
  (But dot mite peen von trinkin' bier.)
Und he says to himself, as he valked along,
  Hummin' der dune of a olt lof song,
"Dot's der finest gal I efer did see,
  Und I vish dot she my wife.cood be."
But here his solillogwy came to an end,
  As he dinked of der gol' dot she might shbend;

Und he maked up his mind dot as for him,
He'd marry a gal mit lots of "din."
So he vent righd off dot fery day,
Und married a vooman old and gray.
He vishes now, but all in vain,
Dot he vas free to marry again;
Free as he vos dot afdernoon,
Ven he med Maud Muller in der bier saloon.
Maud married a man without some "soap"—
He vas lazy, doo—but she did hope
Dot he'd get bedder when shildren came;
But vhen dey had, he vas yoost der same.
Und ofden now dem dears vill come,
As she sits alone ven her day's vork's done,
Und dinks of der day Hans called her "my dear,"
Und asked her for a glass of bier;
Bilt she don'd comblain, nor efer has,
Und onloy says, "Dot coodn't vas."

---

## A Railway Matinee.

R. J. BURDETTE.

The last time I ran home over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy we had a very small, but select and entertaining party on the train. It was a warm day, and everybody was tired with the long ride and oppressed by the heat. The precise woman, with her hat swathed in an immense blue veil, who always parsed her sentences before she uttered them, utterly worn out and thoroughly lonesome, was glad to respond to the pleasant nod of the big rough man who got on at Monmouth, and didn't know enough grammar to ask for the mustard, so that you could tell whether he wanted you to pass it to him or pour it on his hair.

The thin, troubled-looking man with the sandy goatee, who stammered so dreadfully that he always forgot what he wanted to say before he got through wrestling with any word with a "W" in it, lit up with a tremulous, hesitating smile, as he noticed this indication of sociability, for like most men who

find it extremely difficult to talk at all, he wanted to talk all the time.

And the fat old gentleman sitting opposite him, who was so deaf that he could not hear the cars rattle, and always awed and bothered the stammerer into silence by saying "Hey?" in a very imperative tone, every time he got in the middle of a hard word, cocked his irascible head on one side as he saw this smile, and after listening intently to dead silence for a minute, suddenly broke out with such an emphatic, impatient, "Hey?" that everybody in the car started up and shouted nervously and ungrammatically, "I didn't say nothing!" with the exception of the woman with the blue veil, who said: "I said nothing."

The fat old gentleman was a little annoyed and startled by such a chorus of responses, and fixing his gaze still more intently upon the thin man, said defiantly:

"Wha' say?"

"I-I-I-I w-w-wuh-wuh-wasn'-wasn'—— I wasn' s-s-sp — speak —"

"Hey?" roared the fat man.

"He wa'n't sayin' nauthin'," shouted the big rough man, nodding friendly encouragement to the thin man; "he hain't opened his mouth!"

"Soap in the South?" queried the fat old gentleman, impatiently. "Wha' for?"

"Mouth, mouth," explained the precise woman, with impressive nicety. "He said 'opened his mouth.' The gentleman seated directly opposite you was—"

"Offers to chew what?" cried the fat old gentleman in amazement.

"Sir," said the precise woman, "I made no reference whatever to chewing. You certainly misunderstood me."

The thin man took courage from so many reinforcements, and broke in:

"I-I-I-I d-d-d-dud-d-u-d-d-u-d-don't don't—I don't ch-ch-ch—"

"Hey?" shouted the fat gentleman.

"He don't chaw nauthin'!" roared the big rough man, in a voice that made the car windows rattle. "He wa'n't a talkin' when you shot off at him!"

"Who got off?" exclaimed the fat old gentlemen. "Wha'd he get off for?"

"You don't appear to comprehend clearly what he stated," shrieked the precise woman. "No person has left the train."

"Then wha'd he say so for?" shouted the fat man.

"Oh!" said the thin man, in a surprising burst of fluency; "he-he-de-d-d did-did—"

"Who did?" queried the fat man, talking louder than any one else.

"Num-num-num-num-n-no-nobody. He—he—d d-d-d-dud-didn't didn't s—"

"Then wha' made you say he did?" howled the deaf man.

"You misunderstand him," interrupted the precise woman. "He was probably about to remark that no reference whatever had been intentionally made to the departure of any person from the train, when you interrupted him in the midst of an unfinished sentence, and hence obtained an erroneous impression of the tenor of his remarks. He meant no offense—"

"Know a fence?" roared the fat man. "Of course I know a rence!"

"He hain't got middlin' good hearin," yelled the big man, as apologetically as a steam whistle could have shrieked it. "Y'ears kind of stuffed up!"

"Time to brush up?" cried the fat man. "Wha' for?"

"No," shrieked the precise woman; "he remarked to the other gentleman that your hearing appeared to be rather defence!"

"His father a detective?" hooted the fat gentleman, in amazement.

"N-n-n-n-nun-nun-no!" broke in the thin man; "h-h-h-huh-huh-he-s-s-sa-sa-said you w-w-w-wuh was a little dud-dud—was a little deaf?"

"Said I was a thief?" howled the fat man, a scarlet tornado of wrath; "said I was a thief! What'd d'ye mean? Show him to me! Who says I'm a thief? Who says so?"

"Now," shouted the big rough man, "nobody don't say ye ain't no thief. I jest sayed as how we didn't git along very well. Ye see he," nodding to the thin man, "he can't talk very well, an'—"

"Wh-wh-wh-why c-c-can't "I t-t-t-tut-tut-tut-talk?" broke

in the thin man, white with rage. "I-I-I-I'd like t-t-to know wh-wh-wh-what's the reason I c-c-can't tut-tut-talk as w-w-well as any bub-bub-body that's bub-bub-bub-been tut-tut talking on this car ever s-s-s-since the tut-tut-tut—"

"Hey?" roared the fat man, in an explosion of indignant suspicion.

"I was sayin'," howled the big rough man, "as how he didn't talk middlin' well—"

"Should say so," growled the fat man, in tones of intense satisfaction.

"And," the big rough man went on, yelling with delight at having made the old party hear something, "and you can't hear only tollable—"

"Can't hear?" the fat old gentleman broke out in a resonant roar. "Can't hear! Like to know why I can't hear! Why can't I? If I couldn't hear better than half the people on this train I'd cut off my ears! Can't hear! It's news to me if I can't. I'd like to know who—"

"Burlington!" yelled the brakeman. "Chang' car f'r Keokuk, Ceed Rap's an' For' Mad'son! This car f'r Omaha? Twen' min'ts f'r supper!"

And but for this timely interruption, I don't think our pleasant little party would have got out of that snarl this side of San Francisco.

---

## The Man Who Apologized.

It was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at two hundred pounds was walking along with bright eyes, and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up at the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:—

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:—

"You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd get right up if he knew how big his foot looked!"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw was the beautiful city spread out before him. The next thing was

a slim man with bone-colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock your jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering whether he could be held for damages to the sidewalk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone-colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:—

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul, I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none o' your penitence and none o' your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:—

"Sir, I ask your forgiveness. I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up, I had to—ho! ha! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home, some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:—

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued:—

"You see we are all—ha! ha! ha! liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!"

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and the next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him, then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down, broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.

---

## Beautiful Things.

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

1. Beautiful faces are those that wear—
   It matters but little if dark or fair—
   Whole-souled honesty printed there.

2. Beautiful eyes are those that show,
   Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
   Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

3. Beautiful lips are those where words
   Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
   Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

4. Beautiful hands are those that do
   Work that is earnest and brave and true,
   Moment by moment, the long day through.

5. Beautiful feet are those that go
   On kindly ministries, to and fro—
   Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

6. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of hourly care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

7. Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

8. Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

9. Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

---

## Prayer and Potatoes.

REV. J. T. PETTEE.

1. An old lady sat in her old arm chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And pale and hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

2. But now they were gone; of bad or good,
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

3. And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

4. And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

5. But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray,
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But *she* only thought of potatoes.

6. He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes;"
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

7. The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes!"
So, ending his prayer, he started for home;
But, as the door closed behind him, he heard a deep groan,
*"Oh, give to the hungry, potatoes!"*

8. And that groan followed him all the way home;
In the midst of the night it haunted his room—
*"O, give to the hungry, potatoes!"*
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed:
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his *best* potatoes.

9. Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;
But there she sat in that old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air;
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store,
Of choicest potatoes.

10. The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "*now* you may."
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed,
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded aloud 'amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

11. And would *you,* who hear this simple tale,
*Pray for the poor,* and praying, *"prevail?"*
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds:
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs:
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance—for all these are good—
*But don't forget the potatoes.*

---

## The Soldier Tramp.

DON SANTIAGO CARLINO.

1. "Yer honor, I pleads guilty; I'm a bummer;
I don't deny the cop here, found me drunk;
I don't deny that through the whole long summer
The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.
I han't been able fur to earn a livin';
A man with one leg planted in the tomb
Can't get a job—an' I've a strong misgivin'
'Bout bein' cooped up in a Soldiers' Home.

2. " 'Whar did I lose my leg?' at Spottsylvania—
Perhaps you've read about that bloody fight—
But then I guess the story won't restrain you
From doin' what the law sets down as right.

I'm not a vag from choice, but through misfortune,
An' as for drink—well, all men have their faults,
An' judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion
O' rough experience in prison vaults.

3. "I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey,
An' all the boys'll say I done w'at's right—
Thar' ain't a man can say that Abram Bursey
War' ever found a-shirkin' in a fight;
Right in the hell-born frightful roar o' battle,
Whar' shot and shell shrieked through the darksome wood,
Amid the blindin' smoke and musket's rattle
You'd always find me doin' the best I could.

4. "We had a brave ol' feller for a colonel—
We called him Sweety, but his name was Sweet—
Why, judge, I swear it by the Great Eternal,
That brave ol' fellow'd rather fight than eat!
An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar
In battle Sweet'd never hunt a tree—
He'd allus dash into the front an' holler:
'Brace up, my gallant boys, an' foller me!'

5. "Well, just afore the Spottsylvania battle
Ol' Sweety cum to me an' says, says he,
'I tell you, Abe, 'taint many things'll rattle
A tough ol' weather-beaten chap like me;
But in my soul I've got a feelin'
That I'm a-goin' to get a dose to-day,
An' 'taint no use for me to be concealin'
The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.

6. "'Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursey,
An' I've allus found you squar' an' true—
Back in our little town in old New Jersey
No one has got a better name than you.
And now I want your promise, squar'ly given
That if our cause to-day demands my life,
An' you yourself are left among the livin'
You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife.'

7. "Well, judge, that day, amidst the most infernal
An' desperate bloody fight I ever seed,
'Way up in front I saw the daring colonel
Throw up his hands and tumble off his steed.
In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him,
An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright,
I loaded him upon my back an' bore him
Some little distance back out o' the fight.

8. "The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin',
An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back,
For I could see the brave ol' man war goin'
To die, unless I held that red tide back.
An' purty soon I seed he was revivin'
An' heard him whisper; 'Abe, you've saved my life,
Yer old wool shirt, along with yer connivin'
Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

9. "Well, judge, while I stood thar beside him schemin'
On how to get him in a doctor's care,
A ten-pound shell toward us come a screamin'
Just like a ravin' demon in the air,
An' when it passed I found myself a-lying
Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see
That tarnal shell that by us went a-flyin'
Had tuck my leg along for company.

10. "Well, judge, that's all, 'cept when the war was over
I found myself a cripple, an' since then
I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover,
But jest as honest as the most of men.
I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
Nor never harmed a woman, child nor man—
I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll
Be just as easy on me as it can."

11. Then spake the judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures
Should never be allowed to bum and beg;
Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,
For in your country's cause you lost a leg.

And yet I feel the world needs an example
To check the tendency of men to roam;
The sentence is that all your life your camp
Be in the best room in my humble home."

12. The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue,
Then in a voice of trembling pathos, said:
"Judge, turn your head and give me one look at you—
That voice is like an echo from the dead."
Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended;
While tears adown his sunbrowned cheeks did roll,
And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended:
"Why, Colonel Sweety, bless your brave ol' soul!"

---

## Becalmed.

1. It was as calm as calm could be,
A death still night in June;
A silver sail on a silver sea
Under a silver moon.

2. Not the least air the still sea stirred,
But all on the dreaming deep
The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.

3. For a long, long month, not a breath of air,
For a month not a drop of rain;
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.

4. And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud stand
On the far horizon sea;
It was only a day's short sail to the land
And the haven where they would be.

5. Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer far or nigh;
"Father, have mercy, leave us not
Alone on the deep to die!"

6. And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above
And the women prayed below:
"One drop of rain, for God's great love!
O God! for a breeze to blow!"

7. But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come;
O Heaven! to think that man can thirst
And starve in sight of home.

8. But out to sea with the drifting tide,
The vessel drifted away;
Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died,
And the wild crew ceased to pray.

9. Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow,
Like beasts with hunger wild;
But a mother knelt in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.

10. It slept, and lo! in its sleep it smiled,
A babe of summers three;
"O Father! save my little child,
Whatever comes to me!"

11. Calm gleamed the sea; calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud, no sail, in view,
And they cast them lots for who should die
To feed the starving crew.

12. Like beasts they glared with hunger wild,
And their red, glazed eyes aglow;
And the death lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below.

13. And the mother shrieked in wild despair:
"O God! my child, my son!
They will take his life; it is hard to bear;
Yet, Father, Thy will be done!"

14. And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
And she kneeled by the cradle bed:
"We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep—
We are dying, my child, for bread.

15. "On the lone, lone sea, no sail—no breeze—
Not a drop of rain in the sky;
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas,
And thou, my child, must die!"

16. She wept; what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but God knows best;
And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast.

17. "Father," he lisped, "so good—so kind—
Have pity on mother's pain;
For mother's sake a little wind—
Father, a little rain!"

18. And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
And she knelt on the cabin stairs:
"The child! the child" they cried, "stand back,
And a curse on your idiot prayers!"

19. And the mother rose in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife:
"Strike—strike—me—me; but spare, oh! spare
My child, my dear son's life!"

20. O God! It was a ghastly sight;
Red eyes like flaring brands,
And a hundred belt knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton hands.

21. "Me—me—strike—strike—ye fiends of death!"
But soft through the ghastly air
Whose falling tear was that? Whose breath
Waves through the mother's hair?

22. A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speck on the cabin pane;
O God! it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain!

23. And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on the babe's bright hair—
"The sweet rain falls; the sweet winds blow;
Our Father has heard thy prayer!"

24. But the child had fallen asleep again;
And lo! in its sleep it smiled.
"Thank God!" she cried, "for His wind and His rain—
Thank God for my little child!"

1. "Give the Christians to the lions!" was the savage Roman's cry,
And the vestal virgins added their voices shrill and high,
And the Cæsar gave the order, "Loose the lions from their den!
For Rome must have a spectacle worthy of gods and men."

2. Forth to the broad arena a little band was led,
But words forbear to utter how the sinless blood was shed.
No sigh the victims proffered, but now and then a prayer
From lips of age and lips of youth rose upward on the air;
And the savage Cæsar muttered, "By Hercules! I swear,
Braver than gladiators these dogs of Christians are."

3. Then a lictor bending slavishly, saluting with his axe,
Said, "Mighty Imperator! the sport one feature lacks:
We have an Afric lion, savage, and great of limb,
Fasting since yester even; is the Grecian maid for him?"

4. The Emperor assented. With a frantic roar and bound,
The monster, bursting from his den, gazed terribly around,
And toward him moved a maiden, slowly, but yet serene;
"By Venus!" cried the Emperor, "she walketh like a queen!"

5. Unconscious of the myriad eyes she crossed the blood-soaked sand,
Till face to face the maid and beast in opposition stand;
The daughter of Athene, in white arrayed, and fair,
Gazed on the monster's lowered brow, and breathed a silent prayer,
Then forth she drew a crucifix and held it high in air.

6. Lo, and behold! a miracle! the lion's fury fled,
And at the Christian maiden's feet he laid his lordly head,
While as she fearlessly caressed, he slowly rose, and then,
With one soft, backward look at her, retreated to his den.
One shout rose from the multitude, tossed like a stormy sea:
"The gods have so decreed it; let the Grecian maid go free!"

7. Within the catacombs that night a saint with snowy hair
Folded upon his aged breast his daughter young and fair;
And the gathered brethren lift a chant of praise and prayer;
From the monster of the desert, from the heathen fierce and wild,
God has restored to love and life his sinless, trusting child.

---

## Speech in Vindication.

### ROBERT EMMET.

1. My Lords: What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

3. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue,—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High.

4. My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

5. I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in my power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

6. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me! Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

7. No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

8. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

9. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No; God forbid!

10. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

11. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words

more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

12. I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth,—then and not till then, —let my epitaph be written!

---

## The Last Charge of Ney.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle.

2. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith,—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance. Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That Guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

3. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage,

they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

4. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

5. But at the moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

6. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

7. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave had fought" his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old

Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

---

## The Deacon's Story.

N. S. EMERSON.

1. The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringin'. I guess you know why!
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly
It's whispered about on the sly.
Some six weeks ago, a church meetin'
Was called—for—nobody knew what;
But we went, and the parson was present,
And I don't know who, or who not.

2. Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,
Which mostly was women, of course;
Though I don't mean to say aught ag'in' em,
I've seen many gatherin's worse.
There, in the front row, sat the deacons,
The eldest was old Deacon Pryor;
A man countin' for-score-and-seven,
And gin'rally full of his ire.

3. Beside him, his wife, countin' four-score,
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
And next to her, young Deacon Hartley,
A good Christian man on the whole.
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
And long ago laid on the shelf
Had wedged herself next; and, beside her,
Was Deacon Munroe—that's myself.

4. The meetin' was soon called to order,
The parson looked glum as a text;
We gazed at each other in silence,
And silently wonderful "What next?"

Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley;
His voice seemed to tremble with fear,
As he said: "Boy and man you have known me.
My good friends, for nigh forty year.

5. "And you scarce may expect a confession
Of error from me, but—you know,
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas,
It's now nearly ten months ago.
The winter went by long and lonely,
The spring hurried forward apace;
The farm-work came on, and I needed
A woman about the old place.

6. "The children were wilder than rabbits,
And still growing worse every day;
No help to be found in the village,
Although I was willing to pay.
In fact, I was nigh 'bout discouraged
For everything looked so forlorn;
When good little Patience McAlpin
Skipped into our kitchen one morn.

7. "She had only run in of an errand;
But she laughed at our miserable plight,
And set to work, just like a woman,
A putting the whole place to right.
And though her own folks was so busy,
And illy her helpin' could spare,
She flit in and out like a sparrow,
And most every day she was there.

8. "So the summer went by sort of cheerful,
And one night my baby, my Joe,
Seemed feverish and fretful, and woke me,
By crying, at midnight, you know.
I was tired with my day's work, and sleepy,
And couldn't no way, keep him still,
So, at last, I grew angry, and spanked him,
And then he screamed out with a will.

9. "Just then I heard a soft rapping
Away at the half open door;
And then little Patience McAlpin
Walked shyly across the white floor,
Says she: 'I thought Joseph was cryin',
I guess I'd best take him away:
I knew you'd be getting up early,
To go to the marshes for hay;
So I stayed here to-night to get breakfast;
I guess he'll be quiet with me.

10. "'Come, Josey, kiss papa, and tell him
What a nice little man you will be!'
She was stooping low over the pillow,
And saw the big tears on his cheek:
Her face was so close to my whiskers,
I darsn't move, scarcely, or speak;
Her hands were both holdin' the baby,
Her eye by his shoulder was hid;
But her mouth was so near and so rosy,
I—kissed her. That's just what I did."

11. Then down sat the tremblin' sinner,
The sisters they murmured of "shame,"
And "she shouldn't oughter a let him,
No doubt she was mostly to blame."
When straightway uprose Deacon Pryor,
"Now bretherin *and* sisters," he said;
(We knowed then that suthin' was comin',
And all sot as still as the dead),
"You've heard Brother Hartley's confession,
And I speak for myself when I say
That if my wife was dead, and my children
Were all growin' worse every day;
And if my house needed attention,
And Patience McAlpin had come,
And tidied the cluttered up kitchen,
And made the place seem more like home;
And if I was worn out and sleepy,
And my baby wouldn't lie still,

But fretted and woke me at midnight,
As babies, we know, sometimes will;
And if Patience came in to hush him,
And 'twas all as our good brother sez—
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
And 'bide by the consequences."

12. Then down sat the elderly deacon,
The younger one lifted his face,
And a smile rippled over the meetin'
Like light in a shadowy place.
Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
Remembered their far-away youth,
Or the daughters at home by their firesides,
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth;
For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,
And—well—as I started to say
The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringing a bridal to-day.

---

## The Ghost That Jim Saw.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer,
"Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear,
Spirits don't fool with levers much,
And throttle valves don't take to such;
And as for Jim—
What happened to him
Was one half fact and t'other half whim!

"Running one night on the line, he saw
A house—as plain as the moral law—
Just by the moonlit bank, and thence
Came a drunken man with no more sense
Than to drop on the rail,
Flat as a flail,
As Jim drove by with the midnight mail.

"Down went the patents. Steam reversed.
Too late! for there came a 'thud' Jim cursed,
As his fireman, there in the cab with him
Kinder stared in the face of Jim,
And says, 'What now?'
Says Jim, 'What now!
I've just run over a man — that's how!'

"The fireman stared at Jim. They ran
Back, but they never saw house nor man,—
Nary a shadow within a mile;
Jim turned pale, but he tried to smile—
Then on he tore
Ten miles or more
In quicker time than he'd made afore.

"Would you believe it?—the very next night
Up rose that house in the moonlight white;
Out comes the chap and drops as before.
Down goes the brakes and the rest encore—
And so, in fact,
Each night that act
Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

"Humph! Let me see; it's a year now, most,
That I met Jim, East, and says, 'How's your ghosts?'
'Gone,' says Jim; 'and more, it's plain
That ghost don't trouble me again;
I thought I shook
That ghost when I took
A place on an Eastern line — but look:

" 'What should I meet the first trip out,
But that very house that we talked about,
And that self-same man! 'Well,' says I, 'I guess
It's time to stop this yer foolishness.'
So I crammed on steam,
When there came a scream
From my fireman — and it broke my dream —

"'You've killed somebody!' Says I, 'not much;
I've been thar often and thar ain't no such;
And now I'll prove it' Back we ran,
And — darn my skin! — but thar *was a man*
On the rail, dead,
Smashed in the head —
'Now I call that meanness!' That's all Jim said."

—*Bret Harte*

---

## Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

### EDMUND BURKE.

Lord Macaulay says of this famous speech: "The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, he said:

1. My Lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British Empire. Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power; and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "the Constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Government?

2. *He* have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can

lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

3. This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have;—it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power is of God;—and He, who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practiced upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If then all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him, that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it: and if they were mad enough to make an express compact that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

4. This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

5. My Lords, I do not mean to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this,—that Mr. Hastings' government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system, of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any government; in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

6. My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

7. Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

8. My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficient progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

9. Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons.

10. "I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high *crimes and misdemeanors.*

"I impeach him in the name of the *Commons of Great Britain* in *Parliament assembled,* whose parliamentary trust he has *abused.*

"I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose *national character* he has dishonored.

"I impeach him in the name of the *people of India* whose *laws, rights* and *liberties* he has *subverted.*

"I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose *property* he has destroyed, whose *country* he has laid waste and *desolate.*

"I impeach him in the name of *human nature itself,* which he has cruelly *outraged, injured,* and *oppressed,* in both sexes. And I impeach him *in the name and by the virtue* of those *eternal laws of justice,* which ought equally to pervade every *age, condition, rank,* and *situation,* in the *world.*"

## Deacon Stokes.

THOMAS QUILP.

1. There once lived one Aso Stokes,
One of those men whom everything provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being;
He was the deacon of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of some small matters, such as the ringing
Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.

2. Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed one night,
About eleven or before,
'Twas in December, if my memory's right, in '24.
'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver;
I think I never knew one
Colder than this—in faith, it was a blue one!
As by the almanac foretold, 'twas
A real Lapland night. O dear! how cold 'twas!

3. There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
A clever good-for-nothing fellow,
Who very often used to get quite mellow;
Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill;
For he was fond of cracking jokes
On Deacon Stokes, to show on
What terms he stood among the women folks, and so on.

4. It came to pass that on the night I speak of,
Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
He spent the evening, for the sake of
Drowning his care, by partaking
Of the merry-making and enjoyment
Of some good fellows there, whose sole employment
Was, all kinds of weather, on every night,
By early candlelight, to get together
Reading the papers, smoking pipes and chewing,
Telling long yarns, and pouring down the ruin.

5. Pretty well corned, and up to anything,
Drunk as a lord, and happy as a king,
Blue as a razor, from his midnight revel,
Nor fearing muskets, women, or the devil;
With a light heart—much lighter than a feather—
With a light soul that spurned the freezing weather,
And with a head ten times as light as either;
And a purse, perhaps, as light as all together,
On went Ezekiel, with a great expansion
Of thought, until he brought
Up at a post before the Deacon's mansion.

6. With one arm around the post, awhile he stood
In thoughtful mood with one eye turned
Upward the window where, with feeble glare,
A candle burned;
Then with a serious face, and a grave mysterious
Shake of the head, Ezekiel said—
(His right eye once more thrown upon the beacon
That from the window shone), "I'll start the Deacon!"

7. Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stoke's knocker.
But no one stirred; rap, rap, it went again;
"By George, it must be after ten, or
They must take an early hour for turning in,"
Rap, rap, rap—"My conscience, how they keep
A fellow waiting—patience, how they sleep!"

8. The Deacon then began to be alarmed,
And in amazement threw up the casement,
And with cap on head, of fiery red,
Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
That thus disturbed his quiet.

9. "Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter?"
"Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter!"
"You vagabond, a pretty time you have chosen
To show your wit; for I am almost frozen;
Be off, or I will put the lash on!"

"Why bless you, Deacon, don't be in a passion!"
'Twas all in vain to speak again,
For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.

10. Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
And neither of them was a very light rap;
Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
And that once more brought Deacon Stoke's night-cap.

11. "Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!"
"Begone, you vile, insolent dog, or I'll
Give you a warming that shall serve you right;
You villain, it is time to end the hoax!"
"Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Don't be so cross when I've come here, in this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you, do make haste and dress you,"

12. "Well, well, out with it, if it must be so;
Be quick about it; I'm very cold."
"Well, Deacon, I don't doubt it,
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the case is this: I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here—
What time will green peas come along next year?"

---

## A Man's a Man for a' That.

[CHAS. MACKAY'S VERSION.]

1. "A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a that,
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

2. If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hodden gray"
Was fool or knave, and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fail and a' that,
And plowmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

3. You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And *not* a man for a' that.

4. A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

5. It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

6. For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that,

And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

---

## A Girl of the Period.

1. Oh, she was so utterly utter!
She couldn't eat plain bread and butter,
But a nibble she'd take
At a wafer of cake,
Or the wing of a quail for her supper;
Roast beef and plum pudding she'd sneer at,
A boiled leg of mutton she'd jeer at,
But the limb of a frog
Might her appetite jog,
Or some delicate bit that came near that.

2. The consequence was, she grew paler
And more wishy-washy, and frailer,
Ate less for her dinner,
Grew thinner and thinner,
Till I really think,
If you marked her with ink,
Put an envelope on her,
And stamped it upon her,
You could go to the office and mail her!
Her voice was so low and so thrilling,
Its cadence was perfectly killing;
And she talked with a lisp and a stutter,
For she was so utterly utter!

3. Oh, she was so very æsthetic!
Her face was quite long and pathetic;
The ends of her hair
Floated loose on the air,
And her eyes had a sadness prophetic;

The bangs she wore down on her forehead
Were straight and deliciously horrid;
And a sad-colored gown
Going straight up and down
She wore when the weather was torrid.

4. It was terribly hard to enthuse her,
But a bit of old china would fuse her;
And she'd glow like a coal or a candle,
At the mention of Bach or of Handel.
At pinks, and sweet-williams and roses,
She'd make the most retrousse noses.
But would swoon with delight
At a sunflower bright,
And use it in making her poses.
She moved with the sleepiest motion,
As if not quite used to the notion;
And her manner was chill
As a water fowl's bill
When he's fresh from a dip in the ocean!
It was quite the reverse of magnetic,
But oh, it was very æsthetic!

5. And if, with your old-fashioned notions,
You could wish that more cheerful emotion
More sunshine and grace,
Should appear in her face,
More gladness should speak in her motions—
If you heard with a homesick dejection
The changes in voice and inflection,
And sighed for smooth tresses
And the plain, simple dresses
That used to command your affection,—
Oh, hide your rash thoughts in your bosom!
Or if you must speak out and use 'em,
Then under your breath you must mutter;
For she is too utterly utter!

## Der Shtubborn Mool.

ISSAC HINTON BROWN.

1. Hans Bleimer shtood auf dot burning shkip
Mit two hands on his mool;
Der mool he shumped—Hans cracked his vip,
Und called dot beasht a fool.

2. Of course, dot mool he vould not go,
He vas scared so by dot fire.
So Hans he hits dot mool a blow
Dot raised his heels oop higher.

3. Und shtill dot shtubborn mool shtood by
Mit two feets out before;
His eye vas vild, his tail vas high;
Vhile round der flames did roar.

4. Den Hans, he t'inks dot game's played out,—
He'd try some oder plan
To drive dot swveet mool off dot shkip,
Und bring him safe by land.

5. T'inks Hans, if once I twist his tail
So, tight like sausage band,
Dod mool will quvick shump in der sea,
Und safely shwvim by land.

6. De man in der moon shmiled to der east,
De stars midt fun vinked oudt,
De fishes dtheir teeth for a feast,
Und Hans now vent his plans about.

7. Den Hans he takes kwvick off his coats,—
His face vas schared und pale;
Und midt six hundred vicked oaths
He reached dot strong mool's tail.

8. Den Mr. Mool vas so oxprized
Midt Bleimer in his rear,
Dot anger shows all oudt his eyes,
Und fight vas in his ear.

9. Six Shumpes! six Kicks! Oh, awful doom!
Hans Bleimer! vhere vas he?
Go shpeak by der man vot turns de moon,
De fishes by de sea!

10. Vell, anyhow, poor Hans had shveet revenge;
So tight he held above vot hit him,
Dot vhen Hans left dis vicked world,
De besht bardt of dot tail vent midt him.

---

## Our Ain Countrie.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

On an afternoon in December little Walter Graham lay pillowed in mamma's lap, his life ebbing fast away. The malignant croup, that dread disease that cuts short so many little ones and is the terror of all loving mothers, held Wallie fast and tightened its cruel fingers upon Wallie's throat until mamma almost prayed death to claim her darling, that he might be freed from pain.

Only a short time since the little feet, encased in his first boots, had made noisy but sweet music to mamma's ear, the firm, red cheeks glowed with health, but in a few hours the summons had come for Wallie, the pride and hope of the Graham household.

After a terrible effort to breathe easier he gasped, "Sing, please, mamma."

Now mamma knew just what her boy wanted to hear, as no old Christian Scot loved the hymn "My Ain Countrie" more than her boy, but how could the sore-stricken mother sing when she wanted to weep? She began in a queer, shaky voice:

"I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the lang'd for hame bringing, an' my father's welcome smiles,
I'll n'er be fu' content—"

Here a sob smothered the melody, for she knew Wallie was not far "frae his aim countrie." Papa took up the words:

"I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace his banished hame will bring—"

But he, too, broke down, and Aunt Esther softly sang:

"His bluid hath made me white an' His hand shall dry my een
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie."

Wallie's breathing was now easier, his head dropped lower, his pulse fluttered feebly; he tried to smile even in his pain.

Then the aged minister, who had known mamma in her girl days, sang in his high, tremulous voice:

"Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain noo be gangin' unto my Savior's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom even witless lambs like me,
An' He carries them Himself to His ain countrie."

Wallie's head sank lower; he lay still, so very still, and then we knew he had gone to his ain countrie.

---

## The Harvest of Rum.

PAUL DENTON.

1. Streaming down the ages, blighting the rosebuds, shriveling the grasses, scorching the heart, and blistering the soul, has come a lurid tongue of flame which, heated by the madness of hell, has hissed out the terrors of death and dropped over the earth a sea of unutterable woe. In the darkness of midnight it has gathered intensity of brightness, and glared about the hearthstones, wet with the weeping of wives, mothers and children, and bronzed the beauty of earth with the horrid cast of hell. Twisting around the altar of the

church, it has wreathed the sweetest flowers that ever attempted to bloom for the adornment of heaven, and has fed death from the very waters of life; at the very door of heaven itself it has glowed with appalling madness and been almost an impassable wall of flame between misery and bliss.

2. Dripping burning drops of agony into the tenderest depths of writhing souls, they have wailed and wept and hissed unutterable despair, and pleaded with God to blot them from existence forever. This blighting, glowing, burning, damning curse of the world is the demon Intemperance. Language has never been made that can depict it in all its hideousness. Look on that stack of skeletons that rears its ghastly form—an insult to God—high in the clouds, and shapes the whistling winds into an utterance of withering denunciation of the fiery monster that gnawed and scalded and burned and tore the mangled, bleeding flesh from those bones and tossed them into that revolting pile!

3. Come, ye writhing, pleading, suffering souls that were robbed of heaven by this sparkling tempter, and cast the black shadow of your wretchedness upon the faces of the living! Oh, graves, give up your bloated, festering millions, and stretch them, in all their rum-scorched ghastliness, over the plains and mountain-tops! Come forth, ye torn, haggard and bleeding souls, from the time of Noah until to-night! Hold up your bony, withered skeleton hands, ye countless millions of starved and starving women and children.

4. Come, all the floods of agonizing tears that scorched as the lurid fires of hell where'er they touched, and boil, and blubber, and foam, and hiss in one vast steaming, seething ocean! Come, death, and hell, and agony, with your harvest, garnered from the still and the brewery, and let us mass them in one black, horrifying portraiture of the damned. And let it tell to the shuddering, trembling souls what language never can.

## The Pawnbroker's Shop.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

1. In my walks through the city I frequently stop
To examine the wares in the pawnbroker's shop,
For each article here has a story to tell
Unto all who interpret its voicelessness well.
These were emblems of friendship and truth long ago,
But their presence here sorrow and misery show,
For they tell of estrangements and fond ones grown cold—
Once the pledges of love, now the pledges of gold.

2. Let us enter awhile; lady fair, do not fear;
The great ones of earth in their time have been here;
Here have come youth and maid, and the old and the gray;
Here the peer and the pauper have elbowed their way;
The exchequers of kings from such shops have been drawn,
And the jewels of queens have been given in pawn.
Then enter, and if for a while you will stop,
I will tell of the wares of the pawnbroker's shop.

3. Here's a little gold cross; 'twas a tremulous hand
Placed it round her boy's neck ere he left the old land.
Though that good mother prayed 'twould a talisman be
To the youth in his new home beyond the great sea.
Though he clung to it fondly for many a year,
For a dollar or two he at last sold it here;
Yet the treasures of earth were the veriest dross
When compared to the value he placed on this cross.

4. Here's a locket of hair, once a bright sunny curl,
It was shorn from her locks by a beautiful girl,
And she gave it to him whom as life she held dear,
While he whispered a tale of fond love in her ear;
Her life's blood that girl would have given to prove
The strength, and devotion, and depth of her love.
Was love true to the last, till the warm heart grew cold,
Or like this, its dear gift, was it bartered for gold?

5. Here's a gold wedding-ring; many years must have gone
Since two knelt in the church, and with this were made one.
O, who would not envy the bride in that hour,
With everything earth could bestow for a dower!
As the groom on her fair finger placed this gold ring,
Ah, little he thought time such changes could bring
As that here she should come, youth and beauty all fled,
And her wedding-ring pawn to get money for bread.

6. But enough I have sung, and though sad be my lay,
Yet a much sadder theme you may find any day,
When poverty made them these love-tokens sell;
What matter if honor were not sold as well!
If you go through the town you will daily behold
Both manhood and maidenhood bartered for gold,
And these, till time's ending, forever will stop
Unredeemed, if once brought to the pawnbroker's shop.

---

## Kit Carson's Wife.

1. On winter eve, when cabins are bright
With the crimson flash of the log-fire's light,
And the soft snow sleeps on the prairie's breast,
They gather—the frontier scouts of the West—
And, speaking sometimes with bated breath
Of wars of the border, and deeds of death,
They crown their stories of reckless strife
With the famous ride of Kit Carson's wife.

2. For into a Sioux village one day,
From Dixon, a hundred miles away,
A horseman reached the chieftain's tent,
Dismounted, staggered and gasped: "I'm sent
With sorrowful news from the pale-face town.
Kit Carson, the scout, is stricken down,
And before he bids farewell to life
He would see the face of his Indian wife."

3. She heard that story—the chieftain's child—
Her bronze face whitened, her glance grew wild;
She grasped her deer-skin cloak and felt
The pistols were safe in her wampum belt;
She uttered only a smothered moan,
And the scout and the chieftain stood alone.

4. Her pony snorted; she grasped his mane,
And the fleetest mustang that pressed the plain,
Turning away from the sunset light,
Sped like an arrow into the night,
And the flanks threw backward a glistening foam,
As she headed her horse to her husband's home.

5. Oh, sing not to me of Lochinvar,
Or of reckless rides in glorious war
But, oh! if ever, perchance, you hear
Of Sheridan, Graves or Paul Revere—
Of all that galloped to deathless life,
Just speak the name of Kit Carson's wife.

6. The stars leaped out in the boundless sky,
And the girl looked up as the moon flashed by—
The terrified moon, in a terrible race,
Keeping time to her pony's pace!
She heard the hoot of the lonely owl,
And afar, from a forest, a dismal howl
Louder and louder, piercing the air,
Till her throbbing heart moaned a pitiful prayer,
For, grasping her pistol and looking back,
The Indian girl saw wolves on her track.

7. The foremost fell with a shot in his heart,
And his comrades tearing him part from part,
While the horse flashed faster over the plain,
With the girl's dark face in his tangled mane,
Over the trackless prairies, away
Galloping into the new-born day.

8. The first faint rays of the day-break dim,
Showed her upon the horizon's rim

An armed band of her people's foes,
Riding as fast as the north wind blows,
With the flash of the sun on the leader's plume,
A signal that sealed the maiden's doom.

9. But the daring blood of a noble race,
Like flames in a gloomy forest place,
Flushed redly into her Indian face,
And she caught the tomahawk at her side,
A toy in the blood of berries dyed—
Swung it aloft, and, with panting breath
Galloped full in the front of death.

10. Over each mustang every foe
Swerved like lightning, bending low;
Thro' the band, that parted to right and left,
A clear wide path the maiden cleft,
And an instant more she had passed them by,
And was riding alone into the eastern sky.

11. The terrified braves looked back on her there,
While the sunlight's glory over her hair
Shone like a halo, wonderful, grand!
Had she fled from the far-off spirit-land?
Had she brought them blessings, or a blight?
They shuddered and broke into sudden flight.

12. Into the streets of a cabin town—
Into the village riding down,
With fevered brain, and with glazing eyes,
And breath that fluttered with gasping sighs,
Still she urged on the faltering steed,
That had served her well in her hour of need.
And the pony leaped as it felt the rein,
Galloped, staggered, and reeled again,
And just as it reached Kit Carson's door,
With work well done, and with anguish o'er,
Fell to the earth and stirred no more!

13. An hour later the great scout died,
His faithful Indian wife at his side.
She only lingered a little while,
And followed him then with a happy smile.
Together they sleep in the self-same grave,
Where wildly the winds of winter rave,
And in summer the prairie flowers wave!

---

### Love Triumphant.

Upon the ocean's briny shore I stood,
And wrote with fragile reed
Upon the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
The waves rolled in and washed
Away the fair impression.
Cruel wave! frail reed: "treacherous sand,"
I'll trust thee no more,
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
In the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write—
"Agnes, I love thee!"
And I would like to see any
Confounded wave wash that out.—*"Encore."*

---

### Sockery Kadacut's Kat.

1. Oh! I had de vorsht dime lashd veek dot you effer saw. Katrina (dot vas mine frau) vent avay to make a leeddle bic-nic, und as I vas been hafin' de shake and agers, und didn't feel pooty goot, I shtayed to home.

2. Vell, as I vas valkin' arount de parn yart, I saw dot same olt plue hen coom out from unter der parn, sayin': "Kut, kut, ka-dah-kut, kut, kut, ka-dah-kut," und I tought to myself,

meppy dere vas a nest of aigs unter dere; so I pull oud half a tozzen more shdones, und mait a hole so pig as I can crawl unter, und den as I vas crawlin' arount unter a-lookin' for some nest mit aigs, all at vonce I shpied de pootiest leeddle kat vat I effer seen; he vas all plack, mit vite shtripes, und vas shnuggled ub in a leeddle pall fasht ashleeb.

3. Vell, ve vas been wantin' a kat, because dere vas so many mouses in de house, und I tought if I kin git dot von I'll make Katrina a leeddle surbrise barty; so I krawl along so shdill as nefer vas, till I got ub close to him, den I mait a grab und I ketched him by de neck so dot he don't kin pite me; but ach, mine gootness, vat shmell, it vas vorse as a hundredt parrels of limburgher! *I tought I had stepped on someding dot vas deat;* I vas most shoke mit dot schmell; but I held dot leeddle kat up close to me und klimb oud so kwick as I can.

4. Ven I got oud in de parn yart, dere vas pig Chake Moser goin' py, und ven he seen me, he sait, "Sockery, you olt Deutch fool, vot are you doin' mit dot shkunk?" "Shkunk!" I sait, "I tought dot vas a leeddle kat," und I drop him so quick like he vas hot.

5. Vell, Chake he laf like he vould kill himself, und I ask him vat I kin do to get me off dot shmell. He said dot de only ding vas to be perried in de ground till de earth absorp the shmell, und he sait he vould tig de hole und fix me in, if I vish; vell, I dink dot is very goot of Chake, und I tought if I can get me dot shmell off before Katrina cooms home, I von't say any ding about dot leeddle kat to any poty.

6. So Chake dig de hole, unt I sit down in it unt vas perried up to neck; den Chake sait he vas in a hurry, und he must go to de willage, und he vent avay. Booty soon kwick a fly lite on my face, und I koodn't prush him off, cos my arms vas perried doo, und booty soon more as a hundret flies und effery ding vas krawl all ofer my het, und I shpit und plow und vink my face dill I dink I vas gone crazy.

7. Bimepy I heart a noise doun the roat, und looked, und dere vas apoud efery man, vooman und shildren in de willage, mit shpades, mit bic-axes, mit shuffles, mit eferydings, und all runnin' rite ub de hill to my house; in a minnit more as dwenty vas in der yart, und ven dey see me perried to de chin, und vinkin', und shpitten at dem flies, dere eyes shtuck oud more

as a half a feet, und Dick Klaus sait, *"Vot vos you doin' dere, Sockery?"*

8. Vell, I see dot dere vas no use drying to keep dot shtill, so I told 'em all aboud dot leeddle kat, und, my chimminy cracious! you kood hear dem fellows laff more as a mile.

9. You see dot fool of a Chake Moser run und told dem in de willage dot dere vas a man perried alive up to Kadacut's, so of course efery pody coom to git him oud.

10. Vell, dey tig me oud, und I trow away dem clothes, und vash, und vash, but ven Katrina coom ad nide, I shmell so dot she mait me sleeb in de parn for a whole veek.

11. I tink I shall moof avay; eferypody vants to know if I vant to py a kat, und I don'd kan shtand dis much longer yet.

---

## "Don't be Tazin' Me."

WADE WHIPPLE.

1. "I'm after axin', Biddy dear,"
   And then he stopped awhile
   To fringe his words the merest mite
   With something of a smile—
   A smile that found its image
   In a face of beauteous mould,
   Whose liquid eyes were peeping
   From a broidery of gold.

2. "I've come to ax ye, Biddy, dear,
   If"—then he stopped again,
   As if his heart had bubbled o'er
   And overflowed his brain;
   His lips were twitching nervously
   O'er what they had to tell,
   And timed their quavers with the eyes
   That gently rose and fell.

3. "I've come"—and then he took her hands
   And held them in his own—
   "To ax"—and then he watched the buds
   That on her cheeks had blown—

"Me purty dear"—and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told how love had entered in
And claimed its every part.

4. "Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh.
"I'm far from bloind; I see you've come,
But fhat's the reason why?"
"To ax"—and once again the tongue
Forbade its sweets to tell—
"To ax—if Mrs. Mulligan
Has any pigs to sell?"

---

## An Evangel.

1. The Lord alone with Peter walked one day
Where bright Genesareth in sunshine lay;
At that hour, when the sun had fiercest glare,
They reached a cottage as they wandered, where,
Before a doorway, ruinous and low,
A fisher's widow sat, in garb of woe,
Full of sad thoughts. Yet she forebore to weep,
That she might spin her task and rock her babe to sleep.

2. Not far away the Lord and Peter stood,
Half hidden by a fig-tree in a wood.
As they looked on unseen, along the road
Came an old beggar staggering with a load,
An earthen jar poised on his trembling head;
He paused before the widow, and he said:
"Woman, this milk has to be carried still
A half-mile further over yonder hill;
But, as you see, exhausted by the heat,
I cannot get it to the village street;
And if I find no help, I lose to-day
The penny I was promised as my pay."

3. The widow rose. She neither spoke nor smiled,
But dropped her distaff, ceased to lull her child,
Raised the tall pitcher slowly on her head,
Waived the man on, and followed in his tread.

4. Then eager Peter spoke: "Master," he said,
"'Tis right to succor those who need our aid;
But is this woman doing right to fly
From house and child to help a passer-by?
Doubtless the man need not have travelled far
To find some idler who would bear his jar."

5. Then the Lord looked on Peter: "Be thou sure,
Whene'er a poor man helps a man more poor,
My Father's care o'er his own home is thrown;
She hath done well in that which she has done."

6. As thus the Lord his servant's zeal restrained,
He took the mother's place, and even deigned
The distaff with His hands divine to ply,
And rocked the restless babe, and sang its lullaby.

7. Then rising when it slept, He waved His hand,
And Peter followed at His mute command.
When the poor woman reached her cabin bare—
A home made rich by God's protecting care—
She found—but never knew by whom 'twas done—
That her baby slept, and that her flax was spun.

---

### How a Frenchman Entertained John Bull.

1. In years bygone, before the famous Rockaway Pavilion was built, the Half-Way House, at Jamaica, Long Island, used to be filled with travelers to the sea-shore, who put up there, and visited the beach, either in their own or in hired vehicles, during the day. One warm summer evening, when the house was unusually crowded, an Englishman rode up in a gig and asked for accommodation for the night. The landlord replied that all his rooms were taken, and all his beds, except one,

which was in a suite of rooms occupied by a French gentleman. "If you and Monsieur can agree to room together," said the landlord, "there is an excellent vacant bed there."

2. The traveler replied, "No, I cannot sleep in the same room with any d— Frenchman," and off he rode with all the grum looks of a real John Bull.

3. In about half an hour, however, he came back, saying that as he could find no other lodgings, he believed he would have to accept the Frenchman as a room-mate. Meantime his first ill-natured remark had somehow reached the French gentleman's ears, and he resolved to pay off Johnny in his own coin.

4. On being shown to the apartment, the Englishman stalked in, in his accustomed haughty manner, while the Frenchman, as is usual with his nation, rose and received him with smiles and bows—in short, he was more precisely polite than usual—sarcastically, so a keen observer would have thought. Not a word passed between the two, but soon the Englishman gave a pull at the bell-cord. The Frenchman quietly rose from his seat and gave the string two pulls. On the appearance of the waiter, Bull said: "Waiter, I want supper: order me a beefsteak, and a cup of tea."

5. The Frenchman instantly said: "Vataire, ordaire two cup tea, and two bifsteak; I want two suppaire!"

6. Bull started and look grum, but said nothing. The Frenchman elevated his eyebrows and took a huge pinch of snuff. When supper was ready, the two sat down and ate for a while in silence, when the Englishman said:

7. "Waiter, bring me a bottle of Burgundy."

The waiter started on his errand, but before reaching the door, the Frenchman called to him: "Vataire, come back here! you bring me two bottle Burgundy."

8. Bull knit his brows: Monsieur elevated his, shrugged his shoulders, and took another pinch of snuff. The wine was brought, and while quaffing it the Englishman said:

"Waiter, bring me an apple tart, and a what d'ye call it, there—a Charlotte-de-Russe."

Monsieur then called to the waiter: "Bring me two of de apple tart, and two vat de diable you call him—Sh-Sh Sharlie-de-Ross."

9. Bull's patience was now exhausted, and before the last order could be executed, he started from his seat and rang the bell. The Frenchman went to the string and gave it two violent pulls. The waiter (who was almost convulsed with laughter) came hurrying back, when Bull roared out:

10. "Waiter, never mind the Charlotte-de-Russe; bring me up a bootjack and a pair of slippers."

The Frenchman responded—"Vataire, you no mind to bring two of de Sharlie-de-Ross, but yo bring two slippaire, and two shack-boot."

11. Before there was time to bring these articles, Bull had thoroughly lost his temper, and when the waiter appeared with them, he thundered out:

"Waiter, bring me a candle; and if you have no room in the house with a bed in it besides this, show me a settee, or a lounge, or a couple of chairs, or, in short, any place where I can rest in peace by myself."

12. Monsieur instantly called out: "Stop, vataire: you sall bring me two candle, and if you have no room with two bed in him, you sall bring me two lounge, two settee, and two chair! by gar, I vill rest in two pieces!"

Bull could stand it no longer. He kicked the bootjack out of the way and made a rush for the door, banged his head in an attempt to open it, ran against the waiter at the head of the stairs, when both tumbled to the bottom, darted into the bar-room, paid his bill, and ordered up his horse and gig, swearing he would never sleep in the house with a mad Frenchman.

---

## The South During the Revolution.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

1. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President,—and I say it not in a boastful spirit,—that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

2. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has hesitated to perform.

She has adhered to you, in your prosperity; but, in your adversity, she has clung to you, with more than filial affection.

3. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound;—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren; and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gift to the altar of their common country.

4. What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least, equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute.

5. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen, to create a commercial relationship, they might have found in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all consideration, either of interest or of safety, they rush into the conflict; and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

6. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The 'plains of Carolina' drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children!

7. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps,—even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible!

## Brutus on the Death of Caesar.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(*Admirably adapted for drill in orotund quality.*)

1. Romans, countrymen and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his.

2. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar *less,* but that I loved Rome *more.* Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and *death* for his ambition.

3. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

---

4. None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

5. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart:—That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

## Evening at the Farm.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land;
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;
Into the stone-heap darts the mink:
The swallows skim the river's brink;
When home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"

2. Into the yard the farmer goes
With grateful heart at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-sheds stands yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep their welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting at his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"

3. Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

4. To supper at last the farmer goes;
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling;
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Singing, calling,
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dream,
Drums in the pail with the flashing stream,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

---

## Flag of the Rainbow.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars,
Emblem of light, and shield of the lowly,
Never to droop while our soldiers and tars
Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.
Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it;
Planted on earth, or afloat on the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it.
Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their sons,
Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious,
While the grass grows and the clear water runs,
Ever invincible, ever victorious.
Long may it 'waken our pride and devotion,
Rippling its colors in musical motion,
First on the land, and supreme on the ocean:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

---

## Custer's Last Charge.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

1. "Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!"

2. Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be grieving.
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal, and better than all.
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it.
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

3. Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,
Lodges all loosened, and ready to fly.
Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

4. All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who followed?
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

5. Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion.
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

6. Right to their center he charged, and then facing—
Hark to those yells! and around them, oh, see!
Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

7. Then, did he blench? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?

No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

8. Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing,
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

9. Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band.
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bow'd till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR!"

10. Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,
Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

---

## NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

[After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Capt. Nathan Hale, but twenty-one

years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, Sept. 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and brutal treatment received at the hands of his captors, have suggested the following.]

1. 'Twas in the year that gave the Nation birth—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

2. Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the host's of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

3. In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

4. He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork,
In culture, grace, and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

5. The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve, considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength,—the act, the risk,
You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance, which
Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
Should capture follow in the British camp?"

7. In tones of fitting modesty that well
Became his years, the patriot answered thus:
"My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
My highest purpose to defend: that country's foes
Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
The loss of those who late our standards bore—
Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
Of those now cold in death are not replaced
By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—
Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise
Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed
A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance."

8. "Enough, go then, at once," the great
Commander said: "May Heaven's guardian angels give
You safe return. Adieu."

9. Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
The bay, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns,—all military accoutrements

Were noted with exact precision; while
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine and every point
Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.

10. The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence
A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war—
His country yet be free.

11. "Halt!" a British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot;—the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else
Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp, would prove his truckling loyalty
With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

12. O, Judas, self-condemned! thou art
But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
Who ere and since thy time, betrayed to death
A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed—
A base example to earth's weaker souls.

13. Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. "Base dog!" the haughty general said,
"Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
An honest man; but in a rebel's hands they're vile
And mischievous. If aught may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp.
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

14. With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: "You know my name—
My rank;—my treach'rous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude
Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
But dastards fear to overthrow.

15. For tyrant royalty your lordship represents
I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
His trembling soul might well condemn."
"I'll hear no more such prating cant,"
Said Howe, "Your crime's enough to hang a dozen men.
Before to-morrow's sun goes down you'll swing
'Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
May know a British Camp is dangerous ground
For prowling spies. Away."

16. In loathsome cell, deprived
Of Holy Sacrament, and e'en the word of Him
Who cheered the thief upon the cross,—refused
The means wherewith he would indite his last
Farewell to her who gave him life,
And to another whose young heart
To-morrow's work would shade in gloom,
He passed the night in charge of one whom Satan had
Commissioned hell's sharpest torments to inflict.

17. Securely bound upon a cart, amid
A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached,
Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:

18. "Men, I do not die in vain.
My humble death upon this tree will light anew
The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
Before will strike for country, home and God,
And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
Eternal plan to make this people free.
A million prayers go up this day to free
The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne:
The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land—
This glorious land,—is free—is free!
"My friends, farewell, in dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in Freedom's cause."

THE END

# DO YOU WANT TO EARN MORE MONEY?

## THE NEW SALESMANSHIP




Actual size, 5¼x7¾ inches.

AND

## HOW TO DO BUSINESS

**By CHARLES LINDGREN**

Tells What Salesmanship IS and What it IS NOT. Teaches Judgment, Tact, Character Reading, How to to Conduct a Mail Order Business, and Ordering Goods by Mail. .· .· .· .· .·

The physiological effect of the power of an idea; a salesman's weapons of attack; the handling of (65 different types of) buyers; reasoning as used in a sales argument; how to present your argument; best things to sell, planning a catalogue; the follow-up system (with sample letters); punctuation; chart of the human faculties fully explained.

## HOW TO WIN

**The Importance of Ambition, Enthusiasm, Determination, Originality and Resourcefulness**

Half leather, burnished edges, colored frontispiece, . . . . **$2.00**

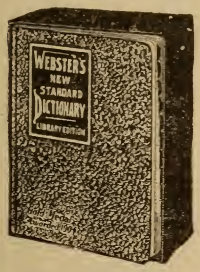
Extra cloth, cover stamped in two colors and gold, . . **$1.50**

*For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by*

**LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 1732 Michigan Avenue CHICAGO**

# Webster's New Standard DICTIONARIES

**Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma, World's Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; also Gold Medal awarded the series, Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, Portland, Ore., 1905. Officially adopted for use in Public Schools and other Educational Institutions.**




Size, 6x8 inches, 1⅝ inches thick

## LIBRARY EDITION

***Special Features*** — Degrees of adjectives, plurals of nouns; irregular verbs. Proper nouns indicated by capital initials. Hundreds of new words not found in other lexicons. Extensive etymologies, synonyms, etc.

***Special Departments***—Dictionaries of Biography, Geography, Botany, Biblical, Musical and Classical Names, Legal Terms, Medical Words and Symbols, Mythology, Latin, Greek, Persian, Hindu, Egyptian, Hebrew, and other Heroes; Foreign Phrases, English Word Building, Metric System, Proofreading.

***Illustrations*** — 900 text engravings, many of them encyclopedic in character; thirty full-page plates drawn especially for this work, including *leven colored* plates. Comparisons of Sun and Star Spectra, the Primary Colors and their combination with scale; Flags of the Nations; Precious Stones and Ores; Map of U. S. development, and Principal Types of the Human Races. Special frontispiece.

***Binding*** — Bound in full flexible leather, gold stamping, polished green edges, thumb indexed, 832 pages (in a box). . **$2.50**

## HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGIATE EDITION

***Special Features*** — The highest example of modern dictionary-making is represented by this beautiful lexicon. Hand composition, new plates. An original work. Only lexicon of its size containing so many special features, including present and past participles, irregular forms of verbs, plural of nouns, comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives; genders; proper nouns indicated by capital initials. Key to diacritical marks foot of each page. Copious Synonyms; extensive Etymologies. Contains all the special vocabularies and features of the Library Edition.

***New Words*** — Hundreds of new words appearing now for the first time in a lexicon and new definitions applied to words in general use.

***Illustrations*** — 900 special text engravings in direct connection with the words to be illustrated: 26 full-page plates, including six colored plates. Frontispiece in tint.

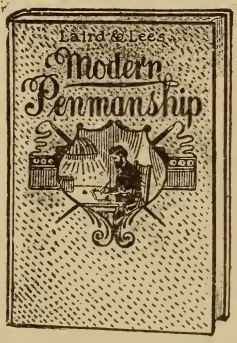
***Binding*** — 832 pages, marbled edges, thumb-indexed, half leather, black silk cloth, special design, patented registered trade mark, with title in gold, . . . . . **$1.50**

**Laird & Lee,** 1732 MICHIGAN AVE. **Chicago, U. S. A.**

LAIRD & LEE'S

# Modern Penmanship

## AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION




A New and Complete Work by
C. L. RICKETTS, SCRIBE.

## 47 Full-page Plates

The Origin of Writing—Penmanship How to Learn; How to Teach—Materials; Position; Movement; Exercises; the Parts of a Letter; Ornamental Card Writing.

## ALPHABETS—VARIOUS STYLES

**For Writing, Engrossing or General Lettering**

Engrossing Script, Round Hand, Modified Round Hand, German Text, Old English, Modified Old English, Compact Old English, Modified and Open Old English, Old English and Script combined for resolutions, etc., Italics, Marking Alphabet, Roman Capitals, Mediaeval caps, small letters and numerals, Fancy capitals and small letters, Vertical and Slant, with body writing, Business Hand, etc.

Bound in board covers, cloth back, - - - 60c
Full cloth, gold and ink stamped, - - - $1.00

For sale on all Trains, at all Bookstores, or sent direct to any address in the world, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

**LAIRD & LEE, Publishers,** 1732 Michigan Avenue **CHICAGO**

## New and Revised Edition

# ....The....
# Mechanical Arts Simplified




Size, 6 x 8½ inches.

Compiled and Arranged by
**D. B. Dixon**

With an Appendix Containing a Thorough Electrical Department, an Exhaustive Treatise on Ice Making, and a Large Collection of Miscellaneous Practical Examples.....

**An Exhaustive Instructor for Shop and Office**

....Appropriately Illustrated....
500 Pages

A Thorough and Original Book of Reference of inestimable and daily value for Architects, Architectural Iron Workers, Builders, Blacksmiths, Bookkeepers, Boiler Makers, Contractors; Civil, Mechanical, Hydraulic, Mining, Stationary, Marine and Locomotive Engineers; Foremen of Machine Shops, Firemen, Master Mechanics of Railroads, Master Car Builders, Machine Shop Proprietors, Machinery Jobbers, Machinery Salesmen, Machinists, Pattern Makers, Railway Superintendents, Railway Supply Agents, Roadmasters, Superintendents of Factories, and Business Men Generally.

"Its rules solve all mechanical difficulties."—*The Engineer.*

**Handsomely and Solidly Bound in Silk Cloth, Gold Stamp.....$2.50**

Agents will find this an easy book to sell, and the profits are large
Write for terms.

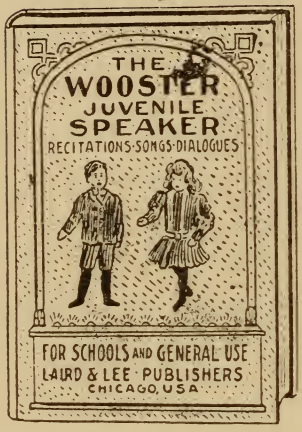
For sale everywhere, or sent postpaid on receipt of price
by the publishers

**LAIRD & LEE, Publishers,** 1732 Michigan Ave. **CHICAGO**

# The Little Ones



STAND ON
THE
**WOOSTER**
**JUVENILE**
**SPEAKER**




WHICH SHOWS
EXCELLENT JUDGMENT

Get a copy for *your* children, or for some friend's little ones. It will be appreciated

Recitations, Speeches, Songs, Dialogues, and Exercises for Children. Suitable for all Holidays and Special Occasions.

**For Day-School, Sunday-School and General Use**

Humorous, Patriotic and Instructive Pieces in prose and verse.

**Decorative paper cover, 25c (111 PAGES) Cloth, special cover design, 50c**

For sale by all booksellers and schoolbook supply houses or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by

**LAIRD & LEE,** PUBLISHERS, 1732 MICHIGAN AVENUE **CHICAGO**

# 3,000 SECRETS

FOR THE HOME, FARM, LABORATORY, WORKSHOP
and every department of human endeavor

## LEE'S

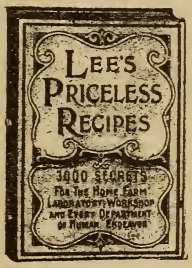
# PRICELESS RECIPES

A unique collection of tried formulas and simple methods
A Book of Recipes and Nothing but Recipes.

## NOT A COOK BOOK

"A handy and handsome little industrial encyclopedia."—*Detroit Journal.*

"In it one may learn to make a plaster, prepare explosives, put a polish on a shirt, etc., etc. . . . It has an additional value from the fact that it tells you where to look for more detailed information on any one subject."—*Cleveland World.*




"A handsome little volume . . . Containing directions for making every mixture, distillation or concoction under the sun." — *Chicago Daily News.*

"It abounds in useful recipes which almost everyone is liable to need, and which are given in endless variety."—*Current History.*

—368 PAGES—

Seven Leading Departments, each thoroughly indexed. Recipes for the Druggist, the Chemist, Toilet Articles, the Household, the Farm and the Dairy, all Trades and Professions

## AS COMPLETE AS IT IS EXCELLENT

| | |
|---|---|
| Limp cloth, red edges, . . . . . | 25¢ |
| Stiff silk cloth, red edges, . . . . . | 50¢ |
| Morocco, full gilt, . . . . . | $1.00 |

For sale everywhere, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by

Laird & Lee, Publishers, Chicago, U. S. A.

# THE STANDARD

# DOMESTIC SCIENCE COOK BOOK

**By WILLIAM H. LEE and JENNIE A. HANSEY**




## 32 DEPARTMENTS

## ABOUT 1,400 RECIPES

From Famous Chefs, Expert Caterers, Cooks and Housekeepers skilled in the art of cookery

— ALSO —

## 100 Special Menus

AND TABLE D'HOTE DINNERS
Household Management,
Bride's Department, The Chafing Dish,
Fruits, Melons and Nuts

**SUITABLE FOR THE SMALLEST AND LARGEST**

## HOMES, HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

**Cross-indexed, making it Easy to Find any Recipe at Once**

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS: — Formal and Informal Invitations, Regrets, etc.; the Fireless Cook Stove; Golden Thoughts, Things to Know and to Remember; Dictionary of French Terms used in Cookery, with English Equivalents; Kitchen and Table Suggestions, Food Analysis, Average Cooking Time, Time Required for Digestion, Kitchen Measures, Maxims and Quotations for Table and Menu. **Thoroughly Illustrated.**

### AN ENTIRELY NEW DEPARTURE

**Leather (Gift Edition, in box), 16 full-page color-plates, marbled edges, thumb index to departments, . . . . . $2.50**

**Beautiful washable keratol, thumb index, red edges, 16 full-page plates, 536 pages, . . . . . $1.50**

**Durable washable oil-cloth, 16 full-page plates, plain edges, . . 1.00**

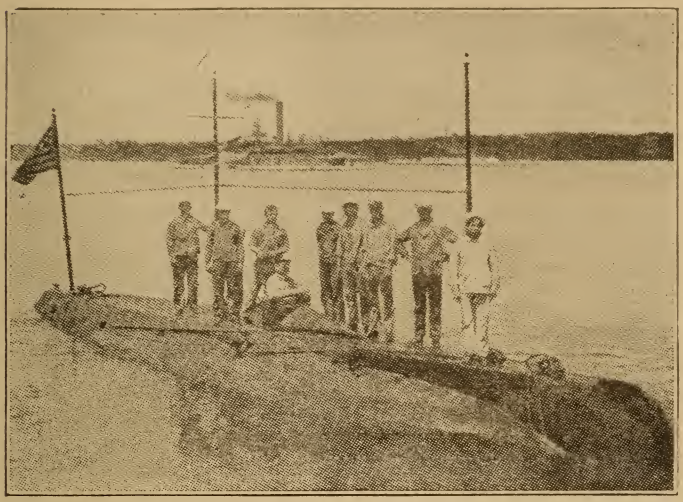
At all bookstores and book supply houses, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 1732 Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

# YOUR UNCLE SAM

## OWNS A GREAT NAVY

A very important adjunct of Government.—You and everybody must be interested in it



A Submarine Boat. A new "wrinkle" in warfare.

# THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

## AND LIFE IN THE NAVY

By THOS. BEYER, a Bluejacket

is the most authoritative as well as the most readable book published on the subject. Also Humorous Man-o'-War Yarns. **40 full-page half-tones, including Rear-Admiral Evans' flagship "Connecticut," and a lithographed map, in four colors, of the cruise around the world by the U. S. fleet, 1907-1908.**

EXTRA SILK CLOTH, GOLD TITLE, $1.25

At all bookstores and book supply houses, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 1732 Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

# YOUR FATE IS IN YOUR



## LEARN TO READ THE LINES OF THE HAND

It is easy if you have a GOOD work on the subject, and the only recognized, authoritative works are these two books by

COMTE C. de SAINT-GERMAIN

# The Study of Palmistry

FOR PROFESSIONAL PURPOSES

Formerly issued in two volumes at $7.50. New edition, two volumes in one, bound in cloth, with polished top. A handsome imperial octavo volume, in a box, 1251 illustrations... $3.50

---

# Practical Palmistry

Cloth, inlaid cover design, 71 illustrations.....**50 cents**
Lithographed paper cover, 49 illustrations.....**25 cents**

---

ACCEPT NO CHEAP IMITATIONS
GET THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

---

For sale everywhere, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by
**LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, - CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

## LAIRD & LEE'S STANDARD BOOKS

FOR

# SUPPLEMENTARY READING

**HEART OF A BOY** EDMONDO DE AMICIS' famous classic appeals to young and old. A great favorite in all schools. Translated from the 224th Italian edition. 290 pp. Beautifully illustrated. decorative cover, **75c.** *De Luxe Edition*, 32 full-page half-tones and 26 text illustrations. Printed on heavy enameled paper, 6x8½ inches. Superb binding in gold and colors, in box, **$1.25.**

**FIRESIDE BATTLES** By ANNIE G. BROWN. An interesting story for girls, full of rich pathos and tender sentiment. Encourages cheerfulness under adverse conditions. A book of exquisite sentiment, wit and action. Illustrated. 327 pages. Silk cloth, **75c.**

**TAN PILE JIM; or, A Yankee Waif Among the Bluenoses**

By B. FREEMAN ASHLEY. Strange life and exciting experiences of a boy found sleeping on a pile of tanbark. Full of healthy life and action. Illustrated. 259 pages. Silk cloth, special cover design, **75c.**

**AIR CASTLE DON** By B. FREEMAN ASHLEY. A plucky boy's adventures in a large modern city. Free from improbable or objectionable situations. Fascinating from cover to cover. 340 pages. Silk cloth, illustrated, **75c.**

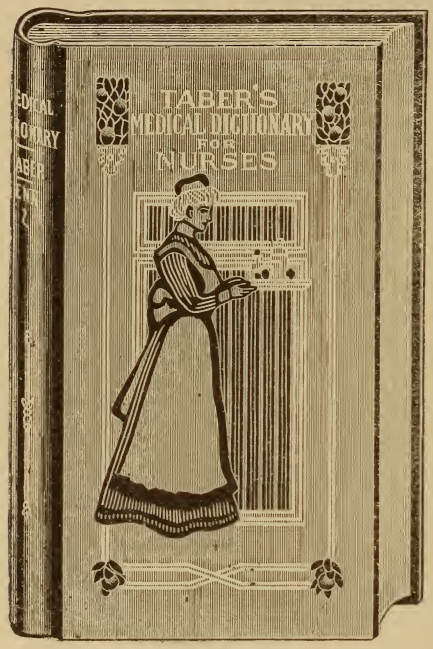
**DICK AND JACK'S ADVENTURES** By B. FREEMAN ASHLEY. Two boys and their daring adventures on the ocean and Sable Island. Wholesome, interesting and instructive. 312 pp. Silk cloth, illustrated, **75c.**

**TWO CHUMS; or, A Boy and His Dog** By MINERVA THORPE. The triumphs of a waif who leaves home for a strange land. Fascinating and instructive. 230 pages. Silk cloth, artistic cover, **75c.**

**REX WAYLAND'S FORTUNE** By H. A. STANLEY. A delightful story of life among the mountains of the great American Northwest. Wholesome and thrilling. Silk cloth, decorative cover. Illustrated. 391 pages, **75c.**

**Laird & Lee,** Publishers. 1732 MICHIGAN AVENUE **Chicago, U. S. A.**

# THREE GREAT BOOKS




Size, 6½x3¾ inches.

## FOR DOCTORS NURSES AND THE FAMILY

### Taber's Pocket Encyclopedic Medical Dictionary

By C. W. TABER AND DR. NICHOLAS SENN, the late famous surgeon. A new departure in medical dictionaries. All important subjects defined encyclopedically. From one to three pages given to vital topics. Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Dietetics, Hygiene, Operations and thousands of other subjects treated. Cross indexed. Illust. 418 pages. Flexible black leather, gold stamping, gilt edges, **$1.50**

### Taber's Medical Dictionary for Nurses

By TABER AND SENN. Every Nurse should have a copy. It is the only work of the kind ever published in America. An epitome of Anatomy, Physiology, Toxicology Therapeutics, Nursing, Operative Surgery, and kindred subjects, Diagnosis, How to Make Examinations, Electro-medical Terms, Massage and hundreds of valuable tabulations. Cross-indexed. 384 pages. Silk cloth, cover stamped in colors, marbled edges, **$1.00**

### Taber's Family Medical Cyclopedia

By TABER AND SENN. Not a family doctor book but a digest of medical science in dictionary form for the general public. Gives all Important Diseases, how to detect them from their symptoms, various forms, Prognosis, Diet, Physiology, Anatomy, Poisons, Antidotes and Emergencies. Nothing like it ever published before. 240 pages. Cloth, red edges, **75c.**

At all bookstores or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 1732 Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

# THE DEAD CITY

## A Tragedy

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY PROF. G. MANTELLINI. ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF

ELEONORA DUSE

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, WITH COSTUME PORTRAIT OF THE ACTRESS IN COLORS

Cloth, ornamental cover, illustrated, . . . . . $1.25

LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

APR 28 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

APR 28 1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 027 211 384 1